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FURTHER ADVENTURES OF A NEW GUINEA RESIDENT MAGISTRATE

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by

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CHAPTER I

IN 1900 I returned to Port Moresby in New Guinea from three months' leave and busied myself with preparations for the new North-Eastern Division to which I had just been appointed; Sir George Le Hunte, the Governor, with his usual kindness, putting me up at Government House. He told me that during my absence the *Merrie England*, the Government yacht, had visited Cape Nelson, and that he had selected a site for the new Station. "You will have your work cut out for you at first," he remarked; "the people are as wild as hawks, and carry spears twelve feet long." Another time he said, "I have made up my mind that before I leave this country, the north-east coast shall be as orderly and safe as any other portion of the Possession. I trust you to make it so."

I went to Barton, who was now Commandant, about my police. I had asked for, and been allotted, ten men; but after looking through them and finding that they were mainly recruits—and poor ones at that

—I pointed out that I had a tall order on hand and wanted the best of trained men. "His Excellency thinks that it is better for you to recruit your own men on the north-east coast," said Barton; "anyhow, these are the best I can do for you." "It is insanity for Monckton to recruit his own men on the north-east coast," said Judge Winter when he heard of the plan; "it will be the Tamata business over again." Barton then said that, as he could not spare the best of the police, he would give me fifteen men instead of ten, mainly recruits, but including Keke, Poruta, and one other of my old Mekeo men. I got my men detailed, and set Keke and Sara (the corporal) to work, to lick them into shape as quickly as possible. I then found, that recently the constabulary had been increased in strength; but, as for a considerable time no new rifles had been bought, they were very badly armed with old and worn-out Sniders. Barton said an experimental lot of Martinis had been ordered from England, but would not arrive for some time. I examined each man's rifle separately, and groaned over them all. "I may have fifteen privates," I then said to Barton, "but after they have been in action for ten minutes, I guarantee I won't have more than half of them able to fire their rifles." Eventually Barton gave me an order to the Headquarters' Officer for a dozen condemned rifles, from which I could take parts as I wanted them, with which to mend my rubbish. The ammunition supplied to me was apparently sufficient in quantity, and I thought of even

quality. Government Store had, however, run out of rifle oil; but I managed to cadge a little cylinder oil from the engineers of the *Merrie England*; we afterwards made oil from pig's fat, and stinking stuff it was; but it answered the purpose in the tropics.

At last I was ready; and on the 1st June, 1900, the *Merrie England* pushed her way through a mass of canoes, full of howling men, women, and children, wailing for their relations in the constabulary, whom they thought they were never to see again. Arriving at Cape Nelson, my three months' stores, men, etc., were landed; a flagstaff was then erected, the Station ensign hoisted, the men of the detachment presented arms to the Governor, and, dipping her flag, away sailed the *Merrie England*, leaving us in the midst of a howling mob of excited natives.

A hut had been constructed by the natives out of sago palms, for which the Governor had left payment on his last visit, and in it the police and I now took up our quarters. It was situated in a grass patch of about an acre, on a bluff overlooking the harbour: bush extended from the grass patch along the top of a shelving plateau of about thirty acres in extent. After the *Merrie England* had departed, I turned my attention to the defence of our post: we had three months' stores, but a safe water supply was essential, and the Governor in selecting the site had quite overlooked this. At last we discovered a spring some few hundred yards away in the bush; so I accordingly had a four-hundred-gallon tank containing rice emptied, and then

re-filled with water from the spring, in order that, should we be forced to fight, we should not be entirely without this necessary. Our first night at Cape Nelson was a very uncomfortable one: natives howled, blew horns and beat drums in the bush all round us the whole night long; whilst a large fleet of canoes assembled and hovered under the bluff on the seaward side, until we shifted them by dropping a few rifle shots into the water near them, and also shooting over them one of half a dozen rockets I had begged from the Commander of the *Merrie England.*

The following morning I decided to build a stockade round our hut, inside which no native was to be permitted to enter. Upon some hundreds of men appearing, we arranged with them—through Poruta, who spoke a language which a few of them understood—to bring us posts and timber for the stockade, telling them we wished to erect a fence to keep pigs in. We paid them for each piece of timber brought, in beads, or broken glass bottles, which they used for shaving: some men we kept and paid for digging a series of holes all round the camp. When all the timber was in, we got the natives to plant the posts of the stockade; and before they quite realized what was occurring, they had built for us a solid wall of about four feet high, which an hour's toil on the part of the constabulary converted into a twelve-foot stockade. Then, and only then, the police and I breathed freely and felt fairly secure: we now had a little fort, three months' provisions, enough water to last a month, and we felt

fairly confident that we could hold our new home against anything that might come against us.

The next day I thanked my stars for that stockade. The constabulary had purchased from the natives a supply of betel-nut and prepared lime, which they chewed; then, to my horror, I suddenly discovered that, with the exception of three men, the whole squad was stupid and drugged from the effects of some narcotic contained in the lime. The three men had been on guard, and had not used either the betel-nut or the lime. I thrashed the slumberers, but without effect; then I administered huge doses of castor oil and calomel, which in a few hours got in its work and restored them to their senses. A very frightened lot of men they were when they recovered, and discovered the helpless position they had placed us in.

Corporal Sara now came to me with a fresh alarm. "How many cartridges have we got, sir?" he asked. "About three thousand rounds," I replied. "Have you looked at the boxes?" he queried next. "No," was my answer, "they are ordinary service cartridges, I suppose." "They are nothing of the sort," said Sara; "with the exception of the rounds in the men's pouches and one box of 320, they are all cartridges condemned by Captain Butterworth years ago. They burst the rifles when you attempt to fire them." I examined the boxes, and found they were filled with a patent cartridge made by Eley Brothers, which was supposed to consume its own case when fired. I made certain experiments with these cartridges, by firmly

securing rifles to trees and firing them with a string attached to the trigger, and found that they did one of three things on every occasion: either the explosive consumed the case entirely and generated gases which blew the breech block clean out of the rifle; or it did not completely consume the case and effectually blocked up the cartridge chamber with the remains; or it left the brass case of the cartridge and cap stuck firmly to the fire pin of the rifle. If I could have got hold of the Government Storekeeper then, I would have shot him, and cheerfully have hanged for doing it. Fifteen men left among some thousands of the supposed wildest savages in the world, and the larger portion of our ammunition more dangerous to the user than to an enemy!

"The fever medicine," said Sara, "is as bad as the cartridges; the tablets go right through the men like stones." I examined some of the quinine tablets, which were supposed to be made by some people called Heron, Squire and Francis. I took two, soaked them for a night in whisky, and they were as solid as shot after it; then I put another couple into dilute hydrochloric acid, and they resisted that. I believe the things were made of plaster-of-Paris or cement. Fortunately I had a couple of ounces of Howards' Sulphate of Quinine, and half a dozen bottles of Burroughs and Wellcome's Bisulphate of Quinine in tabloids, in my private stock, and could carry on with that. The iodoform supplied for wounds was just as bad: if you put it on a wound, the thing promptly

festered, suppurated, and got angry-looking. Afterwards I took a bottle of the filth to Sydney, had it examined and was told that it was composed of chalk and boracic acid, scented with iodoform and coloured with saffron. I don't say Heron, Squire and Francis supplied it—there is a law of libel—but it was in bottles bearing their name.

A few days after I had been established at Cape Nelson, we sighted a schooner, and I went off to her in my whaler to get the latest news and exercise my tongue gossiping in English. The schooner proved to be the *Albert McLaren*, bound for the Mambare, and carrying Bishop Stone-Wigg; he was frightfully ill with a most malignant attack of malarial fever, and was sweltering in a tiny cabin. "I cannot go on to the Mambare, R.M.," said Bishop Stone-Wigg; "the schooner can go on with stores. Will you give me a tiny corner in your camp until she returns?" "My Lord," I said, "I have got a tiny tent 10 by 12 feet, and that is joined to a house 20 by 12 holding fifteen police, all contained inside a fence enclosing an area of about half a tennis lawn; we live hard and at any time we may die hard; but if you like to share it, come by all means." "Anywhere to lay my aching head," said the Bishop. Accordingly I took him ashore. He stayed with me a fortnight, and we only had one slight breeze, when I made him drink a glass of spirits every night before he went to bed, on the top of a strong dose of quinine; he was as weak as a kitten and badly needed a stimulant.

At the end of the fortnight, the steamer *President* came, and the Bishop left in her for his head Station at Wedau: I accompanied him, as he very kindly offered me the services of his Mission carpenter to repair some damage done to my whaleboat, which had come about in this way. The site chosen for my present house was situated over a rocky little bay, open to the stormy south-easters, and really unsafe for a boat to lie in: the only secure place in which the boat could be left was half a mile away, where she was likely to be either stolen or destroyed by natives. To haul the boat up on the rocky beach was a task beyond the strength of the men on the Station; we therefore usually employed some of the local natives, who were engaged clearing the Station site for us, to help haul her up: these natives, however, were always ordered away from the Station to their villages at five o'clock in the afternoon. Some of the police had been sent in the whaler during the day to collect shells and coral for lime-making purposes, and returned after five; the result of which was that we had not men enough to haul up the boat, and accordingly I told them to anchor her out at the full length of the chains. Shortly after this was done, I noticed that when the tide went out the boat's stern would be dangerously near the rocks, and sent a couple of police to shift her further out —which they apparently did. The following morning I discovered the whaler on the rocks with her stern smashed in; and then found that the two fools I had sent had shifted her further out by hauling in and

shortening the chains, thereby allowing her to drag her anchors in the strong night wind and smash on the rocks. The damage done was about equal to twenty pounds: a benevolent Government held that when accidents of this sort occurred, they were due to carelessness, and the men or officer responsible should meet the expense out of their or his private money. "Here's a pretty pickle," I said; "if I stop the two men's pay, they will get nothing for twelve months." My own pay was already mortgaged for four months ahead, to pay debts incurred on my last leave: the Bishop's offer, however, of his carpenter, helped me out of the difficulty, and all I had to pay was five pounds towage to the *President*. We plastered up the stern of the whaler to get her as far as that.

I was a full week at Wedau getting the boat mended, for I managed to strike Holy Week; the carpenter, being an aged and particularly holy man, would drop his tools four or five times a day and scoot off to some sort of service, whilst I would endeavour to carry on his work: the day of silence and prayer was especially trying to me, as I was in a fever of anxiety about my men left at Cape Nelson. At last, however, I got away and started back, the Bishop coming with me as far as Cape Vogel, where we had established a Mission Station. By the way, I nearly drowned him on that trip, for there was no wind when we left late in the day, and the police had fairly well exhausted themselves at the oars long before we were across the bay; then night and a big wind came, and we got into a tide rip off the

Cape, which nearly swamped us. Curiously enough, I never afterwards travelled at sea with Bishop Stone-Wigg without having the most marvellous escapes from drowning.

I remember on one occasion sighting his vessel just before dark off Cape Nelson, and—after directing that a light be hoisted at the flagstaff—I went out in the whaleboat to pilot him into the harbour: it was pitch dark by the time we got alongside, with nasty rain squalls coming up at intervals. The *Albert McLaren* started to stand in for the narrow rock-bound entrance of the harbour, when suddenly the light at the Station flagstaff was obscured by a rain squall, and when the squall had passed—during which we had hove-to—the light had vanished. After waiting for half an hour for it to reappear, I came to the conclusion (the right one as it afterwards proved) that the police had not noticed that the light was out, and therefore it was not likely to be relit at all. We groped our way out to sea for some distance, and anchored over a sunken reef, whilst I sent the whaler to try and nose her way into the harbour and have the lamp relit: that was the last we saw of the whaler that night, for she lost her way in the rain squalls, and could find neither harbour nor *Albert McLaren* again. Meanwhile, the night got worse, the schooner's anchor carried away, and we blew up the coast in the dark, missing, Heaven only knows how, the many reefs with which the coast is sown.

I spent my time on deck with the skipper, vainly

trying to fix our position on the coast from the village fires, and trying to imagine a fit punishment for the police on shore, by whom the light had been allowed to go out. Inman, who was now captain of the *Albert McLaren*, was full of groans and despair. "If I had not seen your light go up and your whaler coming out, I should have crept behind a reef and anchored," he complained; "now we are bound for Kingdom come." "It is no part of my work to be drowned in a missionary boat; it is just an obliging disposition that has got me into this fix," I told him. Then I went down to the cabin, where Bishop Stone-Wigg was peacefully writing, in spite of the racket on deck. "Well, R.M., what news?" he asked. "The news is that we are driving through the night amongst a lot of reefs, and the first thing that we shall know will be the crash of the schooner's forefoot on one; we can't heave-to, or we'll inevitably smash up on the coastal rocks." "There is a Guiding Hand," said the Bishop calmly. "There is no guiding hand," I said; "neither Inman nor I have the slightest idea where we are, and the prospect of all of us being drowned before morning is particularly bright." "Oh, I meant we are in the power of a Higher Hand," remarked the Bishop, and calmly went on writing and making references from books. "Well, of all cool customers," I thought, as I returned to the deck, "the Bishop about takes the cake." Some few hours before daybreak the wind abated, the rain squalls cleared away, and Inman was able to drop a kedge at the end of about one hundred and fifty

fathoms of rope, and anchor until morning showed us our position. Daylight came, and a few hours afterwards my whaler appeared searching for us, and I went back in her to my Station, while the Bishop went on in his schooner to the Mambare.

At the Mambare the Bishop heard of the Opi villages, a thick cluster of people at the mouth of that river, who at this time were by no means too safe to deal with, or to be trusted. On his return voyage, he calmly ordered the schooner to be hove-to off the mouth of the river, and, accompanied by only a few Mission boys, went ashore in a tiny dingey to pay the villages a visit, with the object of ascertaining the suitability of the site for a Mission Station. The mouth of the Opi is one of the most shark-infested spots in New Guinea, and of course the Mission boys contrived to capsize the dingey in the surf; fortunately the Bishop was a very good swimmer, as were also his boys, so he managed to swim ashore; but an enormous shark swam alongside him to the beach and, marvellous to relate, did not attack him. I heard the tale from the Bishop, his boys, and the Opi natives who witnessed it.

I was not at all pleased when I heard of the Bishop having gone into the Opi villages, for though they were not in my Division, I knew from the officers of the Northern Division how unsafe they were; and I begged the Bishop to come to me for an interpreter the next time he wished to go there. It was a long time before he did want to go, and by that time I had two police recruits from the Opi, and I gave them to him

as interpreters. "You will interpret truly for the Bishop," I told my two men, "but you must first tell the people that he is my friend, and if anything happens to him I shall take such vengeance that the women and children of the furthest Binandere people will cry at the mention of it." Privates Kove and Arita, the two men I sent, swore that the Bishop should be safe, and that they would fittingly picture the horrors that would befall the people if they threatened or injured him. When the Bishop returned from the Opi and gave me back Kove and Arita, he told me that he was very taken with the kindness and friendliness of the natives, and had decided to put a Mission Station there. Some time afterwards, I heard from Armit, then R.M. for the Northern Division and in whose district the Opi was, asking why I had been putting the fear of God or of the Government into the Opi people, and saying that he was the only person officially entitled to do that. I soothed Armit, by pointing out that if the Bishop had got killed, he was the man who would have had to face the music with the Governor, and that I had only been trying to do him—Armit—a good turn.

Writing about Bishop Stone-Wigg reminds me of an occasion when he accompanied me to the Yodda Gold-field; the Yodda miners at this time being about as hard-bitten, hard-swearing, and as utterly reckless a lot of "hard cases" as could be found under the British Flag. They had got a cemetery—which, I might remark in passing, was afterwards washed out, with the

bones of its inhabitants, because a payable streak of gold was found in it—and it was well filled with dead diggers. The Bishop, after looking at it, suggested that he should read the Burial Service over the graves. I agreed that it might be a good thing; making a mental note that afterwards, when anxious relations wrote to me about their dead relatives, I could say that the Bishop of New Guinea had given them Christian burial. I sent a summons to the miners, telling them what was to take place, and they rolled up in strength to attend. The Bishop read the impressive service of the Church in a voice and manner that struck home to those miners, and produced an unexpected result. Mat Crow, a prominent man among them, was deeply affected; and, at the end, he strode up to the Bishop, struck him heartily on the back, and broke forth: "Boys, this is kind of the Bish. There's Alligator Jack and Red Bill, there's blank, and blank, and blank planted here, and Gawd, 'E knows whether they have rested easy; we know what they were like, and we know what the Warden is like who read prayers over them; he was better than nothing; but he is no good alongside a parson, and a Bishop is fifty parson-power in one. Boys, I move a vote of thanks to the Bish, with three times three, and may we all have a Bish to plant us. Alligator Jack would be a proud man to-day if he knew what was being done for him." Bishop Stone-Wigg fled, as the vote of thanks was carried with enthusiasm, and the cheers for the fifty parson-power parson echoed over the graveyard.

Returning to Cape Nelson from Wedau, I found my men bottled up inside the stockade; and was told that the Okein, a pugnacious tribe to the north, had paid them a visit, swaggered about the Station, interfered with the working Kaili Kaili, and generally made themselves a nuisance.

The following is a brief description of the different tribes inhabiting the North-Eastern Division, and also a general review of the feeling existing between them at this time. The Cape Nelson (Kaili Kaili) people, under the leadership of their chief, Giwi, were a confederation of shattered tribes, regarding every one to the north or south—or, in fact, any stranger—as enemies, by whom they might be attacked or slaughtered at a moment's notice. To the north there lay the Okein, a branch of the Binandere; a strong, warlike, and colonizing people steadily pushing their way south, but halted in their southern march by the necessity of defending the land occupied by them, against the attacks of inland raiding tribes. To the south lay the Maisina tribe of Collingwood Bay, a race of pirates, who terrorized the coast as far as Cape Vogel, but were in their turn harried by incursions from the Doriri, a mountain tribe behind them. The Kaili Kaili, who inhabited the mountains and hills at Cape Nelson, were therefore really remnants of tribes shattered by attack from either the Doriri, Maisina, or Binandere people; and also the remnants of a tribe frightfully weakened by an eruption of Mount Victory.

For some time after they had occupied the inhos-

pitable rugged lands of Cape Nelson, they had been subjected to periodical incursions and slaughterings by the Okein fleet of canoes; but were eventually saved by the good sense of their elected chief, old Giwi, who had an uncommonly fine head and exceptional reasoning power. The Kaili Kaili were not an aquatic people, but Giwi noticed four things: firstly, that all attacks against his people must come by sea; secondly, that the canoes of the invaders were made of a heavy hard wood; thirdly, that the missiles of the invaders were heavy spears having a limited range; and fourthly, that once the northern men landed, his lighter people stood no chance against their charges. Giwi, in his way, was a Napoleon. He saw that to fight the invader successfully, he must fight on the sea; he saw that he must not fight at close quarters, but must have faster canoes, and also missiles outranging those of the Okein; and he laid his plans accordingly. First of all, Giwi made his people learn to swim in the pools of the streams running into the fiords of Cape Nelson; then he ordered canoes to be cut from a particularly light wood, of shallow draft, and capable of great speed, though they would not last many months; then he had made a great stock of a particularly light and long spear, capable of being thrown a great distance. Having completed his preparations, Giwi built an ostentatious and sham village at the head of a fiord, round the shores of which he concealed his new fleet, and then awaited developments. The developments soon came: a strong Okein fleet of canoes swept down

the coast, sighted the village, and at once attacked it; it fell an easy prey, being undefended and of no value, and the disappointed Okein fleet attempted to put to sea again, only to find hovering on their flank a swarm of light canoes, with whom they could not possibly close, and by the crews of which they were, man by man, slaughtered at long range. Out-generalled, outpaced and out-ranged, they had no hope. Very few of the Okein canoes escaped, and, for many years afterwards, they gave Cape Nelson a wide berth as they passed on their southern raids. Giwi and his canoes, however, at the time I went there, were the sole obstacles to their occupying the coast south of Cape Nelson, though they could still raid it.

The account of this fight, I had from Giwi himself, and also from some of the Okein who took part in it, years after it had taken place; but all their accounts tallied. In fact, the way in which I first heard of it was rather peculiar. I was staying for the night in old Giwi's house as an honoured guest, and rolling over on the floor to sleep, I was disturbed by the old boy's chuckles. "What are you laughing at, you old reprobate?" I demanded. "You are lying on the exact spot where I kept the body of the Okein chief, before I ate him," he said, and then he unfolded the tale I have just told.

Old Wanigela, a chief of the sub-branch of the Maisina, whose people had been subject to constant attack by two foes, the Okein by sea and the Doriri from the mountains, took heart of grace from Giwi's

defeat of the Okein, and laid plans for the discomfiture of the next raiders. His plan was, however, with the exception of the long light spears, much simpler than that of Giwi; for all he did, was to abandon his village at the approach of the hostile canoes, and permit them, unopposed, to enter a narrow river which ran alongside the village. After the Okein had plundered and burnt to their hearts' content, and had lumbered up their canoes with loot, they essayed to return, and were jostling and crowding together in the current of the narrow entrance to the river, when Wanigela suddenly appeared on the bank with his men and fairly hailed spears upon the now packed Okein, who were taken entirely by surprise by the unexpected attack from people whose fighting qualities they despised; thrown into confusion by the immediate loss of many men, and unable to charge home with the favourite weapon of the Binandere people—the stone-headed club—they were all slaughtered, with the exception of one canoe-load of warriors, which managed to put to sea and escape.

The two defeats had for a time cooled the ardour of the Okein for raiding on the coast; but later, having been strengthened by fresh families from the virile Binandere, they turned their attention to a new field, and raided and slaughtered the Baruga people of the Musa River. The Baruga were now in an evil case: they could not go back, for then the Doriri from the hills raided them, that people's war parties sweeping the whole of the flat country. The Baruga's sole

method of escape from the Doriri had originally been by canoes and river; but now the canoes of the Okein were driving them up and from the river, into the very clutches of the Doriri. Fortunately, however, Sir William MacGregor fell in with a fleet of Okein canoes returning from a raid up the Musa, laden with human flesh, and he inflicted yet another crushing defeat upon them; a defeat from which they were only just recovering when I came to Cape Nelson. They were to get yet another reverse, and at my hands next time; but that was to come much later.

Wanigela's victory over the Okein was, however, to prove his undoing; for he and his people, cock-a-hoop over their defeat of the redoubtable Okein, decided to try conclusions with the first war party of Doriri entering their country. It was not long before a war party, a small one of about fifty Doriri, appeared in the district: Wanigela located them and their line of march; then, assembling his own men and many hundreds from the parent Maisina tribe, he laid an ambush for the Doriri. This stratagem proved entirely successful, the enemy marching into the middle of the hidden men; Wanigela then yelled, "Now we have you where we wanted you!" which was his signal for the attack; his men leapt to their feet; the Doriri merely replied with a curt "Have you?" and charged. Wanigela and thirteen of his most redoubtable fighters were killed, many were wounded, and the rest broke and fled in every direction. Nothing after this would induce the people of Collingwood Bay to stand up to

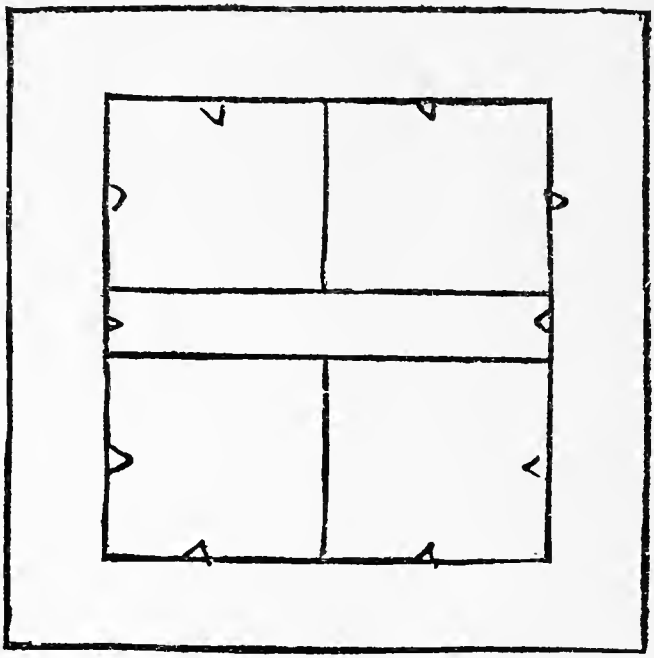
resist the Doriri, who now began a policy of sending very small parties, which ceaselessly snapped up and killed men, women, and children. Sir Francis Winter, Moreton, and Butterworth, made an attempt to seek out and deal with the Doriri, but failed, in consequence of taking Collingwood Bay carriers with them, by whom they were deserted on the very first night.

CHAPTER II

AT Cape Nelson, I was now busy in the erection of my new Station. A New Guinea Government Station consisted of the R.M.'s house, police barracks, store-rooms, magazine, married quarters, native visitors' house, police cells and gaol. I had applied for a grant of forty pounds for building my own house, intending to have one made of native material, *i.e.* hard hewn timber and a thatched roof; Sir George Le Hunte, however, said he was not going to have his R.M.'s house like that, and accordingly instructed the Survey Department to expend three hundred pounds in getting timber and iron from Australia for a European house of four rooms. Russell directed me to have cut a number of piles of hard wood, ten feet in length, upon which the house was to be built. He, being a surveyor, was also supposed to be an architect; as a matter of fact, his knowledge of building was about equal to a Berkshire pig's grasp of navigation. Overleaf is the house that he, after great travail, designed. He altogether forgot windows, railings, and steps; and this, too, for a house the flooring of which would be ten feet from the ground.

At this time I had, under the supervision of a

private of constabulary, gangs of several hundred Kaili Kaili at work, clearing gardens and carrying timber for the gaol and barracks; whilst another lot were searching for teakwood with me, and cutting it into piles for my house. Amongst my contingent was a short, squat, very powerful man of about forty years



of age, who had at one time been badly wounded in the head, and at intervals broke into a frenzy of rage with no apparent reason; this individual was named Komburua. He had engaged to work two months with me for an axe, upon which he had set his heart, and which tool he was permitted to use at his work until it became his own. Komburua's particular job was to

cut the hewn piles to an exact length, as I measured and marked them. On one occasion, as I moved from one pile to another to measure it, Komburua seated himself upon the one I was stretching my tape along; I shifted him with a hard spank with my open hand, and again leant over my tape. Suddenly I caught sight, on the ground, of the shadow of an axe flying up above the shadow of my helmet; like lightning, I jumped to one side, just as that axe came crashing down on the very spot over which my head had been. Before Komburua had time to raise his axe again I had him pinned by the throat, whilst two police, who were but a few feet away, rushing up, first knocked him senseless with the butts of their rifles, and then, loading them, stood at my back, as I blew my whistle for the detachment to fall in—not knowing how much further the trouble was going. From all directions the men came tearing up, loading their rifles as they ran, and savagely striking out of their way any native in their path; while the excited natives gathered in clusters and jabbered, and spears appeared from nowhere. Poruta soon found out that Komburua's attempt to split my skull was due to one of his sudden frenzies of rage, induced by my spank on his stern, and in no way concerned the other natives. He was given seven days in leg-irons, as a gentle hint to restrain his temper in the future, and we resumed our work.

Komburua afterwards tried to get square with me by poisoning our well at night, and, but for the accident of heavy rain falling at the time, thus washing away

the greater portion of the poison, the whole lot of us would undoubtedly have been killed. As it was, we were all extremely ill; in fact, two men very nearly died, and I, for the life of me, could not make out what was the cause. The police said sorcery; I did not know what to think; I had no suspicion of the water, though I thought of poison; at the same time, I could not understand how it could have been administered to all of us. One alarming sign was that not a single native came near us. I took counsel with the police. "There is something very wrong," I said, "but we have to find out what it is, before we can cure it." "It is sorcery," said the police. "Well, we must find out the sorcerer and deal with him; what sorcery can do, sorcery can undo," I said. "The proper thing to do with a sorcerer is to hit him on the head with a club," said Poruta, "for they are no good." "All very fine," I remarked, "but first catch the sorcerer." "You have said it," said Keke (Keke and the other Kiwais had stronger stomachs, and were not so bad as the rest of us); "these people know what they have done to us and are awaiting results; we can't see them, but they are certain to have some one watching us. To-night, the strongest of us will sneak out and catch the watchers in the early dawn, and then we shall find out what is the trouble." Keke's plan seemed the best; that night, the five strongest men crept out, and, in the morning, they snapped up a solitary man, whom they discovered in a tree watching the camp, and brought him in. It was a man named Seradi, who later served

for many years with me in the constabulary; in fact, he was still serving when I left New Guinea.

I showed Seradi our sick; as a matter of fact, with the exception of the five men by whom he had been caught, there was not one of us able to stand. I asked, "What is the matter with these men?" "I don't know," was the reply. "Why are all you people staying away from the Station?" "I don't know," he repeated, which was a palpable lie. "Reeve a rope, and hang him up," I said. "What will the Governor say?" asked Keke; to which I replied, "It does not much matter what he says, for if we don't find out what this trouble is, he'll only have dead men to talk to." The police rove a rope over a beam in the ceiling: I may say that, during our sickness, we were all living together in one big barrack room. "What are you going to do with me?" asked Seradi, as a noose was passed round his neck. "Hang you up by your neck until you are dead, then cut you open and look at your inside to find out why we are sick; you know, but won't tell us while you are alive, and the rope round your throat will prevent the knowledge escaping when you are dead." The rope tightened, Seradi choked and held up his hand. "Slack!" I said. "You want to talk?" I asked him. "Yes," was his reply, "I don't want to put you to all this trouble. Komburua poisoned your well; the people are staying away until you are all dead, when they will come and take all your wealth." "Do the people want to fight us?" I asked. "Oh no," he said, "but if you all die, they

would like your things." "Do you know where Komburua is?" I next asked. "Yes, alone in a bush house about half a mile away," said Seradi. "Very good; if you take my police to him, and help them catch him, I will pay you two tomahawks and make you village constable of your tribe." Seradi apparently thought that this was much better than being hanged, so went off with my five fairly sound men, and shortly afterwards returned with Komburua. In due time Seradi got his uniform as village constable, which position he filled with ability.

Komburua got six months' hard labour, a sentence he received with extreme disfavour. His first job was to clean out the spring, and dig a channel in the rock, in which to lead the water to the gaol. "Komburua is to drink a pint of water from the well before breakfast every morning," I told the police, "then if there is any more foolery with our water, he will be the first man poisoned." He afterwards became a very good worker indeed, and accompanied me as a carrier on many an inland expedition. He also became very friendly with me, in consequence of my curing a periodic headache he suffered from. One day, as he toiled with a crowbar at the rock of a precipice, up which we were cutting a new road, I noticed that his forehead was all scratched and cut, and asked him what was the matter. "There is a devil trying to break out of my head," said Komburua. I sent him to sit in the shade of the gaol kitchen, and gave him some phenacetin tabloids, that eased his head a great deal

quicker than his cutting and scratching had done. After he had served half his time, I made him prisoners' cook to the gaol, a position of which he was very proud (though the prisoners at first regarded his appointment with eyes askance), and, at his earnest request, I let him off the pint of cold water before breakfast.

I remember Komburua, on one occasion, frightening fits out of the Chief Engineer of the *Merrie England*. I was going up the coast in that vessel, to cut a road from Buna Bay to the Yodda Gold-field. I had with me about a score of police and some couple of hundred Kaili Kaili: each Kaili Kaili had an axe, both as a weapon of defence and as a tool for work. My men —in addition to her own complement—crowded the vessel uncomfortably; but as my men slept about the decks and it was only for one night, it really did not matter. The night came, and with it heavy rain; my unfortunate Kaili Kaili crawled into alley ways, galley, cabins, in fact anywhere they could get, to be out of the wet. Officers and crew were perpetually falling over naked bodies in most unlikely places, and cursing Kaili Kaili and me alike—not that the Kaili Kaili cared. The Cape Nelson police and myself were the only persons they would listen to or obey; every one else was merely an objectionable foreigner. Komburua, in search of a dry spot, discovered the Chief Engineer's cabin, that worthy being on watch; he then stretched his dirty, greasy form upon the Engineer's bunk and went to sleep. Presently the owner of the bunk came off watch, went to his cabin, and there

discovered a huddled mass of wet cannibal on the floor and Komburua in his bunk; with curses and blows he shifted the men from the floor, hauled Komburua from his bunk, and hoofed him out of the cabin.

A few minutes later a steward, falling over the tangled heap of police and Kaili Kaili sleeping on the floor of my cabin, woke me up, wailing, "For God's sake, sir, go to the Chief Engineer's cabin; those blank savages of yours are killing him." "Nonsense!" I said; but that wretched steward would not let me have any peace; so accordingly, cursing deeply all people who disturbed the sleep of the godly with vain alarms, I paddled along the wet deck to the Engineer's cabin. There I found the Chief lying in his bunk gazing absolutely horror-stricken at the blood-shot eyes of Komburua peering through the tangled mat of hair surmounting his hideous visage, while he thoughtfully felt the razor-like edge of his axe. At intervals the Chief yelped for help. "What the devil are you up to, Komburua?" I asked, as my naked foot took him fairly on the stern; "get out!" "He would not let me sleep in the dry, so I just gave him a fright," said that worthy, as he retired, carefully sheltering his stern with his axe. "I thought the murderous brute was going to split my skull every second, and dared not move," said the Chief Engineer; "it's disgraceful that the Government should allow you to bring such savages on board. There's some whisky in my locker; give me a drink." "They are all right, and quite nice people if you are gentle with them; but if you use

coarse sailor language and blows, you offend them," I told him reproachfully; then I gave him a drink from his own bottle, and absent-mindedly carried the bottle away and shared it with the second engineer and the officer on watch.

About a week after I was first established at Cape Nelson, old Giwi came in, followed by a strange native who gambolled like a kitten when he caught sight of the police and myself, and exhibited extravagant joy in divers ways. He proved to be the sole survivor of ten Dobu carriers, who had bolted from the Mambare at the time of the massacre of Green and his men: the other nine had been caught and eaten at intervals along the coast by the Notu and Okein people. This man, weary and frightened, had reached Giwi's village; there Giwi had protected him, and employed him as an unpaid labourer in his garden—practically a slave. He told me that he had had a dreadful time chasing the *Merrie England* from fiord to fiord, when last she came, but could never quite catch her; then one morning he had caught sight of the flag flying over my camp, and had persuaded Giwi to bring him to me for a reward. I bought him from Giwi for a tomahawk, and as he swore that he never meant to leave the shelter of the police camp again, I made him cook to the constabulary. About eight months later, however, as the *Merrie England* was going to his home, I seized the opportunity of sending him there.

I then found out that numbers of runaway carriers from the diggers of the Mambare were continually

being caught and eaten by the tribes along the coast The local natives had their own grievance against the runaways, for the latter used to steal their canoes and also sneak into their gardens and help themselves to food. North and south I then sent notices, offering a reward of a tomahawk each for all live runaway carriers brought to me, and threatening dire vengeance against any people killing them.

In a month, we recovered some thirty odd runaway carriers in lots of two, three, and up to a dozen. Seradi then told me of a little village inhabited entirely by sorcerers, male and female, some seven miles away, where they had another runaway tied up for some diabolical purpose. I sent Seradi and half a dozen police to bring me the captive and arrest the sorcerers; these gentry were not at all popular with the Kaili Kaili, though, like most natives, they stood in awe of them. The police returned, carrying in a net a man so emaciated that his bones were literally sticking through his skin, and his whole body showing the marks of dreadful ill-usage; he was so weak as to be beyond speech, and though we dosed him with tincture of opium and brandy, and filled him up with broth, he died within a few hours. The sorcerers had seen the police coming and escaped. My men told me that their village was unspeakably filthy, so I sent them back, in the middle of the night, to surprise and catch the sorcerers and burn down the village. They only caught two, whom I sent to gaol for six months, their first job being to bury the body of their victim. Where

their filthy village had stood, the police left a clean, smoking heap of ashes: the prestige of sorcerers among the Kaili Kaili slumped from that day, and though sorcerers in other parts of the Division continued to give trouble, those amongst the Kaili Kaili people spent most of their time either hiding in the bush, in gaol, or in explaining to a village constable and his posse that they were living virtuous and meritorious lives.

The burning of houses was, as a general rule, strictly forbidden by the Lieutenant-Governor as a punishment, and very rightly so; but I felt sure that he would approve of my smoking out a lot of miscreants, such as those I have mentioned, as indeed he did. Sorcery among New Guinea natives may be divided into two kinds: the sorcerer practising the first kind belongs to a class of wicked, malevolent assassins, doing evil for the sake of evil; he is prepared to perform his devilry, administer poison, or commit any crime for any person paying him to do so. This class of sorcerer does not pretend to perform anything but black magic, or to work anything but harm; and the shadow of the fear of the brute is over the whole tribal life. Sorcerers practising the second kind are men who make use of a benevolent and kindly magic for good only. These pretend to possess powers of rain-making, wind- or fish-bringing, bone-setting, the charming away of sickness, or charming the spot upon which a garden is to be made to render it productive. They understand massage to a certain extent, and are usually highly respected and estimable members of the com-

munity to which they belong; and to interfere with this second class in the practice of their arts, would be not only cruelly unjust but decidedly unwise.

Once I had a frantic row with a Missionary Society over a member of the class of rain-makers. This old fellow I knew to be an eminently respectable old gentleman, and famed for many miles as a rain-maker; in fact, I had more than a suspicion that upon occasions my own police had paid for his services in connection with the Station garden. Well, to my amazement, I one day received a complaint from a European missionary, that the old fellow was practising sorcery and levying blackmail. I knew the charge to be all nonsense, and my village constables laughed at it; in fact, they regarded the story in much the same light as a London bobby would a tale to the effect that the Archbishop of Canterbury was running a sly grog shop in Wapping; but missionaries always made such a noise that I had to investigate. I found that there had been a drought in a Mission village, miles away from where the old boy lived, and the natives' gardens were perishing: the local rain-makers tried their hands, but with no result; the missionary turned on prayers for rain, no result; then the people got desperate, and decided that the services of my estimable friend must be engaged. Accordingly, to the wrath of the missionary, they collected pigs and a varied assortment of New Guinea valuables, and sent them with a deputation to beg him to save their gardens. He accepted the gifts, and oracularly replied to his petitioners, "When the south-

east wind stops, the rain will come." They went off home satisfied; as a matter of fact, the wind had dropped before they got back and the welcome rain set in. Having ascertained the facts, I of course refused to interfere with the rain-maker; whereupon the missionary complained to Headquarters that the R.M. was undermining the work of the Mission by encouraging sorcery, and I was called upon for the usual report. I reported that my time was already so fully occupied that I had none to spare in "attending to harmless disputes due to the professional jealousy of rival rain-makers." The missionary choked with outraged and offended pride at being put on the same plane as a native rain-maker, and Muzzy squeaked about "contemptuous levity" in official correspondence.

One day, I met an old chap laboriously carrying a heavy round stone up a hill to a yam garden. "What are you doing with that?" I asked. "I have got a job making the yams grow in the garden up here," he said, "and I'm planting this as an example to the yams, of the size to which they are to grow." "It's lucky for you that they are not to be any larger," I remarked. "If this man had got his yams in a month sooner," said the yam expert, "I'd have taken a stone much larger than this; but he always was a fool."

The professions of rain-maker, taro-grower, fish-bringer, etc., in fact all the callings followed by the benevolent sorcerers, are, I believe, hereditary, passing from father to son: the men really have some sound practical knowledge, though smothered in a mass of

charms and incantations; for instance, the taro-grower knows exactly what type of vegetable should be grown in different soils, he knows the proper time of year for planting, he can tell the husbandman when to cut away the sprouts, and when he should get fresh seed; he can say where corn will be a success, and where bananas, sweet potatoes, taro or yams. The fish-bringer knows when to expect the different fish, and where to look for them; his reward depends upon results, for if his charms and incantations didn't give adequate satisfaction, the professor would soon be regarded as "no good," and deserted in favour of a more successful practitioner.

So far as the healing powers of the benevolent sorcerers are concerned, I can vouch for those of one man myself. I was suffering from a severe attack of lumbago, brought about by marching in wet khaki all day and sleeping in wet blankets at night; it had begun with a very bad attack of malaria, which I had squashed by means of twenty-grain doses of quinine, but the lumbago remained. A son of Giwi's named Toku, who was thirteen years of age, was my personal servant at the time: the young devil disappeared, and I thought that the crankiness and bad temper of a sick man had been too much for him and that he had bolted. I maligned Toku, however, for on the following day he came back, accompanied by his father and the latter's medical adviser. "My father says this man can cure your pains," remarked Toku. "Then for goodness' sake let him start work, for I can't be made worse,"

was my answer. The "doctor" then produced two large flat stones, hung all over with charms, and, after chanting an incantation or two over them and removing their embroideries, demanded that they be made red-hot in the kitchen fire; then he directed the police to make a large fire, and heat many other stones. His directions having been carried out, he commanded that a large iron tub that stood in my room, and which was used by me as a bath, should be filled with hot water, and that I was to get into it. With the assistance of several men, I doubled my groaning carcase into it; whereupon the "doctor" sang an incantation or two over me, called for the pile of hot stones the police had been heating, and dropped them one by one, fizzling and sizzling into my bath, thus raising the temperature of the water until I was in a cloud of steam. "Ask him, Toku, whether he wants to boil the something liver out of me," I demanded. The "doctor" paused in listening to a long harangue from Private Bia, in which that worthy orderly was pointing out, in blood-curdling language, the precise spot in his ribs where he meant to send his bayonet home, in the event of his ministrations killing me. "Tell your master to have patience, he will soon be better," he said to Toku; "I am hunting the evil spirit out of him."

The boiling operations completed, the "doctor" made me lie flat on my face, and then plastered my back with hot wet clay, upon which he plentifully spat; then he had brought from the kitchen his red-hot

flat stones, and, wrapping them in cloth made of mulberry bark, he clapped them on the clay plaster. First the clay steamed and seemed to scald right through me, then it burnt hard and set up a steady roasting heat, but it certainly chased away my lumbago. I had, at the time, a Pondicherry Indian as a cook; and he—attracted by my language—appeared, gave a glance at what was happening, and then came back shortly afterwards with some heated flat-irons and flannel, with which he too proceeded to rub my back. The next day I was well, bar a feeling of stiffness and a general sensation of having been scorched. "What pay do you want?" I asked the "doctor"; "I will pay you well." He had meanwhile been living in the barracks, and had been entertained by the police with tales of what would happen to him if I died. "I want those things that your back was rubbed with by the cook," he said, meaning my flat-irons; "they will get me a great name." Accordingly I gave him the flat-irons; and I venture to say, that to this day there will be found on the north-east coast of New Guinea an eminent and famed medical practitioner, using among his stock-in-trade a set of flat-irons.

About a year later I nearly lost Toku, the boy by whom my highly satisfactory attendant had been summoned, in a peculiar way. I was returning from the second Doriri expedition, and we were marching before a strong rear-guard, behind which no one was permitted to lag; Toku was carrying my belts with a very heavy revolver, and I was marching at ease in

the middle of the column. I noticed a rare or new orchid in a tree, and sent Toku up to get it, signing to the rear-guard as they came up to pass on with the column; Toku came down with the orchid, and we caught up to the rear-guard, through which I passed, not noticing that the young imp had sneaked back to the tree to catch an iguana he had seen in it. Suddenly I missed Toku, and halted the line to search for him; I found him absent, and hastily retraced my steps with several of the police. We heard a shot, in the direction of which we ran, and found the imp seated upon the corpse of a fully armed native, and holding my smoking pistol in his hand. "I killed him, master," said the young villain. What had happened was this: Toku had dodged behind the rear-guard and caught his iguana; then, as he descended the tree, he had been snapped up by one of the numerous natives, who were hovering on our rear and flank out of sight, in readiness to snap up any stragglers. The man had clapped his hand over Toku's mouth to prevent him calling out, and had then started to carry him off into the bush beyond earshot of my force; Master Toku, having one hand free, had contrived to draw my revolver, and pressing it against his captor's head, had fired and blown the skull to fragments. I regret to say that the hero was hoisted upon the back of a policeman, and soundly spanked by me for "lagging behind the rear-guard, and nearly losing my belts and revolver."

"Fine boy of mine that," remarked old Giwi to me when he heard the tale, "nearly as good as I was

in my youth; the people tell me that it was a very large strong man he killed; I think I had better see about arranging wives for him." "You will do nothing of the sort, you match-making old begetter of strong sons," I said; "he will remain looking after my shirts and things for two years, and be whacked at intervals for his good; then I will draft him into the constabulary, and, when he is a second-year man, I will find the price of a really good wife for him."

Again I find I have digressed. Muzzy once remarked to me—after telling me the same story for about the fiftieth time—that he trusted he was not getting into his "anecdotage." As a matter of fact he was, but I was wise enough not to tell him so; now I sometimes wonder whether I am not going the same way.

I have written about benevolent sorcerers as opposed to the ordinary ones in New Guinea. The latter are about the most malevolent and malignant brutes unhung: they undoubtedly possess certain powers, such as a rough knowledge of the poisonous properties of some plants or fish for internal administration; and how to set up a virulent form of blood poisoning ending in tetanus, by the application to a wound—or the weapon causing the wound—of either a dried serum obtained from decomposing human bodies, or from the mud of a mangrove swamp. The statement that New Guinea natives poison their spears or arrows has frequently been made, and as often denied, but seldom has any direct evidence been adduced that they do so poison them. Personally, I am of opinion that the

actual fighting man never stoops to use poison; but I think in some cases he pays a sorcerer, or perhaps his wife or father does, to "strengthen" his arms, and that then the sorcerer does poison them. For instance, on the Stuart-Russell expedition, Russell lost a carrier by death and buried him: when I picked up Russell, we found the body of that carrier had been disinterred and was acting as a pincushion for dozens of spears; sharp slivers of wood had also been inserted, these being intended for use as foot spears or stakes to be planted in the ground to catch the unwary traveller's leg.

New Guinea sorcerers, in my experience, kill their subjects by two methods: firstly, by material means, that is, by the administration of actual poison; secondly, by esoteric means, that is, by working on the fear of the intended victim. Sir Francis Winter once told me that though he had tried many murder cases in which sorcery was alleged, he had never found any direct evidence that the sorcerer had caused the death; notwithstanding the fact that in some cases the sorcerer had actually admitted his guilt. To this I reply, that poisoning by animal or vegetable poisons is always very difficult to trace, or bring home to the prisoner; even when the poisons used are common or well known, and when highly skilled chemists are employed to detect them. In New Guinea there were no chemists, and the poisons used were probably either very rare or quite unknown to science. The second method to which I referred, as being employed by the sorcerer,

namely, that of fear, was worked in this way: the sorcerer sent a message to his intended victim, telling him that he had bewitched or poisoned him, thus so preying upon the mind of the unfortunate receiver of the threat as to cause him either to fret himself into a fever or commit suicide—usually the latter. In New Guinea the law warranted a magistrate sending any native, convicted of sorcery, to gaol for a term of six months. This was all very fine; but the sorcerer always over-awed the witnesses by saying, "I may get six months, but then I shall be free again and you will pay."

Among the Binandere people on the Opi River were two distinct tribes, speaking different dialects. Tabe, the village constable of the lower tribe, who was quite one of the most intelligent of the natives, once gave me an instance of the manner in which the emotions will overcome the habits of order and control instilled into the Papuan. I sent him to arrest a noted sorcerer: after a struggle, in which many men took part, he effected his object; then, securing all the sorcerer's charms and drugs, he placed them in a canoe, together with the sorcerer, now securely tied up with native ropes, and started for the Government Station at Tamata. On the way thither, among the chattels of the sorcerer, a small net was found into which was plaited twenty-seven small pieces of wood. Inquiry on the part of the village constable elicited the fact that it was the sorcerer's tally of lives, claimed to have been taken by him, or of deaths induced by his arts.

The sorcerer bragged to Tabe that among the number were certain relations of his, whom he named; and he also threatened that he would add some more, including Tabe's wife and children, when his six months were done. Whereupon Tabe, incited by this threat and also by the relations of the dead people, decided to try his own methods of curing a sorcerer, which he did by sinking him in twelve feet of water for an hour. He then made inquiries as to whether there were any others requiring his treatment; an inquiry which resulted in the immediate and hasty departure of several prominent sorcerers of the community. Proceeding to Tamata, he surrendered himself on a charge of murder laid by himself, and in which the principal evidence was his own statement.

In connection with this man's action, the following is an instance of the power ascribed to and claimed by a sorcerer, which is generally accepted by the natives as true. Some sorcerers possess the power of transmitting their spirits to a crocodile, whereupon the crocodile becomes a devil with power to assume the shape of any person known to the sorcerer; the devil-crocodile then, at the instigation of the sorcerer, waits near a village, until it sees the man against whom it is to act, go alone down a track or to a garden; then it assumes the shape of a young married woman or girl well known to the intended victim, and follows him. Upon a sufficiently secluded spot being reached, the sorcerer-cum-crocodile-cum-girl approaches the man and endeavours to induce him to have sexual intercourse: should he do so, he

will not discover his error until evening, when he will feel a desire to go to the river, there to vanish for ever. It is not until the sorcerer claims the result as his work, that the people know what has become of him, and that he has fallen a prey to the crocodile. Sometimes the shape assumed by the witch-crocodile is that of a well-known and good-looking young man, and then a young married woman or girl is seduced. In such case the woman's first male child will be taken by the crocodile, and the disembowelled body be later discovered floating in the water. Occasionally, I have been told, the most careful of persons and the most moral are entrapped by the actual shape of husband or wife being assumed by the crocodile; and so anyone may be tricked to his or her death.

From the point of view of a native constable, thoroughly believing in all this, and infuriated by the loss of those dear to him, it is an injustice that a sorcerer claiming occult powers of this awful description should be lightly punished, and then released to seek vengeance by the exercise of dreadful esoteric means. Should he not rather, he argues, be sought out and killed in a public, violent, and showy manner, that will deter others from following in his footsteps?

Absurd though sorcerers' claims to such powers be, as the foregoing instance portrays, yet sorcery or witch-craft on the north-east coast is no child's play, and the shadow of the fear of it is over the whole tribal life. Much of it, I am convinced, is due to the administration of poison, but a great deal more is effected by sugges-

tion; and, to my mind, there is little difference in the measure of guilt of one who hits his enemy on the head with a club, and of him who secretly gives a poisonous drug and causes death by physical means, or of him again, who, by acting on a man's fears, administers a moral poison to the mind and frightens his victim to death.

Some sorcerers claim to possess the power of sending forth their spirits to work evil during the dark watches of the night or while they slept. The Binandere people hold that the spirit of a sorcerer is the only really dangerous one, for though two other kinds of spirits exist, namely, "devils" and ghosts of the dead, such ghosts and devils are innocuous; in fact Oia, a son of Bushimai's, once told me that he considered they served a useful purpose in frightening the women and children from straying out of the village at night. Most New Guinea natives have a great dread of the dark; not so, however, the Binandere; a man of that tribe thinks nothing of travelling all night along lonely unfrequented paths by forest, jungle, mountain or swamp, devil-haunted though he believes them to be: whereas a Suau, Motuan or Kiwai would die of funk. The Suau believes that when a man is asleep, his spirit has gone forth from him, and they are very careful how they wake one another, in order that time may be allowed for the sleeper's spirit to return; the Binandere does not care two straws how rapidly or noisily he stirs up a sleeper.

I remember once an epidemic of measles breaking

out at Paiwa on Cape Vogel, and the cheerful sorcerers persuading the people that it would continue until a live man was cut open by them, which was accordingly done. On another occasion, at the back of Collingwood Bay, Oelrichs, who was then my Assistant R.M., heard of a case where they shoved lawyer vines, with thorns like this down the throats of some of the people, and then tore them up again. I caught the natives responsible for the cutting open of the man, really by a great streak of luck. The relations of the murdered man had complained to me about the affair; but when I came with the police, the whole of the people had run away from their villages to some bush refuge. We searched and we hunted, but no sign of them could we find; until at last we found a man crippled by elephantiasis, struggling along a track. When we caught him, he was without food and in a great fright, thinking that we should kill him; I questioned him as to the whereabouts of his people, but could get no satisfaction. Then, telling the police to leave him a supply of cooked food, I gave him a stick of trade tobacco and a baubau or native pipe, and marched on; a few minutes after we left him, we heard yells, and sending back I found that he was willing to guide us to the refuge of his people. "They left me," he said, "to be killed or to starve; you have given me food and tobacco, and if your men will carry me, I'll show you the hiding-place." Promptly he was picked up and carried; and in two hours we were marching for the coast with the murderers on a chain.

CHAPTER III

SINCE my first arrival at Cape Nelson, three months had gone by, during which period the Kaili Kaili and my men had become sworn friends and allies. The Station was nearly finished, and we began to look anxiously for the return of the *Merrie England*; more especially so, as our stores were running very low and a drought was preventing our purchasing very much in the way of provisions from the natives. The drought brought another complication: for the missionary at Cape Vogel sent me a letter, stating that the women of the villages were killing their infants. The practice of abortion and infanticide is always common among the weaker non-warlike or non-cannibal tribes of New Guinea, though unknown among the head hunters or cannibals. I accordingly went hurriedly to Cape Vogel by boat, and threatened and bullied the people on the subject of infanticide, and sent five women, who had murdered their babies, to gaol; later I had these women transferred to Port Moresby to serve their time, as there was better accommodation for female prisoners at Headquarters than at Cape Nelson. Some months afterwards, I received an indignant letter from the gaoler, asking

whether I thought the Port Moresby gaol was a lying-in hospital, as all the imprisoned ladies had either added to the population or were about to do so.

At Mukawa, I found that, a day or so before my arrival, a large fleet of Maisina canoes had put in an appearance, bullying and blackmailing the inhabitants; but upon hearing that I was hourly expected with the police, they had departed to raid elsewhere. Running up the coast before a fair wind, I sighted the fleet of canoes leaving a small island, but as they ran inshore I did not bother to follow them; later, I found that an old chief, named Bogege, had been down the coast with a party of raiders, generally raising sheol. At the island, where I had sighted the canoes, he had landed and discovered a bêche-de-mer trader's house and Station, occupied by a man, his native wife, and a dozen Suau natives. The owner was away fishing; but Bogege's men had outraged the women, beaten the boys, stolen everything they could lay their hands upon, and would probably have wound up their performances with murder, but for my boat heaving in sight. I sent Bogege a polite message to the effect, that when I had time to attend to the Maisina, they would have something to remember; to which he replied, "My people have taken the feathers off their spears." A civil Papuan declaration of war. The fight between Bogege and myself, however, came sooner than he expected, though, for the present, being delayed by pressure of more urgent work.

Briefly, the following required my immediate atten-

tion. Firstly, a tribe named the Mokoru, lying to the north of Cape Nelson, captured and ate a number of runaway Mambare carriers: they calmly told me that they would do the same to the police, if I interfered with them, but added, that I myself was so repulsively coloured that they would not dream of eating me, but would feed me to the pigs instead! "Pigs having stronger stomachs than men!" Next, the Arifamu, to the south, ate some carriers and snapped up one of my constabulary; he, however, escaped from them and was rescued by us. Then the Winiapi tribe, also in the south, plundered a trader's vessel and defied me. "The police are but women, and go clothed like women," was their reply to my demand that they surrender the offenders.

I fell upon the Mokoru first, and with good result. One dark night, Seradi piloted the whaler up a creek leading to the house of the principal chief, and we collared him and his son at dawn. The Mokoru, who lived in hamlets scattered over the grassy ridges, attempted to attack and ambush my force; but in half an hour they had learnt so much about the effect of rifle fire in the open as to compel them to decide that eating carriers did not pay, and also, that they had better join the Kaili Kaili by throwing in their lot with the Government. The Mokoru chief we caught was named Paitoto; he later turned out to be an excellent man, and I made him Government chief and village constable for his tribe. He told me one tale, however, that rather sickened me. "You remember,"

said Paitoto, "the morning you caught me, you were very bad and sick from fever?" "Yes," I replied. "Poruta made you some soup in one of my small pots, from a pigeon he shot," he went on, "and you complained about the pot being greasy and made him scrub it very clean." "Well, what of it?" I asked. "That was the pot in which my wife had made a stew of carriers' hands."

Paitoto only did about a fortnight's gaol, and was then released to take up his duties as v.c. Afterwards, he did a very plucky thing, when securing a sorcerer whom I badly wanted: having made the arrest, he locked one ring of the handcuffs on to the sorcerer and the other on to his own wrist; and for fear that the sorcerer, on the journey, might over-awe him, he threw the key of the handcuffs over a precipice. Unfortunately, he then told the sorcerer such dreadful tales of what I should do to him, that the man hurled himself over a small cliff, carrying Paitoto with him; with the result, that Paitoto's handcuffed arm was badly smashed, and I had an awful job repairing it.

At last the *Merrie England* turned up, weeks overdue, and renewed my supplies. She also brought Richard De Molynes, a brother-in-law of the then Governor-General of Australia, who was engaged hunting for lands suitable for sugar growing, on behalf of some syndicate or other: I believe the De Molynes brothers had previously gone in extensively for sugar planting in Queensland. He remained with me, as a guest, after the departure of the ship, in order to

pursue his search throughout the north-east. The *Merrie England* also brought me old Bushimai and his son Oia, from the Mambare; they had been sentenced to gaol for murder by the Central Court, but were now to be held by me at Cape Nelson on a sort of parole, during the Governor's pleasure. Bushimai had already broken out of the Port Moresby gaol, with five companions, and crossed the island to his home; but of his five companions, only one remained, when he reached the Mambare; and the fate of the others has always been shrouded in mystery. Bushimai said they died of exposure and cold on the high mountains; but when I asked him what they had found to eat on the way, he told me that they had caught an alligator! He may have caught an alligator; but if so, it is the first alligator I have ever known or heard of as having its habitation on the side of a bleak mountain range! Subsequently, after having been re-arrested, he also succeeded in escaping from the gaol at Tamata.

Bushimai was sent to my care at Cape Nelson at his own request. I now had one of his sons, Oia, in prison for manslaughter; and Poruta (who was another) serving as a private in my detachment of constabulary. Bushimai, by all conventional rules, should have been my mortal enemy, as I had once flogged him for mutiny, and he had killed my brother magistrate; but, as a matter of fact, we were always rather dear friends. He was allowed to bring one wife, and a small son, with him to Cape Nelson; I made his wife matron to the gaol, and general overlooker of the wives of the police.

Bushimai, on his first day at the Station, began by sitting on the steps of my house; on the second day, he had oiled himself into my office, where he sat upon the floor, whilst I did my work or heard native cases, throwing in a little advice at intervals; on the third day, he had made up his bed in my room; and on the fourth day, he had picked out the largest axe on the Station, and was acting as general overseer and adviser. "The master," said Poruta, "gives an order, and hits us if we are not quick; my father hits us first to make us quick."

I now found that a gold-prospecting party of miners had set their hearts on penetrating into the country to the south of Collingwood Bay, up a stream named the Laku, their cupidity having been excited by a tomahawk stone, which had been purchased by a trader in the Bay, and which was shot through with veins of gold. I knew quite well that if they went in alone among the uncivilized tribes they would only end in stirring up a lot of trouble for me; I therefore decided to escort them beyond the range of the coastal people. Accordingly I left for the Laku, accompanied by my police, De Molynes, the miners and their Suaus.

Arriving there, we camped on a low-lying sandy beach at the mouth of the river, in the midst of heavy rain. The stream rose and rose in height, until I became anxious as to the safety of my camp; and in order to make it quite secure, shifted, late in the evening, some four miles up-stream on to higher and more solid country, and among the Kuveri people. The Kuveri

were at first much alarmed at our incursion into their territory, and inclined from fear to be hostile; but at last, finding that we intended no harm, and instead of interfering with them, paid them well for any assistance they gave us, they became very friendly. They told us that they were shut in between the Maisina on one side, and the hostile Kikinaua tribe on the other: the former descended periodically upon them, and carried off all their best-looking young women, as well as levying a blackmail of pigs; while the latter tribe constantly swooped down on their villages, murdered and carried off—for culinary purposes—anyone they could lay hands on. Our advent they had at first regarded as their crowning misfortune, thinking that we were yet another enemy. As they put it to me afterwards, they would have "run away at sight of my force, but had nowhere to run to." I told the poor devils that, instead of adding to their woes, we would protect them from their enemies—a promise they at first apparently regarded as mere words. "The Maisina," they said in awed accents—"the Maisina are very brave and very numerous." Old Bushimai, who was sitting in my tent during the discussion and listening to it with growing impatience, got up and, leaving the tent, soon returned with his hand covered with biting crawling ants. "Look at this," he said to the trembling deputation through the interpreter; "these things are even as the Maisina, and thus will we treat them." Then with a couple of sharp smacks he smashed the ants, and sat down to smoke.

That deputation left much impressed; meanwhile my sentries were being posted for the night.

We had a fine, clear, starry night, and the whole camp of tired men settled down for a comfortable rest. Bushimai slept under my hammock. An hour before dawn, I awoke in a jumpy state of nerves, and called to Bushimai but got no reply. More and more jumpy, I got out of my hammock, buckled on my belts and revolver and, taking my rifle, walked out through the sleeping camp to the sentries; as I did so, I met Bushimai walking slowly backwards and forwards with his axe on his shoulder. "Why don't you sleep?" I asked him. "I felt danger in my sleep," he answered; "did you too?" "Yes," I replied, "I fear I don't know what." We both walked towards the sentries and met the sergeant. "Sergeant, why are you not asleep?" I asked; "the corporal is in charge of the sentries." "I cannot sleep, sir," he answered, "I woke feeling trouble; I should like to turn out the men, but there is no reason." Bushimai, the sergeant and I waited until dawn, roosting round a small fire, and watching the different men being relieved by a puzzled corporal; then, yawning, we went off to bed again.

Later, I learnt that the Maisina had heard I was camped at the mouth of the Laku—the camp I had vacated a few hours before—and had flung three separate bodies of men upon it just before dawn, only to find my expiring fires. Had we been in that camp, I am convinced that they would have smashed us, as we should have been taken by surprise. I leave it,

however, to the psychologist to say why an attack upon a vacated camp should affect the nerves of men four miles distant, and why it should only affect the nerves of three men out of over one hundred.

The following morning we marched inland into uninhabited country. The three miners I was taking in and protecting were named Driscoll, Ryan, and Gallagher; three wild Irishmen, whose sole topic of conversation was the wrongs of Ireland, as extracted by them from a Fenian "History of Ireland" which they carried. De Molynes was fool enough to argue with them; but, after the first day, I confined myself to the society of my police and Bushimai, in consequence of being asked: "Phwat is the —— Government making out of us?" I felt annoyed, as, at the time, I was feeding the men from my personal stores, and the Government was incurring considerable expense in protecting them during a search for gold for their own private benefit. "Blank, purse-proud Englishman, too stuck up to speak," I was then termed. As a matter of fact, I happened to have been born in New Zealand, and my pay was considerably less than that of any working miner in New Guinea.

We marched inland on a straight compass line, through jungle and forest, cutting a track as we went; De Molynes, some police and I were ahead, then followed a long line of carriers, then the miners and their boys, all brought up by a rear-guard of police. At last we struck an extensive plain, covered with wild sugar-cane from ten to twelve feet high, through which we

began to bore our way; the stuff grew as closely together as raspberry canes, was as dry as tinder, and as tough to cut as galvanized wire rope, the knives of the men rebounding from it like peas off a drum. We cut our tunnel through it for about a mile; then, noticing how extremely dry and inflammable it looked, I asked De Molynes how sugar-cane burnt. "Like a Jew dealer's over-insured second-hand old clo' shop," he remarked; "if this catches fire, we shall have less chance than a snowball in hell." I halted the line, called back to the rear-guard that there was to be no smoking, and any tinder carried by the carriers was to be put out at once; and again we went on. Suddenly, I heard an ominous crackling sound from behind and, gazing back, saw a black pall of smoke rising over the rear of the line; fortunately, there was little or no wind.

At once the long line of men in single file began to press hard on our heels, screaming with fright: frantic with rage, I joined the police in a solemn oath that, if we escaped, we would kill without mercy the man or men responsible for the fire. Then in frenzied haste we cut on, two men chopping until they fell from heat and exhaustion, then others dashing over their prostrate bodies, seizing their tools and taking their places, while behind came the ever-increasing roar of the fire. Old Bushimai toiled like a man possessed of devils, dashing repeatedly at the wall in front, and smashing with his axe, whenever the two choppers slacked for a moment in their efforts. At last, when the situation was

apparently desperate, I sent word along the line to the constabulary to blow out their brains as the flames reached them, after shooting any carriers within their reach, who might prefer a bullet to roasting. Suddenly we cut into a cabbage tree, up which one of the men climbed. "Master," he yelled, "the fire comes fast and the cane extends for miles, but I see a green swampy patch with trees on the left, close to us." Magi, the man up the tree, extended his arm in the direction of the wet patch, and by it I took a compass bearing, along which we cut, emerging after about two hundred yards into an oasis formed by springs, of about two acres of green swampy land. Man after man struggled through by the cut track, until all were there; then, with our clothes saturated with water and plastered with mud, we buried our faces in moss and wet plants, and that stifling fire rolled past and over our sanctuary.

Once safe, I inquired into the cause of the fire: as I held the inquiry with my revolver pouch opened, and Bushimai standing alongside me fingering the edge of his axe, it was sufficiently impressive. "It was no fault of ours," said the corporal in charge of the rear-guard, "it was these fools of white men, they lit it." I then found that, as my order that there should be no fire or smoking had been passed back in the vernacular, the white men had asked what was happening, and had been told in pidgin English, "It is about fire"; whereupon they had concluded that the advance was out of the cane on the far side, and wished

the patch burned to make the homeward march easier, and had accordingly fired the cane before the police could prevent them.

At last we left the miners to their prospecting, in uninhabited country, and retraced our steps to the Laku camp among the Kuveri. These people told me that, during my absence, the Kikinaua had swooped upon them and killed several of the villagers, whilst at the same time the Maisina had sent in demanding the usual tribute of pigs and young women; the Kuveri, however, had declined to pay, relying upon the support of myself and the police. The Maisina, receiving no response to their demands, had then changed their tactics; professing extreme friendship towards the Kuveri, they suggested, that as the latter were on terms of friendship with me, they should humbug us and join with the Maisina in making a sudden attack upon my unsuspecting camp; a proposition that the Kuveri had the good sense to decline, and to report to me. I now had a very large bone to pick with the Maisina; but before I could do that, I had to break the Kikinaua, and render the Kuveri safe from inland attack by them. Accordingly, accompanied by many Kuveri, I marched on the first Kikinaua village.

After leaving the Kuveri district, I discovered that the Kikinaua lived across and in the midst of some particularly vile swamps, full of plants which possessed extremely long and sharp thorns. After passing the first swamp, we came to a strongly stockaded village named Aparu, which, I was informed by the Kuveri,

was a colony pushed out by the Kikinaua, who appeared to be conquering and holding the country as they advanced. This village we passed, as it had been abandoned; we soon, however, approached a large village named Bonarua, the action of whose inhabitants did not leave much room for doubt as to the reception with which we were to meet at their hands. Yells of defiance were set up as soon as our approach was perceived, and preparations for a fight made by the natives. The village of Bonarua was one splendidly designed for defence, being approached through a long tunnel cut through dense undergrowth for about one hundred yards, down which one had to crawl bent nearly double, and up to one's knees in an unusually sticky mud: the tunnel ended at a strong stockade, behind which was a small square courtyard, backed by a second and much stronger stockade, flanked by houses from which spears could be thrown on the heads of an enemy attempting to force the gate.

Finding that it was impossible to go round the stockade owing to the dense undergrowth, we rushed and carried the first one, the defenders hastily falling back on the second and stronger one of the two. The first attempt to take the second stockade failed, owing to some of the police being delayed at the first one. On the whole of the men, however, making a second rush at it, and Bushimai chopping away with his axe the plaited rope hinges of the heavy wooden stockade door, it was also carried, the defenders losing three men killed and two or three wounded. Four prisoners

were taken. News of our coming had plainly been sent to the village, as no women or children were in it, nor any articles such as natives value; while large quantities of food were stacked inside the stockade, and many spears in the village itself. There were also many more men engaged in the fight than could have been furnished by the one village. The prisoners, upon being questioned, admitted having constantly raided in the Kuveri district; but pleaded in extenuation, that they themselves were constantly being raided and murdered by a mountain tribe at the back of the Kikinaua country, by whom they (the Kikinaua) were being driven in upon the Kuveri. Two of the prisoners were released to carry a message to their tribe, explaining why the visit had been made, and pointing out that the punishment received by them was the result of their own action in receiving us in an unfriendly manner. They were also informed that the two men taken away would be returned, as soon as friendly relations had been established between them and the Kuveri tribe. From what I could gather from the prisoners later on, it appeared that the Kikinaua were only attacked at long intervals of time by the Doriri mountaineers, and that they could then generally manage to defend their villages. Some time afterwards, the remaining two prisoners were returned, and a promise of Government assistance made to their tribe, should they in future be attacked by the Doriri. After this the Kikinaua and the Kuveri were the best of friends and allies.

Returning to the coast after dealing with the Kikinaua, I found that the Maisina bucks, and about a hundred of the Winiapi, had been raiding and generally playing hell on the coast as far south as Cape Vogel, though they had all now returned to their homes. I accordingly at once went to Uiaku, their chief village, where I succeeded in surprising them and grabbing half a dozen men concerned in the raiding. Whilst I was engaged in securing these men, however, I nearly lost one of my police, who incautiously ventured some distance from our main body and got cut off by the Maisina; fortunately, he managed to get his back against a tree, and to defend himself until we rescued him. We had hardly saved this man, before the sound of firing from the whaleboat told me that the privates I had left in charge of her were in trouble; rushing back, we found that they had been attacked by a strong force of Maisina; they had immediately pushed out to sea, and from there, were firing upon their assailants. One of the arrested men was released and sent back to his friends, with a demand that the chiefs and others concerned in the recent raid should be surrendered to Government, and that the remainder of the tribe should at once lay down their arms; also, with an intimation, that obedience to this order would be compelled by force if necessary. No notice whatever was taken of this message, nor were any natives visible on the beach on the following morning. On proceeding down a bush track, two of the police were again attacked, and a general fight ensued; this fight continued for

three days, with endless manœuvres on their part and counter-moves on mine: it ended in the hostile Maisina being driven through and out of a large swamp, which they evidently regarded as their great stronghold, with the loss of three killed and several wounded, they finally fleeing in a state of utter panic.

A second prisoner was then released and sent with a message to our late opponents, pointing out the futility of attempting to resist arrest by force of arms, as they had been doing; and allowing them a week in which to send in the offenders wanted in the matter of the coastal raid. Again no notice was taken by the Maisina people of the message. From the prisoners, I learnt later on, that Bogege, their principal chief, was mainly responsible for the raiding at Kuveri, and had personally conducted the party by whom the Station of the trader Clancy had been looted and his wife subjected to ill-usage. It was palpable that little could be done towards establishing order at Maisina, so long as Bogege went unpunished, and was at large to influence his people in resistance to Government authority. "Well," I thought, "in the meantime I'll cripple the raiding powers of the villains as much as I can," and, accordingly, destroyed every large canoe belonging to them that I could find.

Some little time later, I caught Bogege by a very lucky chance. He always knew when I was moving with anything like a force in his vicinity, and skipped for the sago swamps, where I could not find him; he was too strong for a village constable to arrest, or

for me to do so, for that matter, except in strength. Bogege's capture came about in this way. A steamer came in from the Mambare, and the captain told me that a launch was coming up from Samarai in a couple of days. "Ah!" I thought, "as there are a number of petty cases of theft, assault, and that sort of thing, to attend to at the Mission Station at Cape Vogel, I'll run down there in this vessel, clean up the work, and come back by the launch; that will save me a good fortnight." Accordingly off I went, taking with me only a corporal, my orderly, and a private whom I had recruited at Cape Vogel as interpreter.

We arrived at Cape Vogel: I finished my work there, and at the end found myself with two men and three women prisoners, the latter for infanticide. The beastly launch never put in an appearance, and later I learnt she had broken her shaft. At last I went to the Rev. Samuel Tomlinson and borrowed his whaleboat; it was the South-East season, and consequently a fair wind from Cape Vogel to Cape Nelson, so that my crew of three constabulary would be ample. "Who is going to look after the women?" asked my corporal. "We may have to camp for two or three nights on the way." Private Agara, the Cape Vogel recruit, suggested that he should take his wife for that pleasant task, she being then in her village. This was really rather artful on the part of Agara, it being one for me and two for himself, as first year's men, such as he was, lived in the barracks, and were not allowed to have their wives with them; while the married men of longer

service lived in separate houses, and had altogether a better time. Agara knew that if he once got his wife landed into married quarters, the chances were that I could be persuaded into allowing her to remain. "Very good, bring your wife; but remember she must return by the first vessel," I replied. Accordingly Mrs. Agara came with us.

We set sail, my argosy's complement consisting of myself, three constabulary, one acting wardress, two men and three women prisoners. While running up the coast, just off the Lakekamu River, as night was closing in, we met a Kuveri canoe, which Agara hailed; he spoke to them for a few minutes, then turned to me and, with his eyes bulging with excitement, said, "They say Bogege is camped on a small island close to Uiaku, fishing; he thinks you went to Samarai in the steamer." I sat and thought: months might elapse before I got such a chance again; but then, only three fighting men with me, and a small whaleboat already cluttered up with prisoners! Prudence told me to go on to Cape Nelson and get the detachment, common sense told me that by the time I had done that, Bogege would probably have heard of my return and retreated to a safer spot. "Ask them, Agara, if they know how many men he has with him." The reply came that, with the exception of two minor chiefs whom they named, they had not heard who was with him. The two men they mentioned I also wanted badly for certain devilries; they acted as Bogege's lieutenants in most of his villainies.

"Any women or children with him?" I asked next. "We are not certain, but don't think so," was the reply. "Canoes?" I next queried. "Yes, some new big ones he has built, how many we don't know." "Hm!" I thought, "it may be a peaceful fishing party, but Bogege, his two chief scoundrels and new canoes, looks more like fresh devilment; especially as he thinks I am out of the way, and knows the police are all at Cape Nelson.

I looked at my men. "Well, shall we take Bogege? You have heard the tale; he may have fifty or he may have a hundred men with him, and we can't find out until we are amongst them." They looked at one another, then they looked at me; then Corporal Barigi said, "It is for you to say." "Yes, you mutton head," I snapped at him, "but what do you think?" "I don't think," he answered. "You say we are to try and take Bogege; all right, we try; you say Bogege too strong; all right, we go to Cape Nelson." At last I decided that the chance of catching the old scorpion was too good to lose, and told the police we would make the attempt; clearly they thought we were taking on the devil of a tall order, but even so, the prospect of an uncommonly good scrap pleased them. The men prisoners were then taken into our council; their villages had frequently been raided by our quarry, and they both hated and feared him. My plan was to approach the island at about an hour before dawn, find out by the fires on which side the natives were encamped, and then sneak up on the other side. The police and I

would land with handcuffs, while the prisoners looked after the boat; if anything happened to us, they were to bolt at once for Cape Nelson, and there tell the constabulary what had occurred.

We sneaked up to the island in the dark, feeling our way on a falling tide, over the deep patches and channels of a wide coral reef. Then the four of us crept slowly across the island, until we found ourselves in a large camp of mostly sleeping natives; to locate Bogege was the work of a moment, while the camp awoke with a clamour. Agara and I got up to him. "Up with your hands, Bogege! The Government has come for you!" said Agara. Bogege saw the uniforms and rifles, and promptly surrendered, with the sole remark, "Those lying Winiapi told me that 'The Man' had gone to Samarai." ("The Man," by the way, was my name amongst the natives.) We got five other offenders as well, Agara yelling all the time to the natives, that they were covered by the rifles of the police hidden in the scrub. Then we marched our handcuffed gang back to the whaleboat, and dumped them in, just as the remaining natives discovered our weakness and the bluff we had put up, and flew for their spears

The whaleboat was now so far aground that, with her increased load, we could not hope to get her off before dawn, which was fast approaching. Hastily pulling out my revolver, I handed it to Mrs. Agara, ordering Agara to tell Bogege and his fellow prisoners that Mrs. Agara would shoot them, and the Cape

Vogel prisoners knock out their brains with tomahawks, if they attempted to escape or take part in the coming fight. As they were all linked together with handcuffs, they were fairly helpless.

The three police and I went ashore again, and took cover between the boat and the now thoroughly incensed natives; a scrappy, desultory fight then took place, lasting until daylight. Neither side could see the other; the scrub, the dark and general uncanniness of the thing, confused the natives and prevented them from charging. Spears thrown at random, or at our rifle flashes, rattled amongst us and the stones and bushes in which we were sheltering; whilst every now and then a yelp or a falling body told that some of our shots were taking effect. As soon as dawn broke the natives drew off a little; whereupon we rushed our whaler out a couple of hundred yards over the reef, Bogege and his fellows being made to wade and haul with the rest. We then hastily pulled round the island to where Bogege's camp was situated; here, standing off in deep water, at about a hundred yards' range, the police made such practice that, in a few minutes, the now thoroughly demoralized natives bolted across the island. Covered by our rifles, our two Cape Vogel prisoners then landed, and chopped holes with tomahawks in the bottoms of about a dozen large canoes. Then, very pleased indeed with ourselves, we hurried home as fast as sail and paddle could drive us to Cape Nelson; the two Cape Vogel prisoners had taken some paddles from Bogege's canoes, so he and his friends

had the pleasure of speeding their way to gaol with their own paddles.

On the way back, Agara thought he would take advantage of my pleased mood to broach the subject of his wife remaining permanently on the strength at the Station. "My wife was very useful last night," he began, "she is a very clever, hard-working woman; she can wash clothes better than any of the wives of the police at the Station, white clothes and tablecloths and things like that. Mrs. Tomlinson taught her at the Mission." "It must be very pleasant for you to have a wife like that," I remarked, apparently not rising to the occasion. "Yes, sir! Yes, sir! But I thought perhaps you might like her to remain with me at the Station to wash your clothes." "Yes, Agara, but you know 'ten bobbers' are not allowed on the strength." ("Ten bobbers" are first year's men at 10*s.* a month.) Agara's face fell as he repeated this to his wife, who had been hopefully watching us, and trying to follow the conversation; great tears rolled down that lady's face and fell splash on the gunwale. "Tell your wife, Agara, that if she howls now, I'll put her with the sergeant's wife, and you in barracks." Agara, snuffling slightly himself, told her; whereupon she scandalized every one by hurling herself into the bottom of the boat and howling dismally. "Corporal, will you kindly tell this husband of a contumacious and mutinous wife that though 'ten bobbers' are not allowed wives, full privates are; and that after last night he is a full private at a pound." Mrs. Agara dried her tears, while

Agara showed his gratitude by quite unnecessarily assisting my orderly to clean my belts and arms.

A few days after my return to the Station, a large number of Maisina canoes appeared and landed some minor chiefs, by whom I was informed that the Maisina desired to make peace with the Government, and would consent to the appointment of a village constable; they brought with them the son of a late very prominent chief as a candidate for the office. The man was given the appointment, and subsequently I had little trouble with that people; individual crime, of course, took place, but organized collective communal crime, such as raiding and plundering, became a thing of the past, and the coastal people enjoyed a security previously undreamt of by them.

Bogege and his friends were sentenced to six months' imprisonment; after which, as he then saw the error of his ways, I made him also a village constable.

CHAPTER IV

ONE day, whilst I was busily engaged with my police in the erection of our Station buildings, I being, as I thought, the only European within miles of Cape Nelson, I was told that a diminutive whale-boat, with a white man and a native woman as its sole crew, was crawling up to the Station; and soon Mr. Ernie Patten, late ship's boy on the *Myrtle* and prisoner at Samarai, appeared. "What the devil are you doing here?" I asked. "This coast is no place for solitary traders." "Trading for bêche-de-mer and black-lipped shell with a tribe called Winiapi, just south of the Cape," he replied, "and been doing well." "You are mad," I told him. "I have no village constable at or near that point, and the Winiapi are particularly unsafe at present. I cannot guarantee you even the slightest measure of protection there; in fact, I have a large bone to pick with them on my own account." "I go at my own risk," he said, "and there is no law to prevent me." "Very true," I answered; "if you are determined to commit suicide, I can't stop you. I'll send a message to the Winiapi though, that if you should happen to get killed by them, I will bring all the constabulary, Kaili Kaili,

and Mokuru, and fight them at once; the trouble is, that they think they are safe among the gorges, rugged hills, and spurs of Mount Trafalgar. That is the best I can do for you, and I warn you that it is a poor best. Now, what do you want with me? I presume this is not a social call." "A divorce from my wife," he replied. "Who married her to you?" I asked. Patten told me, and I looked up the name of the man, and the Gazette notices of those empowered to celebrate marriages, and found it. "The Governor, Council, and all the Courts of New Guinea can't undo that marriage," I told him; "or, so far as I know, any Court in the world. In the Royal Letters of Instruction, granting our Constitution, it is expressly stated that no Ordinance permitting divorce shall be passed by Legislative Council. You had better fix up things with your wife, or tell me all about it; has she been going wrong?"

"It was like this," said Patten. "My wife went ashore in a small canoe we had got from the natives to cook our dinner, and took my revolver with her; she was a long time, and suddenly I noticed that she had gone to sleep alongside the cooking fire. I yelled at her, and threw a piece of ballast that got her in the ribs." "What did you say to her?" I asked curiously. "I said, 'You black daughter of a bitch, come and get a hiding.' She said, 'You —— ! —— ! —— ! —— !' " (Here some awful language came.) "I got a rope's end and showed it to her, then I started to pull up the anchor to shove the boat ashore, when she said, 'You—— !

—— ! Stop it!' and ups with the revolver and lets fly at me. I dodged below the gunwale, and every time I put my head up, she lets go at me again; she kept me like that for hours, until I swore that I would not touch her." "How did you swear?" I asked, wondering what sort of oath this interesting couple would consider binding. He told me; it is not fit to be set down here, being a weird compound of blasphemy and obscenity. "Fetch your wife, Patten," I told him, and he did so. "Mrs. Patten, what do you mean by potting at your husband?" "I am tired of being hided on the bare skin with a rope's end," replied that injured lady. "Well, Patten," I remarked, "the only thing that I can see for it, is to shove you both into gaol; you, for licking your wife; her, for shooting at you. I can make you both very useful; but, of course, you will occupy separate cells, and will not be allowed to see one another." Patten and his missus gazed dismally at me, then at one another, and then jawed rapidly together in Suau, a language I don't understand. At last Patten said, "We want to make it up, please let us off." Mrs. Patten also clamoured to be let off, and turned on tears. "All right; clear out, the pair of you," I said; "but don't let me hear any more of rope's ending or revolver practice." Patten then asked me to store the collection of shell and trepang he had already got, and also to lend him some trade goods. The reunited couple then left, to resume their dangerous trade.

The next thing I saw or heard of this pair, was their

reappearance, some time later, in a very distressed condition. The Winiapi had one day seized, tied up and beaten Patten, outraged his wife, and, after plundering his boat, turned them adrift in her; they had then fallen in with a Kaili Kaili canoe, whose crew had assisted them to make my Station. The Winiapi had not killed them, for fear of my vengeance; but had decided that, if they were merely ill-treated and looted, I should not bother my head about such palpably poor and unimportant people.

I was on the point of starting with Patten for Winiapi, when the *Merrie England* hove in sight, with Sir George Le Hunte and Barton, the Commandant, on board; and his Excellency decided to come with me. I took a couple of Kaili Kaili with us to act as interpreters, and, upon our arrival at Winiapi, induced the Governor to allow me to go first into the bush with these two men and endeavour to get into communication with the people, before they skipped for the hills. I had gone some distance inland, when the Kaili Kaili said it was not good enough, and refused to go without the police; accordingly I sent one back with a note for Barton, asking him to send on my detachment. He, Captain Harvey of the *Merrie England*, and all the constabulary, followed at once, leaving the Governor behind, as the country was too rough and hilly for him; Patten also came with them to point out his assailants. At last I, or rather the remaining Kaili Kaili with me, induced a number of Winiapi to come and talk, while the police silently sneaked up;

Barton, Harvey and I, having got the natives engaged in conversation, Patten appeared and indicated about six of the offenders among the crowd. At the sight of Patten they tried to make a bolt, but too late; one of Harvey's sailor fists shot out and took the man nearest to him in the eye, knocking him over, whereupon Harvey sat upon him and pounded him into submission; several others were caught by the police. War horns now blew and drums beat; but though there was a large crowd of natives at a short distance, they were apparently not inclined to try conclusions with us, and at length we departed, with our prisoners, unmolested. Patten, who had suffered a severe fright, now decided, much to my relief, to confine his trading operations on the north-east coast to localities such as Capes Nelson and Vogel, where village constables were established; but I continued my feud with the Winiapi, after the *Merrie England* had departed with the Governor and Barton.

They retaliated for the capture of the men responsible for the Patten outrage, by murdering in cold blood an Arifamu man who was friendly to the Government; I then chased them over their hills and looted their gardens, but could not catch a single man, for they were much too smart to meet me in open fight. This time they had their revenge by killing and eating some Mambare carriers, whereupon I seized and destroyed as many of their canoes as I could lay my hands upon; they then built fresh ones and hid them. At last I seized their fishing grounds and boycotted them;

threatening with severe punishment any tribe, living to the north or south of Winiapi, whom I might find trading or having any relations with them, and offering a reward for any Winiapi native caught outside his own district and brought to me. The result was, that they became afraid to venture forth in small parties to fish or visit other tribes, lest they should encounter a village constable from an adjacent tribe, who would most assuredly have summoned help and hauled them away to the Government Station. After being thus bottled up in their own district for some time, the Winiapi tribe became rather tired of this state of affairs; and they soon sent their principal chief, with about one hundred followers, to promise to obey the laws in the future, and to request that the chief's son should be made a village constable

About this time, April, 1901, I received loud squeals and complaints from the Maisina; they said in effect, "You have broken us and prevented us from fighting other people, but we have lost over thirty men by attacks from the Doriri in the last few months, and very many people by them before that; if others are to be protected from us, surely we should be defended from our enemies." I was now placed in a very awkward position. The Maisina's appeal for help was a very natural one: if they were forced to obey the laws and behave themselves, they were quite justified in requiring the power forcing them into that position, to see that others also complied with the same conditions; but I had only fifteen constabulary to

police a large Division, and I had no assistant officer, or responsible person, to leave in charge of my Station. The Doriri were a mere name, in so far as Government was concerned; no one knew their strength, the locality they inhabited, or anything else about them. All we knew definitely was that a previous expedition, under Sir Francis Winter, Captain Butterworth the Commandant, and Moreton, R.M., had utterly failed to reach their country or deal with them, and left as a record of its sole result, a surmise by Sir Francis Winter, "that the Doriri were a tribe inhabiting the Upper Waters of the Musa River." This was a very vague geographical definition, for the Musa River split into three widely divergent branches, namely, the Adaua, the Domara, and the Moni; the Doriri, therefore, might be five, ten, or twenty days' journey inland, over uninhabited country.

Still, something had to be done, if the prestige of the Government was to be upheld; and I knew that every tribe was now watching to see what that something would be. "I will soon go to the country of the Doriri and break them," I told the Maisina, "but you must find me carriers." "If you go to the land of the Doriri," was the unbelieving reply, "we will find you carriers." "Yes," I said, "and you will bolt at night, leaving me in the lurch, as you did when Sir Francis Winter trusted you. Now, you are distinctly to understand this: when I go after the Doriri, I am going to find them and fight them; if you people desert and prevent me from finding and fighting them, I shall

come back and fight you instead, and anything the Doriri have done to you in the past will be as nothing in comparison to what I shall make you suffer." "We will see," said the Maisina, "when you go after the Doriri, instead of talking."

Shortly afterwards the *Merrie England* came in, with the Governor, Sir Francis Winter, Captain Barton, and a strong force of constabulary on board. I went to Sir George Le Hunte, taking with me a list of the more recent Doriri outrages. "Something must be done at once, sir, to stop these marauders; I can go with my men, but I am not strong enough; also it is work requiring a second officer," I reported. His Excellency and Sir Francis Winter discussed the matter, and then the Governor said, "You can have Captain Barton and his police, for the Doriri apparently require attention urgently. Discuss the matter with the Commandant." "What are you going to do when you find the Doriri, Monckton?" asked Barton. "Demand the surrender of the men responsible for the more recent murders," I replied. "I won't bother about anything that took place more than two months ago." "If you don't get them, what then?" asked Barton. "Shoot and loot," I answered laconically. "I don't think we should do anything of the sort," said Barton. "I think that we should warn the people that they must not raid the coastal tribes." "Rats!" I said. "They would regard us then as fools, and promptly come and butcher a score or two more of people living under my protection.

The only way you can stop these beggars hunting their neighbours with a club, is to bang them with a club." Sir George and Sir Francis sat silently listening to our conversation, and afterwards in our official minutes of instruction I found this embodied: "In the event of your finding the natives, and their opposing you, you will take such steps as may be necessary to bring them into submission; if they do not show opposition, you will use your best efforts to bring them into friendly intercourse, but in any case you will arrest or require the delivery of the principals concerned in the recent murders of the Wanigela natives (nine people). I have carefully considered the different views I have heard expressed as to this, and I am satisfied that, under the circumstances, the right course is to exercise the power of the Government by doing its duty in bringing them to trial if possible, whatever views may subsequently be taken of their having been accustomed to make their murderous raids without knowing that they were breaking the laws of a power of which they knew nothing . . . it will produce a more lasting effect than merely telling the natives that they are not to do it again and returning without any visible results." "Thank the Lord for that," I remarked to myself, as I read the instructions; "if we had gone in and been defied by the Doriri, as we inevitably shall be, and then had contented ourselves with telling them to be good children, I should have been the laughing-stock of every tribe on the coast, and especially the Maisina." This was my first experience of Barton's extremely

humane and, as I thought, mistaken feelings. "Is it not better," I once urged him, "that a blood-thirsty cannibal should be hanged, or some of his crime-stained followers shot, than that a peaceful district of husbandmen should be raided, their houses burnt, and men, women and children slaughtered and eaten? Not to speak of the indescribable suffering and torture, both mental and physical, that the wretched victims often undergo." Barton agreed, but it did not alter his nature: he was a man who instinctively shrank from inflicting suffering in any form; if he had been a surgeon, and a patient had come to him suffering from cancer, rather than cause him pain by using the knife, he would put off the inevitable until too late to be of any material benefit, and thus the patient would have died.

The dispatch of the expedition was now decided upon; the only questions remaining to be settled were, firstly, the route to be followed, and, secondly, its transport. At first I was decidedly of the opinion that the best route would be the one previously followed by me through the Kuveri District, when escorting the miners, and then to strike, from the end of my cut track, north-east towards the head waters of the Musa; this route, though longer, would avoid the swamps which I believed, at the time, entirely surrounded the coastal district of the Maisina and Collingwood Bay. From later inquiry, however, among the Maisina, I found that they knew of a track which led from their principal village of Uiaku, and which would in one day carry us clear of the swamp, and effect a

very considerable shortening of the distance. This route was accordingly determined upon. The next question was one of carriers: though the Maisina were freely offering for the work, I had my doubts as to whether they would not desert me, as they had Sir Francis, if I got into a position of difficulty or danger; and an expedition in New Guinea, deserted by its carriers, much resembled the position of a stage coach without its horses.

I now wanted advice, and wanted it badly; but the advice I wanted I knew could only be supplied by my own people, and not by the Governor, Judge or Commandant. Accordingly I sent for Giwi of the Kaili Kaili and Paitoto of the Mokoru, and, with my sergeant, called them into consultation. "You know the Doriri," I began, "they are bad people?" Giwi and Paitoto said in effect that the wickedness of the Doriri was beyond belief, but that they were uncommonly good fighting men. "Well," I remarked, "I am going to smash the Doriri and make good people of them; but it is essential that when I find their country, I have full supplies, and my constabulary in first-class fighting order: to ensure that, I must have men I can rely upon to carry the camp equipment, stores, and ammunition; the constabulary can't fight if they are burdened with that. Can I rely upon the Maisina for the work?" "No," was the unhesitating reply; "but you can upon the Kaili Kaili and Mokoru; the Maisina are too much afraid of the Doriri to be reliable. Take fifty men from our people for the actual work

among the Doriri, and the Maisina can carry as far as the borders of the Doriri country and then be sent back. Our people can't bolt, if you get into trouble, for they will have nowhere to run to." "Very good," I said, "pick me out about fifty good men from your tribe to come with me, and I will fill up from among the Maisina." Then Giwi said, "I am getting old and too stiff for such work as you have on hand, but I will send my son, Mukawa, and some chosen men with you." Paitoto said, "I am neither old nor stiff, and can well use spear and war club, and go with you. I, myself, will lead my men; but for my greater honour among my people, give and teach me how to use the fire spear of the white man." "Good," I said, "you are two brave men; it shall be as you say. Sergeant, give Paitoto a rifle and detail a man to teach him to shoot."

Accordingly, on the 5th April, 1901, Captain Barton and I marched out of Uiaku village in Collingwood Bay, in quest of the Doriri, at the head of 159 men, 20 of whom were regular constabulary, 6 village constables (armed), and about 50 Kaili Kaili and Mokoru, the balance being composed of Maisina and Collingwood Bay natives. I think that, up to this date, this was the best organized and most carefully thought-out punitive expedition that had ever been dispatched by a New Guinea Government. In one respect, however, we were handicapped, and that was that, owing to the non-arrival of the s.s. *President* with stores for the expedition, I was obliged to purchase

a quantity of rice from the miners (to whom I have previously referred as being left in the Kuveri District, and who were now abandoning their quest), and this rice, instead of being packed in fifty-pound mats, was contained in sacks weighing altogether seventy-five pounds, a cruel load for one man, and too little for two carriers; unfortunately we had no extra mats or bags to divide it up into again. The Kaili Kaili, however, came to my rescue, by expressing themselves as able and willing to carry the heavy bags, until they were reduced by daily consumption. The Kaili Kaili and Mokoru were from first to last ideal carriers, never grumbling or complaining at hard work, and quite prepared to follow anywhere or do anything, and forming a pleasing contrast to the Maisina, who began to suffer from nerves the moment that we had fairly set our faces towards the country of the Doriri. We purposed sending back the Maisina as soon as the food they carried was exhausted, and then to rely entirely upon the Kaili Kaili and Mokoru.

The Maisina guided us by a winding and villainous track, across a pestilential sago swamp, humming with mosquitoes; the track in places was like a maze, for the purpose of confusing the Doriri when attempting to follow it to the coast; it was set at intervals with deadly spear pits, *i.e.* deep holes, the tops of which were masked and the bottoms studded with firmly fixed, sharp-pointed spears—pleasing contrivances arranged by the Maisina for the benefit of their Doriri visitors. At length we emerged into solid country of jungle and

forest, and camped upon the bank of a narrow, rapid, and clear river. I regret to say that, in his official report, Captain Barton subsequently referred to my carriers as "crude savages of the wildest kind!" They certainly did yell and dance, and indulge in mimic warfare, half the night, until at my request they were rudely thumped by either their chiefs or village constables; but that was merely light-heartedness! Upon the following morning we resumed our march, the constabulary now cutting our own track on a compass line through heavy jungle and forest, until we came to a river bed of some two hundred yards in width, down the middle of which a rapid torrent flowed. This we forded by extending a long light cotton rope, and all hanging on to it together, until the expedition resembled a straggling long-legged centipede. Upon the other side, we found our track-cutting much obstructed by masses of fallen trees, that had been blown down by a whirlwind. In the early afternoon, we struggled out of the tangle of timber on to the banks of a water-course, that was much wider than the last, and were here told by the Maisina that we could not reach any further water before night; we accordingly camped, in order to have a clear day in which to cross the supposed waterless track. This statement afterwards proved to be a lie on the part of the Maisina, who were beginning bitterly to repent having been fools enough to consent to venture near the Doriri, and wanted to prevent us from going any further. I think, though, that we should have been forced to camp in any case,

as Barton had developed some colicky pains in his tum-tum, which later turned into a mild attack of dysentery.

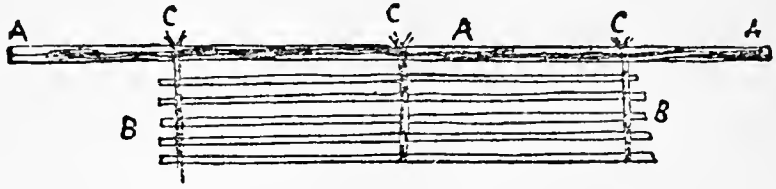
The river we were camped upon, the Wakioki, is a most extraordinary stream: its waters are of a greyish milky colour, and highly charged with some fine substance which does not precipitate when the water is allowed to stand; the consistency of the water was that of thin treacle, and not that of water in which a man could swim. A private slipped in his leg and foot, withdrawing them immediately, and the water dried upon his skin like a coating of whitewash. This was the point at which Sir Francis Winter was deserted by the Maisina, in his attempt to reach and deal with the Doriri. The country here was full of wild pigs, cassowary, wallaby, and the enormous Goura pigeon, a bird nearly as big as a turkey; duck and pigeon of all sorts were plentiful, and the Kaili Kaili carriers spent a happy afternoon hunting. Grubs, snakes, pigs, etc., all were game to them, and vanished down their ever-hungry gullets. The Maisina hung about the camp, listening with apprehensive ears to every distant sound. Two of the constabulary, who had gone scouting in advance, returned at night and reported having discovered fresh human footprints; these, the Maisina said, certainly belonged to the Doriri, as no Collingwood Bay native would venture so far inland; and, from the nearness to the coast, they thought the Doriri must be bent on mischief.

Here was a pretty pickle! What were we to do? If we went straight on, and there was a Doriri war party

in the neighbourhood, they would probably fall upon the Collingwood Bay villages, from which we had drawn the best of the fighting men, and generally play the devil, while we were laboriously wending our way to their country. At last we decided to follow the footprints found by the police; and, in the event of their leading us to a Doriri war party, fall upon and destroy that party, or at all events drive it from the vicinity of Collingwood Bay, before proceeding on our journey. Much of the country here showed signs of extensive periodic inundation. Next day we struck camp at dawn, and marched for the point at which the police had found the footprints, Barton's tum-tum being better, having been treated with brandy, and lead and opium pills. Late in the afternoon, after marching over rough, well-watered country, we came to a stream running into a much larger one, and upon the banks of which we discovered a freshly erected lean-to bush shelter, such as are used by travelling natives, and a large number of newly cut green boughs of trees, which had been used for making crude weirs for catching fish. From the bush shelter, there led away in a westerly direction—the direction of the land of the Doriri—a plainly defined hunting track; this track we followed, until it was time to camp for the night, finding everywhere signs of the recent prolonged occupation by natives of the country through which we were passing. As we pitched camp, we sent out some constabulary scouts, and they returned after dark bringing with them some burning fire sticks, and

reported that upon the bank of the Wakioki they had discovered some large lean-to shelters, only just vacated, and with the cooking fires still burning in them.

Upon the following day we marched for this spot, and found the shelter, as described by the police, situated at the junction of the Buna and Wakioki Rivers. Here, by the size of the shelter and the number of footprints, we came to the conclusion that it had contained about thirty Doriri, who were probably attached to a much larger party. We discovered here



AAA. Carrying pole.
BB. Laths of split palm.
CCC. Coir rope interlaced through laths made to untie at pole.

a curious and most ingenious contrivance, in the shape of a litter, for conveying a sick or wounded man. It consisted of a pole about eight feet long, passed through three hoops or circles of rattan about two feet apart, the hoops being thus suspended from the pole when carried on men's shoulders; round the inside of the circumference of the lower semi-diameter of the circles or hoops, longitudinal strips or battens of finely split palm were lashed, forming a soft and springy litter, upon which an injured man could suffer very little

from jolting on the roughest track, or from out of which it was impossible to fall, or, with any precaution at all on the part of the bearers, sustain any injury; the central hoop was made to unfasten at the top, plainly as a means of placing a man inside with least effort to himself. I have made a rough sketch of the contrivance, which is decidedly superior to any form of hand ambulance I have ever read of.

The Maisina now said that the Doriri had undoubtedly gone down to the extensive sago swamps surrounding the Collingwood Bay villages; but careful scouting, and full examination of the direction of the Doriri footprints, which we now found to be very numerous, all showed that they led up the Wakioki towards their own country. We were now of the opinion that possibly the Doriri had discovered our presence, and were retreating upon their own villages; in any case, they were moving in that direction. Pursuit, and that by forced marches, was now the order of the day. With far-flung scouts, endeavouring to locate the Doriri ahead, we began the chase, straining the endurance of the carriers to the last ounce; the rear-guard of six constabulary and four village constables mercilessly drove on the skulking Maisina, or helped the truly failing Kaili Kaili with his load.

The bed of the Wakioki, up which we were now proceeding, is of a most remarkable nature. It varies in width from 300 to 600 yards, the banks being difficult to define, owing to the dense overgrowth of young casuarina trees, through which many channels

flow. Gaunt, dead and dying casuarinas of huge size reared their enormous bulk from the torn, boulder-strewn bed of the river; huge tree trunks and lumps of wood, the bark stripped from them, and polished by eternal friction, lay everywhere. In one place, where Mount MacGregor descends to the river, the foot of the mountain was cut sheer off, as though cleanly severed by the axe of some superhuman giant. It was evident that the floods, which overwhelmed the country, fell as rapidly as they rose, for light and heavy tree trunks were deposited at every point, from the highest to the lowest; the fall of the watercourse, where we first met it, was about one foot in two hundred, and it increased in steadily growing gradient as we ascended. We came to the conclusion (the right one, as I afterwards ascertained on the second Doriri Expedition) that the floods and inundations were due to enormous land-slips or avalanches, comprised of hundreds of thousands of tons of rock, earth, and timber, suddenly descending from Mount MacGregor into the narrow gorge of the Wakioki, which skirted its spurs, thus blocking and damming the river, until its growing weight and strength burst the barriers and swept in one devastating wave over the lower country. The colour and consistency of the river were due, I found out later, to a wide stream of clayey substance, flowing from Mount MacGregor, between rocky walls, into the river.

Early in the afternoon, we reached a point near the gorge from which the Wakioki emerged; and there the

track scrambled up a loose boulder-strewn bank about thirty feet high, up which we likewise clawed. Here we found, that though young casuarinas were growing there, it yet bore signs, in the shape of boulders, drift-wood and tree trunks, of being the bed of the river. We found many Doriri shelters, that had only just been vacated, and still had the fires burning in them. Here we pitched camp, right under the magnificent Mount MacGregor, and gazed at the mountain pines on its spurs, towering high above the surrounding tall forest trees. Our day had been an interesting one: sometimes we were marching over huge loose boulders, sometimes wading through a wet cream-cheesy sort of pipe-clay, sometimes making our way over a hard-baked cement of the same stuff, full of cracks, and throwing off a dry and penetrating dust under our feet, which clogged our sweating skins and choked our panting lungs; over all of which came the distant angry voices of the likewise sweating rear-guard, as they "encouraged" the labouring carriers to keep up with the column.

Shortly after our pitching camp, a violent thunder-storm rolled down upon us from the mountains; streaks of vivid fork lightning being succeeded by instantaneous claps of thunder, the whole being followed by a torrential burst of rain; the river rose rapidly, and the grinding roar of the enormous rolling boulders, swept before its flood, made a din indescribable. The carriers whimpered with funk, and I called in the sentries, feeling that that awful storm and night were more

than mortal man, standing at a solitary post, could be expected to endure. I was also firmly convinced that no human being, Doriri or otherwise, would be fool enough to be abroad on such a night. We struck camp very early the next morning, only too glad to get away from such a storm-torn, uncanny spot. After marching a few miles, we found a Doriri track leaving the Wakioki, and leading across the Didina ranges towards the Doriri country at the head of the Musa River. The Maisina were now blue with funk, and we greatly feared that they would bolt; but curses from us, threats from the constabulary, and jeers from the Kaili Kaili, who told them that if they left us they (the Kaili Kaili) would make them the laughing-stock of the coast as a set of women and weaklings, made them pluck up their courage enough still to follow us. We found growing on this track an extraordinary tough climbing bamboo, of a vine-like nature, which, when cut with a knife, oozed from each joint about a wineglassful of clear sweet water.

A severe march went on all day. Barton, who had now added a very bad toothache to dysentery, was in command of the advance, and feeling hard with his scouts for touch with the Doriri party ahead; I was in charge of the rear-guard, and was severely driving the fearful Maisina carriers. Night was closing in, the head of the line had halted to camp, when back to me came an orderly, with a message from Barton. "Hurry up; we are within touch of the Doriri." The Maisina, on hearing the magic word Doriri, rushed

like scared rabbits for the camp. Upon the rear-guard coming up with me, Barton told me that the scouts ahead had seen a man up a tree, who was calling to a party of Doriri ahead of him. The Maisina now fairly collapsed with fright, and begged us to go back, saying that we should all be eaten if we stayed. Barton and I consulted as to what was to be done with them: to send them back was our best course, but then, if by any remote chance there happened to be any Doriri left in the country we had traversed, they would stand a good chance of being cut to pieces, as we could not weaken our force, on the eve of a fight, by detaching constabulary to escort them. They, however, settled the question for themselves. Fearful as they were of going on with us into the land of the dreaded Doriri, they were still more afraid of leaving us and having to follow a lonely road back; finding that we were determined to go on, and that the constabulary and Kaili Kaili apparently treated the Doriri with contempt, they quaveringly said they would follow.

We felled trees, and made our camp as strongly defensive as possible; needless to say, the Maisina required no pressing to do their share of this work, but toiled like veritable demons, clearing scrub and dragging trees into a stockade, long after the order had been given, "That will do the camp; post the night guard." Everything now pointed to the one conclusion, and that was that if the party, on whose heels we had followed all the way from Collingwood Bay, did not include the actual murderers by whom the

murders of six weeks ago had been committed, it undoubtedly consisted of the tribe by whom innumerable murders had been done previously, and who had kept a whole district in a state of tension and misery for years. We were now right on the borders of the Doriri country, for during the day we had ascended the summit of the Didina Range, which formed the watershed between the streams of Collingwood Bay and the Musa River. We had then crossed a fine plateau and descended a small stream flowing towards the Musa, which suddenly fell, by a series of cascades, over a precipice into a valley; the track made a difficult circuit round this cascade, and when we had descended into the valley we found the bottom covered with stagnant water, forming a veritable quagmire, impassable to our heavily laden men, although the Doriri had somehow or other gone through it. Round this, we found it necessary to cut a siding, which led us to the banks of the Ibinamu, the most eastern affluent of the Musa River, which rose in Mount MacGregor and was now seen by Europeans for the first time. The Maisina guides had long since left the country with which they were acquainted, and in any case would have been quite useless from fright.

While in camp that night, Barton and I consulted together. There appeared to us to be very little doubt, that the party just ahead of us must be now quite aware of our presence in their vicinity, and be laying their plans accordingly; as a matter of fact, we found out afterwards that they were in a state of blissful

ignorance. It never for one moment entered the heads of the Doriri that any possible danger could come to them from the cowed people of Collingwood Bay, and Government or police they had merely heard of as a sort of vague fable; of the effect of rifle fire they knew nothing, and with spears they had never as yet met their match. "What are we going to do now?" said Barton. "Capture or entirely destroy the party ahead," I replied. "I hate scientifically slaughtering unfortunate savages, who are quite ignorant of a sense of wrong-doing," said Barton. "By every code in the world," I said, "civilized or savage, the people who commit wanton and unprovoked murder can expect nothing else than to be killed themselves. Besides, our instructions are plain and our duty clear." The Maisina spent the night in a miserable state of apprehension and fear, having quite made up their minds that the cooking pots of the Doriri would be the ultimate fate of the whole lot of us; the constabulary and Kaili Kaili were in a great state of joy at the prospect of a fight, and the scroop-scrape of stones on the edges of the Kaili Kaili tomahawks, the nervous chatter of the Maisina, and restless prowling of the constabulary went on all night. Poor Barton was writhing in agony from toothache, and begged me to keep my "infernal savages" quiet; but it was a hopeless task.

Dawn broke, and no time was lost in striking camp, and resuming our march down the river in the direction of the voices heard by the scouts on the previous day, and towards the Doriri villages. Barton and I had

an arrangement by which we took alternate days in advance or rear, as the rear-guard work was fatiguing and disagreeable in the extreme; on this day it happened to be my turn in front. I saw plainly that unless something was done soon to give the Maisina confidence in us, and in the power of the constabulary to protect them, they would all knock up; they were sick already from funk and want of sleep. First went the four scouts, comprising two constabulary recruited from the Binandere people and two village constables of the Kaili Kaili, hawk-eyed men, oiling their way silently in advance, feeling for an ambush or touch with the Doriri, and marking the track to be followed. Then I came, with the advance-guard composed of my own men; next the Kaili Kaili, then the Maisina, with village constables and constabulary scattered at intervals among them, in order to hearten them; and last, Barton and his police. The carriers had strict orders, in the event of fighting in front, to rally on the rear-guard.

While a difficult piece of walking was causing the carriers to straggle rather more than usual, and thus delaying Barton and the rear-guard, two of the scouts came back and reported that they had discovered men, how many they could not ascertain, in the bush on one side of the river. These men were, in my opinion, the party whom we had been following all along, with possibly others; and from their silence, I concluded that they had either laid an ambush, or still more probably formed a portion of a body of men coming

round on to the flank of our extended line. I dared not risk sending the scouts out again, with a probability of their falling into the hands of a strong party of Doriri, and should I delay to communicate with Barton, and lose time in waiting for the rest of the police and carriers to come up, I might allow time for an attack to develop on our dangerously straggling line, with an absolute certainty of a stampede on the part of the Maisina on top of Barton and the rear-guard, and a possible bad slaughter before Barton knew what was occurring or could clear his police. I therefore hastily detached seven police; and ordered the others, with the village constables and Kaili Kaili carriers who were nearest to the front, to draw out into the clear river bed, and there wait for the Commandant, who I knew would be steadily coming up. In the meanwhile I, and my seven men, made a detour into the scrub on the exposed side of our line, with the object of both intercepting any attack that might be coming, so as to allow of a better fighting formation being adopted, and to come out on the rear and flank of the men seen by our scouts.

After we had crawled and forced our way for some distance under a dense tangled undergrowth over marshy ground, we suddenly emerged upon a couple of bush shelters, from one of which a Doriri sprang up in front of us with a frightful howl of surprise and alarm, and armed with spear and club. In response to a hasty order from me, the man was shot dead and a rush made upon the shelters, from which three more

men leaped, all armed. Two of these men were at once knocked over by the police, and secured uninjured; a fourth, who fought most desperately, frantically dashing about with a club, leaped into the river, and though evidently wounded in half a dozen places, still stuck to his club and made his way across to the scrub on the opposite side of the river, hotly pursued by two police. Never have I known a man so tenacious of life as that Doriri. I myself sent four ·303 solid bullets through him as he bolted, and yet he ran on. We found him afterwards dead in the scrub, quite half a mile away. On gaining time to look round, I saw about a dozen Kaili Kaili, who, in defiance of my order that they were to remain on the river bed and wait for Barton, had thrown down their loads and were rushing to join the two police chasing the man across the river; while tearing, like devils possessed, through the tangled undergrowth towards me came the remainder of the Kaili Kaili and Mokoru, under the leadership of old Giwi's son, Mukawa. They afterwards explained that they were coming to the help of the police and me. Knowing the awful job Barton must be having to keep the Maisina together when the firing broke out suddenly in front, and still expecting at any moment to see a rush of Doriri on our now demoralized line, I recalled the police and proceeded to collect carriers in the bed of the river, while Barton, with the remaining carriers, was getting up to us.

When Barton finally arrived, I found the poor old chap had undergone a dreadful time. Firstly, his

toothache had prevented him from eating any breakfast; then, as he had painfully struggled over the rough track shepherding the terror-stricken Maisina, the roughness of the track and his empty condition had brought on a recurrence of his dysentery. Halting, he had removed his revolver and belts, and was in a helpless state, when suddenly the crack of rifles came from the front, and his personal servant rushed at him and endeavoured to buckle on his discarded accoutrements; the Maisina were howling with terror and crowding all round him; his constabulary, fairly foaming with impatience to be in the fight, were endeavouring to make a break for me and took him all his time to hold; while the Kaili Kaili threw all restraint to the winds, as they cast their loads on the ground, and, flourishing their tomahawks, flew to the sound of the firing. "Their own white master and their own police" were fighting, that was enough for the Kaili Kaili; they should not lack the assistance of their own people, be hanged to the Port Moresby police! Kaili Kaili into the fighting line!

Three Dove Baruga men had accompanied the expedition as carriers; they had been staying with the Kaili Kaili just before we started, and, as they came from a village situated on the lower Musa, the Doriri prisoners could understand their language; therefore I used them as interpreters. The prisoners, upon being questioned, said that they had formed a portion of a large party returning from Collingwood Bay; and in response to a possibly not quite fair question as

to who had killed the Collingwood Bay people a few weeks ago, they proudly said that they had themselves, or rather the party to which they belonged. The remainder of them had gone down the river to their village early that morning, and were quite in ignorance of our presence in the valley. So accordingly we started in pursuit.

The river bed had now widened to a bare boulder-strewn watercourse, along which we could march in a close column instead of the long straggling line of men in single file. About four in the afternoon, during a period of intense still muggy heat, a rolling crashing thunder-storm descended upon us from Mount MacGregor, worse even than the last we had experienced. Fork and chain lightning struck the boulders of the river bed, while balls of blue fire rolled among them. "Better extend the men," said Barton; "a close column of men on the march gives off an emanation that is said to attract lightning; and one of those flashes among our packed lot might play hell." I watched the course of the storm for a moment, and then pointed out to Barton how the lightning only seemed to strike among the boulders of the river bed, and not among the forest trees bordering it. "I am all for camping in the tall timber," I said; "when the dry electrical disturbance has passed, the skies will probably open and let go a veritable lake on top of us." "It is said," remarked Barton, "that the neighbourhood of tall trees should be avoided in a thunder-storm; but I'm hanged if I don't think they are safer than this place." The Doriri

prisoners were the only natives with us at all apprehensive of the lightning, they knew the peculiar beauties of their own storms, and were greatly relieved when they found us wending our way to the trees; the Dove Baruga men had by this time told them that we were a peculiar people, who did not kill prisoners nor eat the bodies of the slain.

Before we were safely in camp, and during the operation of pitching the tents, down came a torrential downpour of rain, soaking us all to the skin. No one, who has not undergone the experience, can possibly realize what a tropical rainstorm can be like; the water does not fall in drops, but appears to be in continuous streams, the thickness of lead pencils; it fairly bends one under its weight, and half chokes one with its density; and all this in a steaming atmosphere of heat that reduces one to the limpness of a dead and decaying worm. In Captain Barton's case, his misery was increased by the spiky pangs of toothache and the slow gnawing of dysentery.

Tents were pitched at last, rain and storm passed, leaving a cool and pleasant evening, camp fires burnt cheerily and cooks were busy preparing the evening meal. Barton had stopped his toothache by dint of holding his mouth full of raw whisky, and eased his tum-tum with a prodigious dose of chlorodyne; pyjamas had replaced our sodden clothing, the Kaili Kaili were gaily chattering, and even the Maisina were plucking up their spirits, safe as they all thought in a ring of watching sentries, when bang went a rifle some dis-

tance away. I ran down to where a couple of sentries had been posted, at the mouth of a stream leading into the camp; they had vanished. I whistled for them, thinking that they had merely moved a few yards away, and were concealed in the scrub; Barton heard my whistle, thought that I wanted assistance, and came to me with a number of constabulary. We then hastily dispatched half a dozen police to find out what had become of the sentries; they did not return until after dark, and then appeared bringing the missing men and another private of constabulary with them. The latter bright individual had quitted the camp without leave, and run into half a dozen Doriri, at whom he had promptly fired; the Doriri decamped, as the sentries deserted their posts and rushed to his assistance. The sentries were told in chosen language exactly what was thought of them, and fearful threats made as to the fate of the next men who left their posts without orders. The roaming private was "punished," as the Official Report put it; as a matter of fact, he was soundly walloped on the bare stern by his sergeant with a belt, a highly illegal but most efficacious means of inducing him to see the error of his ways.

That night we had a little conversation with the Doriri prisoners, and learnt that their villages were small and widely scattered, and that their food supplies were none too good. They really made their expeditions to Collingwood Bay in order to hunt game and make sago, and the killing of the people there was only a supplementary diversion, though of course the bodies

of the slain gave them an agreeable change of diet. "Will your people fight?" I asked. "Yes," was the reply, "of course they will; but those fire spears of yours are dreadful things to meet. If it was the Maisina, now——" Here they stared contemptuously at those unhappy people, who wilted accordingly. "Never mind the Maisina, they are my people now," I cut in; "will the Doriri fight us?" "Yes, once," was the reply, "until they have learnt all about those fire spears." "Yes, what then?" I queried. "They will bolt for the hills, where you can't find them, and starve there, for we have little food." "Monckton," said Barton, "you are not going to be callous brute enough to starve those unfortunate devils in the hills?" "No," I answered, "but I am going to break their fighting strength, and teach them the futility of resisting a Government order before I leave."

The carriers now put in a request to me that they might be allowed to eat any future Doriri killed; urging that, if they did so, it would not only be a great satisfaction to them but also a considerable saving to the stores of the expedition. "Really," they urged, "there was no sense in wasting good meat on account of a foolish prejudice." "You saw what happened to the disobedient private to-day?" I said to them. "Yes, he was most painfully beaten on the stern by the sergeant," they said. "Quite so," I replied. "Well, the carrier, be he Kaili Kaili or Maisina, who as much as looks with a hungry eye upon the body of a dead Doriri, will first be beaten in the same way by the

sergeant, then by the corporals and lance-corporals, and then by the privates, until his stern is like unto the jelly of baked sago." This fearsome threat curbed the man-meat hunger of the anthropophagi. After this we put in a peaceful and undisturbed night; even the Maisina sleeping soundly, happy at last in the belief that the dreaded Doriri would meet their match in the constabulary, and that the chances of their going down Doriri gullets were quite remote.

CHAPTER V

WE struck camp at daylight and moved down the river, soon coming upon a number of well-built native lean-to shelters, showing signs of having been recently and hastily vacated; many articles of value to natives had been abandoned, including some cleverly split slabs of green jade from the hills of Collingwood Bay, which they used for making stone heads for disc clubs, tomahawks or adzes; also earthenware cooking pots, which the Maisina identified by the pattern as of their manufacture. A little later we espied a small village situated upon a spur of the Didina Range; a patrol of police searched the village, but the inhabitants had decamped; a number of spears, however, were taken and destroyed. Next we discovered, situated upon a rise in the river bed, a village of about eighteen houses; this village was also deserted, so we took possession and occupied it. In this village we found ample evidence, in the shape of articles manufactured by the Maisina and identified by them, of the complicity of its inhabitants in the raiding; a large store also of recently manufactured sago, clearly proved that they had only just returned from the Collingwood Bay District.

Here we camped, in order to dry our clothes and give our carriers a well-earned and much-needed rest. The prisoners told us that the village was named Boure, and they looked on dismally while the police and carriers slaughtered all the village pigs, and ravished and devastated the gardens, which were but of small extent. Barton, as he thought of the grief of the evicted inhabitants, looked quite as unhappy as the prisoners, while the work of destruction went on, and many a crack from his stick a too exultant yelling Kaili Kaili received, if he incautiously approached too near that humanitarian. "You know now what it feels like to have your villages raided," said the Dove Baruga to the prisoners; "we and the Maisina have had years of it at your hands." Our now happy carriers spent a cheery night, gorging and snoring alternately, and well housed from the rain.

Upon leaving Boure next morning, the track led down the river bank through thick clumps of pampas-like grass, twelve feet high; beastly dangerous country to traverse amongst a hostile people. I was with the advance, when suddenly we heard the loud blowing of war horns and the defiant shouting of a large force of men moving up the river on our left. I at once changed our line of march towards the direction of the Doriri, but after going on a short distance, the grass became so thick and the track so narrow, as to prevent any safe fighting formation being retained. A halt, therefore, was made, and the constabulary formed into two bodies, fronting two lanes in the tall grass, from

either of which the now expected attack might develop, the carriers being packed between the two lines of police. The voices of Doriri calling, and horns blowing, could now be heard on our front, rear, and, alternately, on each side, which looked as if we were to receive an attack simultaneously on front, rear and flanks. A worse position to defend it was almost impossible to conceive: spearmen could approach unperceived, and launch their spears, from the cover of the grass, into our packed men; while club men could get right on top of us, before we could see to shoot with any degree of certainty of hitting what we were shooting at; and once amongst us, shooting would be out of the question for fear of killing our own carriers. In the event of our advancing towards a better position, we should be forced to straggle in a long line of single file, which would expose our carriers to flank attack; and in the case of a Doriri rush we should be in imminent danger of our line being cut in two. The prisoners told us that the Doriri were now shouting challenges and explaining that they were about to make an end of the whole lot of us. We waited some time: the Maisina whining and collapsing from funk, and the constabulary strung up to the last pitch of nervous tension, waiting with finger on trigger for the expected attack; one private, in his excitement, accidentally exploding his rifle. I fancy that the Doriri were not quite certain of our exact position, as we kept very quiet and the report of a rifle is difficult to locate in thick cover, also I think they were no more anxious

to engage us in that horrible spot than we were anxious to receive them there.

Barton and I consulted, for something had to be done, as the Maisina were getting into a state of hysteria; we decided to bring matters to a head by sending ten of the constabulary to crawl through the grass and locate the Doriri, with a view to advancing then our whole force. The ten men left, and shortly after yelled to us to come on. Advancing, we found that the police had emerged from the grass upon a long open stretch of sandy river bed, down which a large body of armed natives were dancing towards them, yelling furiously and brandishing spears, clubs and shields. The police were standing in line, holding their fire for orders; I ran up to them, with some additional police, and ordered them to fire into the advancing natives. Crash went a volley, two men fell, shot dead, while many others staggered into the surrounding long grass, more or less badly wounded. The Doriri, though apparently frightfully surprised at the effect of the rifle fire, still held their ground; but, as the steadily firing constabulary line moved rapidly towards them, they began an orderly retreat. Barton then came up; but, with a long line of straggling carriers in the rear open to attack, we did not consider it expedient to permit a police pursuit, and they were accordingly recalled. We followed the tracks of the retreating party down the Ibinamu, till it junctioned with the Adaua; here we found that the greater portion of the attacking force had crossed to the other side of the river.

The Maisina, from a state of utter collapse, had now ascended to the highest pinnacle of jubilation; loud were their crows and great their boasting. "The hitherto undefeated Doriri had met a force comprising Maisina, and had retired before it with loss, and were now in full retreat!" They made no allowance in their savage brains for the fact that the unfortunate Doriri had encountered, for the first time, a strange, powerful, and terrifying weapon in the shape of our rifles—things which flashed fire, accompanied by a terrible noise, and dealt death by invisible means at great distances. "I have never known such damnable rotters as the Maisina," said Barton, "they are howling and paralysed with funk one minute, and gloating over a few dead Doriri the next. They are like a costermonger rejoicing at a victory over his wife or mother, gained by dint of kicking her in the ribs."

We now prepared to cross the river in pursuit of the retreating Doriri: rafting was out of the question, as the river was eighty yards wide, ran shoulder high, and was as swift as a mill-race. The first thing to do was to place a piquet on the opposite bank to cover our crossing; accordingly, some of the strongest swimmers amongst the constabulary waded and swam across, with their rifles strapped on their shoulders and cartridges tied on the tops of their heads, while they were covered by watching men on our bank. Having crossed, they yelled that there was a shallow bank in the middle of the river, affording secure foothold; this information was a great relief to us, as our cotton rope was not long

enough to stretch across the full river, and our lighter men (including Barton and myself) were not strong enough to wade without its assistance. On that shoal, therefore, we stationed some strong men, who held the end of our rope; then we all crossed safely on to it, and there clung together, until the constabulary, after repeated attempts, succeeded in carrying the rope over the remainder of the river, where they tied it to a tree. We then left our strongest men to hold on to the mid-river end, and struggled across, with the loss only of a few bags of rice; after which we hauled the rest of the men across, they clinging to the end of the rope. Thus our crossing was accomplished.

Following the track of the retreating natives, we came to the Domara River, where the Doriri foot-tracks dispersed in various directions. The Domara had a fine wide sandy beach, admirable country to fight in from our point of view. The prisoners now told us that Domara village was close at hand, and there accordingly we went, only to find it freshly deserted. It was a village containing, I should estimate, about 180 to 200 men; it was circular in shape, and surrounded by a moat, partly natural and partly artificial, ranging from fifteen to twenty feet in width, and about ten feet in depth, and clean and well kept. The houses were elevated on poles of from twenty to thirty feet high; the poles were merely props, as the main weight of the house was sustained by stout tree trunks, forming a central kingpost; sometimes additional support was given by pieces of timber fastened to live

areca-nut palms. The village was certainly an example of high barbaric engineering skill; moated as it was, and with its high and easily defended houses, a very few of its male inhabitants would be necessary for its defence against any force armed only with spear and club. Hence it was easily seen how the Doriri were enabled to keep so many men absent in Collingwood Bay for so long a period. Some small gardens near were remorselessly stripped to furnish the carriers with their evening meal, and every village pig and dog was slaughtered; many spears and arms were also found and burnt, the Maisina taking keen delight in cooking Doriri pig over a fire made of Doriri spears. We remained two days in this village, while patrols of police went out and endeavoured again to get in touch with, or capture, Doriri; and the carriers plundered and destroyed gardens to their hearts' content and Barton's grief. The Doriri, however, had apparently had a bellyful of the awesome, magic fire-spear, and had departed from their villages for the hills. We found in the village, of all extraordinary articles, the brass chain plate of a small vessel, now ground into an axe head.

Now evidently had come the time for departure: the Doriri had learnt that there was a power stronger than themselves, and a power, too, that could make itself unpleasantly evident. The most essential thing to do was to convey a message to them, telling them to abstain from raiding Collingwood Bay in the future, if they did not wish again to incur the anger of that

power. This we were shortly able to do. We then left on our return journey, though by a different route.

Leaving Domara village we marched, for about five miles, through jungle interspersed at intervals with small, old, and new gardens; but nowhere did our scouts get into touch with the natives, until we came to the Adaua again, near its confluence with the Domara. The river, at this point, was about one hundred yards wide and in flood, quite unfordable, and far too dangerous for rafts, as the cataracts and rapids of the Musa, passing through the Didina Range, were but a short distance below. The Doriri use a small, triangular raft made of bamboo, and are much skilled in its use; our men, however, were quite unable to manage the contrivance, it requiring as much knack as a coracle. Ilimo village, to which one of our prisoners belonged, was situated on a spur on the opposite bank; and from thence we could hear the voices of natives calling to one another as they watched our party. The scouts reported a small village lower down the river, and upon the same bank, which our prisoners told us was called Bare Bare; so there we went for the night, or until the river went down sufficiently to permit of our passage across. Bare Bare village was deserted, and apparently had been so for some weeks; it was approached by narrow winding tracks leading through a dense tall jungle of wild sugar-canes, which were well sprinkled with spear pits. We cut a wide straight lane through the jungle to the river, in order that our people might go and come with water

in safety. The scouts found near here a new and much better ford than the one we had seen in the morning, and which our lying prisoners had said was the only one.

Doriri yelled, howled, and blew horns on the opposite bank most of the night, but did not venture to cross or interfere with us. In the morning the scouts reported that the passage of the river was possible at the new ford, so there we went. As we prepared to cross, eight Doriri appeared on the opposite bank, in full war array, dancing, yelling, turning and smacking their sterns at us. An ominous sound of opening breech blocks spoke plainly of the opinion the constabulary had formed of what would occur before we passed the ford. "We must clear that bank of natives and place a guard there, before the carriers attempt the river," I said to Barton; "there are only eight men in sight, but the scrub may swarm with them, and if a man were swept off his feet by the current and carried down the river, he would most certainly be speared before help could reach him." Barton agreed, and I ordered the six strongest of the constabulary and a corporal to cross the river and guard the landing point. The men started across, and had got within about fifty yards of the dancing, yelling natives, who still defiantly remained there, when I yelled to them: "Corporal, shoot those men!" The corporal halted his men, and, shoulder high as they were in the fast-flowing water, fell them into line; then slowly and deliberately, as if parading at the butts, he put them

through the movements of firing exercise. "At one hundred yards with ball cartridge, load!" came his voice; "ready!" "My God!" said Barton, "it is like witnessing an execution!" and covered his face with his hands. "Present!" came the corporal's voice again; "fire!" One man leapt into the air and rolled over, some of the others jumped as though stung; then they picked up the fallen man and bolted into the scrub, while the constabulary occupied the spot just vacated by them. "It is early in the morning," said Barton, "but I am going to have a little whisky after that."

All that day and the next we spent in crossing some very steep country in the Didina Range, in pouring rain, having awful difficulty in starting fires with which to cook our food, as all the dead wood was sodden with water. My personal servant, Toku, son of Giwi, at last, however, found a species of tree, of which he had heard from his father, that burnt readily even in its green state; after this we always carried a supply of this tree with us, with which to start the other wood. Getting fires lighted in rain on the mountains is not the least of the minor discomforts of inland work in New Guinea, and without fires one's carriers are foodless, cold, and miserable. On future expeditions, from the experience I gained on this one, I always made my carriers make their carrying poles of a light, dry, highly inflammable wood, and when the worst came to the worst, took their poles to start the fires with, and made them cut fresh green ones for use until we could again get light dry poles.

Scrub itch and leeches made things very interesting for us in the Didina hills. The former is a tiny little insect, almost invisible to the naked eye, that falls in myriads like a shower from certain shrubs, and promptly burrows under one's skin; it is not until one is warm under the blankets at night, that it gets its fine work in and renders sleep impossible, until one collapses from exhaustion. Stinging trees are another joy; they are harmless-looking shrubs with a pretty glossy leaf, that sting one more than the worst of nettles; one of my carriers, on the second Doriri expedition, fell over a bank into a clump of the infernal things, and was in such agony that I had to put him in irons to prevent him from destroying himself, while we greased him all over with warm rifle oil. Leeches don't need any describing, only cursing, which they got very freely indeed from our bare-legged police and carriers, as they beguiled their leisure moments scraping festoons of the brutes off their legs; they wriggled through one's putties and breeches in a marvellous manner, and rare indeed was the night when we did not find half a dozen gorged brutes somewhere in our clothing, and knew that one would later develop a like number of nasty little ulcers.

After crossing the Didina Range, we dropped down to a clear stream, the Dudura, upon which was situated a village of the same name; the inhabitants fled, but the constabulary succeeded in catching one man and his wife. The Collingwood Bay carriers knew of the village, both by name and reputation, and swore it

was one of the worst offenders in raiding them. I put a very unfair direct question to the man. "Do you go to Maisina to kill people?" "Yes," he naïvely answered, "of course I do," as if it was the most natural thing in the world. "I am very sorry," I told him, "but Government disapproves of the promiscuous killing of people, and you must come with me until you have learnt better." The man's wife was then told that we were taking him away in order to complete his education, but that later he would be safely returned to her. "You are a set of murdering thieves," she said. (She was, I may remark, a strong-minded woman!) "I have not killed the Maisina, but you have looted my house." "Point out any man of ours, by whom you have been robbed," was the reply, as we ordered the whole expedition to fall into line. Unerringly she picked out several of the Kaili Kaili, incorrigible looters, and abused them vehemently, the while they reluctantly made restitution. Her confidence was then gained by a present of trade goods, to maintain her during the enforced absence of her husband, and as payment for conveying from us to the Doriri a full explanation as to the reason of our visit and hostility to them: she was a most talkative dame, and I doubt not held forth at length to the Doriri. Her husband seemed to regard the prospect of a sojourn in gaol as rather a relief from the company of his very masterful wife.

When we were leaving Dudura, Barton put in a plea for the natives. "Monckton," he said, "let us

now avoid any conflict with the natives; the poor devils did not know what they were doing in the past, they have now had their warning, and I can no longer stand seeing you use your police against them, coldly and mechanically, as if they were a guillotine." "All right, Barton," I replied, "the rôle of executioner does not appeal to me any more than it does to you, but it is sometimes a necessary one; still, I will defer to your views, and spare the people if possible. I only trust that the lesson we have already read them has been sufficiently severe." Afterwards I had cause to repent my moderation, as the Doriri mistook our clemency, as savages invariably do, for a sign of weakness, and went on the raid again.

Taking our Dudura man with us and walking down the Dudura stream, we soon emerged upon the banks of the Musa, which at this point was a headlong tearing torrent, quite uncrossable; gradually, as we descended the banks of the river, the valley widened and the beach became better. In the afternoon, sounds of chopping were heard and a native was discovered busily engaged in felling a tree. "I want that man alive and uninjured," I said to the police. "He has got an axe and looks a sturdy fellow," they replied; "it looks difficult." Still, the constabulary, when told to do a thing, generally managed to accomplish it, difficult or not. Four of them noiselessly slipped away into the scrub, crept up on four sides and within a few yards of the working man, unperceived by him, a private then attracted his attention by yelling sud-

denly at him from behind; he gave a howl of surprise and alarm, and sprang round to defend himself, with his axe raised ready to strike. Then silently and swiftly as a springing greyhound, a Mambare private rushed in and leapt upon his back, bearing man and axe to the ground with the impetus of his rush; the others sprang and threw themselves upon the pair, and after a minute of a yelling, tangled, scrambling worry, during which he used his teeth with good effect, our quarry was disarmed and handcuffed. He was a fine, powerful, intelligent man, and, after he had been induced to stop yelling and made to understand that he was not going to be killed, he answered questions readily. "Who are you?" we asked. "Gabadi, of the village of Dugari, lower down the Musa," he replied. The Maisina here said that Dugari was a most iniquitous village, and concerned in all the raiding. It was, however, imperatively necessary that we should get into friendly communication with some of the tribes of the Upper Musa, and if we retained Gabadi as a prisoner, we could not attain that end; we now wished to make the object of our expedition clear beyond any possibility of misconception in the minds of the Doriri. Gabadi was therefore released, returned his axe, and given some tobacco, to ease his mind of any feeling of fright or annoyance at the sudden manner in which we had effected our introduction to him.

We then asked him to go down the river to his village, and tell the people where we were, and that we wished to be friendly; also, that we would buy all

the food they chose to bring us. Gabadi said that his wives had been in a camp some little distance away from the place where we had caught him, and that they had fled while we were engaged in making his acquaintance; he would therefore like first to find them, in order to leave them safe in our camp while he went off to Dugari. During his absence we pitched camp. After howling for some time in the forest for his wives, he returned to us in disgust; and, after remarking that the silly women would probably alarm half the river, proceeded to make himself comfortable for the night among the carriers. The intrusion of Gabadi was regarded by the Maisina portion of the carriers in much the same light as a roomful of rats might be expected to view the sudden introduction of a bull terrier into their midst. Continuing our way down the river, we came to a small village on the opposite bank; Gabadi, whose night with us had now given him full confidence, called to the people and told them who we were, and asked them to bring food to us. They soon rafted across a quantity of vegetables and a pig, for all of which they were well paid. Then, at great length, we explained to the people who we were, where we had been, what we had done, and why we did it; and they promised faithfully to repeat it to the Doriri. Upon seeing the prisoners, all of whom they appeared to know, and especially the last man captured at Dudura, who, from the concern they showed at his being in our hands, was certainly a person of considerable importance, they were most eager to ransom

him; for which purpose pigs and goods were freely offered. They were told, however, that he would be returned when he had learnt the ways of the Government, but not till then.

We were now informed by Gabadi that a large and very bad sago swamp lay between us and Dove village on the right bank of the river, while a good track led down the left bank through Gewadura. We accordingly made rafts and crossed the river, which proved to be no light matter. I got a scare during this operation, for I foolishly crossed first with only Toku and Gabadi with me, before any of the constabulary had come across, as they were busily engaged in making rafts; when, suddenly, a whole mob of truculent-looking natives appeared, who said they came from Mbese village, and who, it was plain, did not regard us in any too friendly a light. The watchful Barton saw me surrounded by strange natives, and promptly sent my constabulary across, and gladly I welcomed them. A few of the Mbese men subsequently helped in the crossing of the rafts, but mainly they stood sullenly aloof, gazing sympathetically at our chained prisoners and savagely at us, plainly wondering whether an attempt at a rescue was worth while or not, and eventually coming to the conclusion that we looked too strong. They flatly refused to guide us to Gewadura, or point out the track there. "Some day, rude people of the Mbese," said the Kaili Kaili, "we will meet again, and our master will tell us to teach you manners; you are only bush rats, and the police and

we will drive you through the bush like rats!" Gabadi stuck steadily to us, and for a consideration in the shape of a tomahawk, undertook to guide us as far as the Gewadura track, but no further. From this point to the sea coast, the course of the river had been traversed and mapped by Sir William MacGregor, therefore our troubles and difficulties were now very considerably lessened.

At midday we came to a large abandoned village and extensive deserted gardens, which had originally been marked on the map as Gewadura, but the former inhabitants had been slaughtered and driven out by incursions of Doriri, and had built a new, strongly stockaded village lower down the Musa. At about five in the afternoon, during very heavy rain, we were preparing to camp in low-lying country plainly subject to inundation, when Barton, who was gazing disgustedly at our unpromising-looking camp site, sent on his corporal to see if there was not a better spot for camping that could be reached before night. The corporal returned and reported a large village in sight round a bend, which the Dove men said must be Gewadura, a village friendly to them; so they at once went on to announce our presence. Back they came, bringing four most friendly natives, who guided us to a splendid camp site alongside the village, where men, women and children brought us huge quantities of food and pigs, and assisted us in clearing the camping ground. The villagers left us as soon as night had fallen, retiring within the gates of their stockade. The

next morning, taro and all native vegetables were brought to us in abundance, for which we paid well. Gewadura village was new, large, and very clean, and had in its midst a number of houses built in the very tops of gigantic trees. The people were delighted to hear that at last the Doriri had been called to account for their murderous raids, and had been taught that even the land of the Doriri was not secure from the anger of the Government. Three men volunteered to guide us to Dove, and exclamations of delighted wonder came from the people as the expedition filed through the gates of their stockade, and they saw some of their ancient enemies, the Doriri, led past by the village constables.

We arrived at Dove in the evening, and were received with every sign of pleased welcome natives can show; they ferried us across the river in their canoes. Two of our carriers belonged to the village. The good wives rushed to the cooking pots, while the good men hunted the family pig with a spear, and the village dogs streaked for the bush, some, alas! being too slow and furnishing a portion of many a savoury stew. Some of the manifestations of joy we could well have dispensed with: leeches, scrub-itch, mosquitoes, stinging trees, lawyer vines, rough tracks, all had done their worst to our suffering skins, and covered as we were with sores and abrasions, we submitted, as perforce we must, with but ill grace to being violently embraced, hugged, stroked and handled. The two Dove men acted as showmen, and exhibited the prisoners

to all and sundry, who cautiously inspected the disgusted Doriri, much as country children peep at a caged tiger in a menagerie; while the Doriri's feelings, under the regard, seemed much the same as those of the said tiger.

The next day Barton and I, with the prisoners and two of the constabulary, went down the river in a canoe to Yagisa, the police and carriers proceeding overland to that village. From thence, a native track led behind Mount Victory to Wanigela village in Collingwood Bay, over which the Dove men undertook to guide us; they said it was a good track and would take us to Wanigela in two days. It might be considered a good track by an eel, an alligator, or a Dove Baruga native, but we discovered that, from our point of view, it was one of the most infamous roads in New Guinea. First we marched through sticky bogs, painfully dragging our booted legs, laden with pounds of mud, through a glutinous substance varying in depth from six inches to two feet, and punctuated with sludgy holes, anything from four to six feet deep, which looked exactly the same, and into which we repeatedly fell; the frantic cursing of the just engulfed man being aggravated by the half-concealed smiles of the lucky one who had, on that occasion, escaped. All this under deluges of rain and in an atmosphere of steaming heat, with fresh leeches getting into one's clothes on every side. We then came into a pandanus swamp, through which we walked up to our waists in water and treading upon roots; every time we slipped upon the greasy things, and

grabbed at the nearest tree to recover our balance, we caught hold, with festering hands, of a spiky thorny pandanus stem and got yet a fresh supply of prickles in them; if we missed our hold, we rolled over into the nearest spiky tree and got the thorns into some other portion of our anatomy.

At last we emerged on to rolling hills and the spurs of Mount Victory, passing on the way a village site, the former inhabitants of which had been slaughtered and scattered by the Doriri; on the third day we reached a Collingwood Bay village, named Airamu, two miles from the coast and Wanigela. Airamu village is fortified in a peculiar way: it is circular in shape and is built round half a dozen very tall trees, the tops of which are occupied by houses, stuffed with stones, spears and missiles, for the reception of raiding Doriri; the whole is enclosed within two circular stockades, the outer of which is built almost horizontally. A peculiar feature of the houses is, that each one has its separate dog entrance; this consists of a hollow trough, cut out from a palm, and running from the ground through a hole in the floor, up and down which the dogs run constantly in and out of their owners' houses.

Our work was now done: the Doriri had been found, punished to a certain extent, and warned what would be the result of further raiding; time alone would show whether the warning was sufficient. The Upper Musa tribes, also concerned in the raiding, had likewise received an object-lesson as to their fate, if they did not mend their ways.

CHAPTER VI

BARTON and I returned to Cape Nelson on the 24th of April, and found all in order; we waited there for the return of the *Merrie England*, as she was to take Barton and his men away, and bring stores for me. Day after day, week after week, went by; our supplies of European food were soon finished: tea, coffee, sugar, meat, biscuits, tobacco, shot cartridges, all were done; fish and native vegetables, washed down with cold water, our sole fare; and still, daily, we scanned the horizon for the hourly expected *Merrie England*, or any vessel from which we could get stores, but none came: until, on the 14th of June, the *Merrie England* put in a belated appearance, and we were told that the Revs. J. Chalmers and O. F. Tomkins had been murdered in the Western Division; so we had been left, while she hunted the murderers. I thought then, as I think now, that however great the excitement might have been over the murders, still some little thought should have been given to two isolated officers on the north-east coast and their possible plight; if a Government vessel were not available, a Mambare trader might have been instructed to call in at Cape Nelson (several passed in the distance).

instead of our being left, as we were, from March until June, entirely cut off from the world, newsless and semi-starved.

Captain Harvey and I had a slight breeze over something or other, I have forgotten now exactly what it was, on the occasion of this visit; which resulted in my turning sheep-stealer. The ship had got a pen of sheep for fresh meat, some half-dozen or so, on which I cast a hungry eye. "Harvey, old chap," I said, "tell the butcher to kill one of the muttons, and leave me a joint." "You did not call me 'old chap' this morning," said Harvey, "you called me a 'marine Fenian,' and said my voice was worse than that of the wooden bird in a cuckoo clock; you also said that you were surprised at my being entrusted with the navigation of anything more valuable than the gaol sanitary punt; there were several other things you said, including that you would ask the medical officer at Samarai to examine me for incipient softening of the brain." "That was in the heat of argument," I answered; "you must remember that you used language that, if I did my duty as a beak, would be well worth five bob a word to the revenue; but I made allowances, because I fancied you must have put in some of your early training as apprentice to a Bargee. How about my mutton?" "You will see," said Captain Harvey, and sent for the chief steward. "Thanks, Harvey," I said, and waited. "Steward," said Harvey, on that functionary's arrival, "see that no sheep are killed before we are back at Samarai." "All right, skipper," I said, "I will make

you sit up for that before long." "I don't think you should have meat," commented Harvey, "you have been living too well, and your blood has got heated."

The ship was to sail at dawn; accordingly I went ashore and called my constabulary into consultation. "To-night," I said, "you are to steal a sheep from the *Merrie England.* Can you grab and lower the brute into a boat, without making a noise and causing it to baa?" "Very simple to do," they said, "but what about the watch on board?" "The constabulary are all on shore, and wouldn't tell in any case," I told them; "and at anchor, there is only one night watchman on duty; I'll settle him." That night I went off, and remained on board until all the officers had gone to bed; then I waylaid the night watchman. "Lonely work, yours," I said, "come to the saloon and I'll give you a drink; I've got a bottle down there. My police will look out while you come." He rose like a trout at a May fly, and I called out to my corporal, "Corporal, the watchman goes below with me for a few minutes, you must look out sharply." "I understand, sir," replied that smart non-com. Five minutes later he came to the saloon, where the watchman was indulging in his second drink. "The men are getting very sleepy, sir, will you be long?" I left at once; a shapeless bundle of sail at the bottom of the boat containing a large fat sheep, with its mouth securely tied, showed how successful the raid had been.

Captain Harvey had a happy Irish knack of leading me into crime; from sheep-stealing he led me later into

body-snatching, a still more heinous offence. Time had elapsed; Oelrichs was my Assistant R.M., when the *Merrie England* one day appeared, and after I had completed my work in the Governor's cabin and was leaving, Harvey waylaid me and wiled me into his cabin; where, after producing vessels of strong waters and cigars, he mysteriously whispered, "Monckton, I want you to do me a very great favour." "Well, what is it?" I asked. "Do you want me to let you down lightly if you come before me in my official capacity, or what?" "Well, the fact is," said Harvey, "I am under great obligations to a doctor in Brisbane, who has been most good to my family; he has an ethnological turn of mind, and hankers for the skull and skeleton of a New Guinea mountaineer, a Doriri for choice." "Do you expect me, a senior officer of the Service, apart from my judicial position, to go out, shoot and stuff a Doriri for your medical scientific friend?" I asked in surprise; "if so, I must tell you that I draw the line at homicide, even of Doriri." "Don't be a fool," said Harvey, "I am serious; you can buy me a skeleton somewhere, I don't care how old or decayed." "I can't," I said; "such a request on my part would, in the first instance, start all sorts of yarns of sorcery; and secondly, since one trader bought up a lot of skulls and grew orchids in them like flower-pots, afterwards selling them in Europe as sacred or devil orchids worshipped by Papuans, and another chap cleaned out a lot of caves of skeletons and sold them to make bone dust for manure, there has been an Ordinance prohibiting traffic in

human remains." "There is no question of traffic," said Harvey, "you must find plenty of graves in abandoned villages, and can easily dig me up a skeleton." "'Desecration of Sepulchre' happens to be a penal offence, my dear Harvey," I remarked; "I wish the favour you ask did not contain a considerable risk of free lodging for the pair of us in one of his Majesty's houses of entertainment; neither the diet nor the lodging appeal to me." "Damn your scruples," said Harvey. "Museums and savants always manage to get skeletons; if you were an Irishman, instead of a cold-blooded Englishman, you would do it for the fun of the thing, not to speak of obliging a pal." "Skipper," I said, "my father came from Kent, but my mother came from the Curraugh of Kildare, and the Irish strain is always getting me into trouble, as it will probably do once more over this night's work. I will give you your bones; though you don't deserve them after your action last year in turning an eminently respectable magistrate and his police into sheep-stealers. Tell one of your crew to blow your whistle for my boat, and come ashore with me." The night happened to be very dark, wet and windy, and my boat's crew had departed for the shelter of the boat-shed on shore.

"Where will you get the bones?" asked Harvey. I explained that some five or six months before, the Collingwood Bay people had found a Doriri man badly wounded by a wild boar in the forest, and had brought him to me; he was too far gone to cure, when I got

him, and died without our being able to ascertain his name or village, and his corpse had been planted in our cemetery. Going ashore, I summoned Oelrichs and my sergeant, a Kiwai man named Kimai, and explained to them that I wanted them to go and disinter the Doriri. Oelrichs said that he did not think that body-snatching, in the middle of the night, was included in the duties of an Assistant R.M.; and Sergeant Kimai said that nothing would induce the Western or Eastern men in the constabulary to go corpse-hunting in a cemetery after dark. I persuaded them into undertaking the job, however; and, accompanied by half a dozen Northern police, who had no fear of ghost or devil, they departed on their cheerful quest. Harvey and I waited hours, listening to the rain and wondering why they did not return; at last, about two in the morning, I took Harvey back to the ship, fearing that he would be missed and inquiry made as to what we were up to.

A couple of hours later, alongside came my boat, and a dripping Oelrichs crawled into Captain Harvey's cabin, followed by Sergeant Kimai and a Mambare corporal bearing a very smelly sack. "My God!" gasped Oelrichs, "give me a drink, and Sergeant Kimai one too; he has seen seventeen ghosts and quite a score of devils. If it had not been for the Mambares, I never should have got the corpse." "What do you mean, Oelrichs," I asked, "by keeping me sitting up all night wondering what had become of you? I did not tell you to picnic all night in the graveyard, I

told you to bring the Doriri." Oelrichs flung up his hands and appealed to the universe at large to witness my appalling ingratitude. "The Kiwai men buried that Doriri," he said, "and the sergeant was not there, so no one knew where he was, and the grass had grown over his grave; we dug up about an acre, and quite six other corpses, before we found him. The smell nearly killed me, and Kimai saw spooks all the time." "You look out that no one discovers this," I said to Harvey, "or we shall all be in the devil of a row." Harvey shoved the smellful remains into a drawer under his bunk, where he kept them until he reached Samarai and got the doctor to fix them up in a cask with disinfectants. He certainly went through a lot for his medical friend.

But I must return to more serious affairs. I have referred in this chapter to the reason of the *Merrie England* remaining away for such a length of time from Cape Nelson, namely, the murder of the Revs. Chalmers and Tomkins by natives in the Western Division. The death of such a well-known pioneer missionary as Chalmers, of course excited intense interest and sympathy throughout the Empire; much was written at the time in the Press, missionary publications, and by New Guinea officials through official channels, but something yet remains to be said from the point of view of an onlooker, neither swayed by sentiment nor eager to praise or condemn. Firstly, in order to arrive at a proper sense of proportion, one must consider the characteristics of the European actors in the tragedy;

the natives we can eliminate, for from their point of view—as it is from my own—the killing of Chalmers and the looting of the vessel was no greater crime than would have been the killing of a wandering trader, at whose hands they had suffered no hurt.

Chalmers, one must remember, was not of the ordinary type of missionary, but was of the type of a David Livingstone; and, though belonging to the London Missionary Society, was—like Livingstone—as much an explorer as a missionary. He was a man of particularly forceful character, who was inclined to take unnecessary risks, and this trait had been accentuated by the recent death of his wife; the very boat he was using on the fateful journey was her last gift to the Mission, or really to him. Tomkins calls for no remark: a young man, but recently from a religious training school, always taught to regard Mr. Chalmers as the wisest and best of men, he was not likely either to understand the danger of the action they were about to take, or to differ in any degree from Chalmers' views. Next we come to the Resident Magistrate in charge of the Division, who should be, in the first instance, responsible for the lives of all in his district, missionary, trader or native. This officer, at the time, was the Hon. C. G. Murray, who had recently succeeded the experienced Bingham Hely. Murray had arrived in New Guinea as assistant private secretary to Sir George Le Hunte, not so very long before; he had then been transferred to the Government Secretary's Office as a clerk, and from thence been promoted

to be Resident Magistrate of the Western Division, without the slightest district or divisional experience, or training of any description; if Murray had any knowledge of natives, it could only have been acquired at Eton, the Bachelors' Club, West End drawing-rooms and country houses, or by dint of working a typewriter under Mr. Musgrave's fostering eye in the Government Secretary Department at Port Moresby, where an irate washerwoman, demanding payment for an overdue account, was the most dangerous native likely to be encountered.

Now Mr. Chalmers, before leaving on the journey that was to end in the death of himself and his young companion, as well as that of many friendly natives, and was eventually to lead to a great deal of bloodshed, culminating in the suicide of one of the most promising officers New Guinea ever possessed—Judge Robinson—had been to Murray and told him what he proposed doing, and said that "he intended that it should be his last journey of any importance"; and Murray made no effort to dissuade him, nor did he, in the absence of dissuasion, make any effort to secure the safety, by means of his constabulary, of the Mission party, in admittedly one of the most dangerous parts of New Guinea. The natives in the vicinity of Cape Blackwood had an exceedingly bad reputation, of which Murray either was, or should have been, aware. In the year 1845, they had attacked the boats of H.M.S. *Fly*, the Cape having been named Blackwood after her captain, and the Fly River after the ship. The only

subsequent occasions upon which they had been visited were in 1892 and 1898 by Sir William MacGregor, when his Excellency, skilled as he was in native ways and backed by his trained men, had but narrowly averted hostilities with them. To the experienced eye, a number of men embarking in a punt to shoot Niagara Falls, would go to no more certain death than would a few unarmed men landing, at that time, in any village on Cape Blackwood; and Murray should have used every means in his power to prevent it. There can be no two opinions about this.

Chalmers went to Cape Blackwood, and the inevitable result followed. I now give the exact wording of the official report, first notifying the tragedy to Headquarters, and sent by Murray's assistant, Jiear:—

"SIR,

"I have to report that the London Missionary Society's schooner *Niue* returned to Daru late last night from what was intended to be a trip to Cape Blackwood, and thence along the coast back to Daru. The captain of the *Niue* states that on the 8th instant, while anchored off Risk Point on Goaribari Island, near the mouth of the River Omati, a party consisting of the Rev. James Chalmers, Rev. Oliver Tomkins, nine Mission students, natives of various villages on Kiwai Island, Naragi, the chief of Ipisia, and James Walker, a half-caste native of Torres Straits, left in their whaleboat and landed in a small creek near the village on the island. The landing took place about

7 a.m. on the 8th instant, and it was the intention of the party to return in about half an hour to have breakfast.

"The party was totally unarmed. After waiting until about midday, the *Niue* moved off about half a mile to await the return of the party.

"The *Niue* was surrounded here by a large number of canoes, full of armed natives, who boarded the schooner and took away all the 'trade,' tools, and clothing belonging to the Mission party. The *Niue* stayed at this place until the next morning, and then sailed round the island, but could not see or hear anything of the party, and so the captain decided to return to Daru to report, taking seven days to reach here.

"The natives were naked and had on their war paint, and were yelling the whole of the time the *Niue* remained in the vicinity.

"The people on the *Niue* are quite sure that all the party were murdered.

"The Resident Magistrate is at present away on a trip to the Bamu River district, and is probably not aware of the occurrence. I am therefore sending a small cutter with all the available police and some ex-constables, with the necessary arms and rations; also a report of the occurrence to him, in case he should see fit to proceed to the spot before returning to Daru.

"I have, etc.,

"A. H. JIEAR, Subcollector of Customs."

From this dispatch, three things are clear:—

1. Chalmers, Tomkins, and a considerable number of Christian natives, were in the hands of the Goaribari.
2. A surmise might be made that they were already murdered, but there was not a single shred of evidence to that effect.
3. Mr. Jiear clearly expected the Resident Magistrate at once to proceed to the spot and effect a rescue, if such rescue were yet possible; and for that purpose had sent additional police and reservists to strengthen the force that the R.M. then had with him.

How then would an experienced officer—such as the senior officer in charge of a Division should be—have reasoned? The answer is plain. He would have placed himself in the position of a chief of the tribe holding the captives, and reasoned thus: "We have got a certain number of a strange tribe in our hands, the vessel in which they came has escaped, and probably fled back to that tribe with the news; before we kill our captives, perhaps it would be better to wait a short time and see what that tribe will do." Never, in my opinion, was the need of haste more evident; and how did Murray rise to the occasion? It must be remembered that Chalmers' party landed at Goaribari on the 7th of April; well, on the 22nd of that month, while Murray was in the Gulf, he was given a circumstantial account of the affair, and at once started for Daru, which lay in the opposite direction; it is true that he missed the cutter sent to him by Jiear, with additional police,

but he reached Daru on the 24th of April, when the news was confirmed by his own assistant, and then wasted precious moments in sending a report, of which I give the following extracts:—

"On hearing the fuller particulars, and from my knowledge of the natives near that part, I could no longer believe that any of the party were alive; and although I should have liked to have at once proceeded to the spot, it was impossible; the means suitable for the conveyance of even the small detachment of police under my command being wanting.

"I therefore decided to wait for the return of the *Niue*, or possibly the arrival of the *Merrie England*, with your Excellency on board, as it also occurred to me that you would wish to deal with such a grave matter yourself; besides, all the survivors had departed in the *Niue*, and thus I was left without a guide."

And then he continues:—

"I may also mention that this massacre has created the intensest state of sorrow, excitement, and revenge on the part of the Kiwai Island natives, both for the death of Messrs. Chalmers and Tomkins, and for the ten Kiwai boys who were with them. Their great desire was to be allowed to muster all the large canoes on Kiwai, go to the spot, wipe out the offending tribes, and bring their heads to Kiwai. I, of course, informed them that I could not allow such a proceeding, and that the Government would take care that the offenders were properly punished."

Murray first shows that he had no means of trans-

port, and then conclusively proves that he had at his disposal a fleet of canoes, capable of transporting a regiment from one end of New Guinea to the other. And yet Murray sat doing nothing until the 26th of April, when he reported:—

"At 3 p.m. on the 26th of April, the s.s. *Parua* arrived from Thursday Island, having on board a detachment of the Royal Australian Artillery under Lieutenant Brown in connection with the massacre."

Murray enclosed a copy of the letter brought to him by the soldiers from the Officer Commanding at Thursday Island, which was as follows :—

"Sir,

"I have the honour to inform you that I have received instructions from the Artillery Staff Officer in Brisbane to furnish a detachment consisting of one officer, two non-commissioned officers, and eight gunners of the Royal Australian Artillery to leave here by the s.s. *Parua* at daybreak to-morrow, 25th instant, to act in defence of the ship, and also protect, if required, the Resident Magistrate and his followers.

"The detachment will be under the command of Lieut. Brown, Royal Australian Artillery, and are armed with rifles and 100 rounds per man. I have instructed Lieut. Brown to report to you on arrival and to place his detachment at your disposal, and act solely under your instructions.

"I have, etc.,

"Walter A. Coxen. Captain, R.A.A."

Murray now had at his command the strongest fighting force that any district officer had ever had available in New Guinea: he had twelve white soldiers, all picked shots; he had eighteen regular constabulary, well armed, and he could have called up fifty or more time-expired men of the constabulary, if he had required them; also as many bowmen as he pleased, the latter in companies under the discipline and control of village constables and Government chiefs, not a savage horde, but a controlled force as well armed as the Goaribari. There was no possible further excuse for delay: Murray's alleged grounds for such, namely, weakness of force and lack of transport, had been cut from under his feet; but the only action taken by him was to steam for Port Moresby, on the possible chance of finding the *Merrie England* there, first forwarding this interesting epistle to the Officer Commanding at Thursday Island :—

"Sir,

"In reply to your letter of the 24th April, I have the honour to inform you that the *Parua* arrived to-day at 3 p.m. with the detachment of the R.A.A. under Lieut. Brown.

"Even with the addition of the native contingent of police stationed here, I do not consider there would be sufficient force to cope with the villages concerned, certainly not as effectually as they should be.

"I have therefore decided to proceed in the *Parua* to Port Moresby, collect some more police there, then return to Daru, pick up my Daru police and

interpreters; from Daru proceed to the place of the massacre.

"I have instructed Lieutenant Brown to this effect.

"I have, etc.,

"C. G. MURRAY, R.M., W.D."

In this report Murray clearly showed an entire lack of initiative, judgment, nerve, or grasp of the situation. He was not in command of a punitive expedition—such could always follow at a later date, if the worst had happened—but of a force more than sufficient to effect a rescue, if the missionaries were still alive, or so to overawe the natives as to prevent their immediate murder. Another most imperative reason for haste on Murray's part was that the South-East Monsoon was due, during which it was impossible for any landing to be effected at Goaribari; in fact, it did come on while the *Merrie England* was there and expedited her departure, gravely endangering a launch and whaleboat returning from the shore to the ship.

As a matter of fact, it was afterwards ascertained that Chalmers and his party had been murdered soon after landing, and no action on Murray's part, however prompt, could have saved them; but nothing in Murray's then knowledge justified him in not taking immediate action to ascertain whether they were killed or not; and nothing justifies the Governor in not having called him to account for lack of initiative. I do not wish to infer in this that Murray was guilty of personal cowardice, for I knew him well, and he was

no coward; but I do think that the placing of a very young untried man in a responsible position, and that a position in which he could not obtain the advice of older or more experienced officers when grave matters affecting human life were at stake, was a lamentable blunder, which brought about the foregone and inevitable result. Had Moreton, Hely, or Armit been in charge of the Western Division, or Sir William MacGregor been Governor of New Guinea, I feel certain that Chalmers would not have been permitted to meet his death in such a way.

Murray reached Port Moresby, only to find that the Governor and the *Merrie England* had already left for Goaribari, to which point Sir Francis Winter then instructed him to proceed. The following telegram from the Lieutenant-Governor of New Guinea to the Governor of Queensland gives a concise history of the action then taken :—

"S.Y. *Merrie England*, off Cape Blackwood.
"Gulf of Papua, 5th May, 1901.

"*Merrie England* was starting for Cooktown 27th April in accordance with my telegram of that date, when London Missionary Society's schooner *Niue* arrived Port Moresby, reporting massacre of Mission party and looting of the schooner at Goaribari Island, mouth of Omati River, 12 miles west of Cape Blackwood, Gulf of Papua, on 8th April, hitherto hardly known and not yet under Government control, visited by Sir William MacGregor in 1892 and 1898.

I should have visited it two months ago if I had not been called away to North-East by death of Armit, R.M., and murder of miners on Upper Kumusi, in which case it would probably not have happened. I left at daylight 28th in *Merrie England* with *Ruby* launch in tow, Government party and Rev. Hunt, L.M.S., called at Hall Sound for additions to party and Rev. Dauncey, L.M.S. Smaller steamer *Parua* chartered by Queensland Government joined us off Orokolo 1st May with Murray, R.M., Western Division and detachment of R.A. under Lieutenant Brown from Thursday Island *viâ* Daru and Port Moresby. Proceeded together to island, arrived noon 2nd May, *Merrie England* anchored three and a half miles outside, and *Parua* entering channel inside island, low and thick bush, five miles across. Boats landed at three villages simultaneously, natives immediately commenced hostilities. We fired on them and occupied villages, total killed twenty-four and three wounded as far as is known. No casualties in our party except native constable on sentry at night slightly wounded by sniping arrow. Captured one prisoner belonging to neighbouring island. Obtained names of principal murderers and villages concerned. Mission party consisting of Chalmers, Tomkins, a native chief of Kiwai Fly River Estuary and ten Kiwai Mission boys all killed and eaten and whaleboat broken up at Dopima Island, where massacre planned. Some articles and pieces of boat recovered, some human remains not recognizable. After careful consideration

I decided to visit all villages on island and vicinity, reported to be implicated, burning the large fighting men's houses but no other dwelling-houses of women and children. Villages at top of soft mud, thick impracticable bush and swamp behind, very strong tides. Found it impossible to get prisoners. Ten villages, nearly all large, visited by us. Camped night in two of them. Burnt all fighting men's houses, except in the prisoner's village, small, spared on account of assistance given by him. Some fighting canoes destroyed. Regret to say at last village visited by one party, wind sprung up after large house fired and carried flames to several other houses, purely accidental. Returned to ship evening fourth. South-east fortunately held off, as coast unapproachable during it. Can do nothing further until next North-West season, when I shall return. There will be no further fighting or burning. I am satisfied this is last massacre of this kind on coast of British New Guinea. Regret nature of punishment but action absolutely necessary at once, and best in the end. Further report will follow, but above contains all material particulars. Please convey my best thanks to Queensland Government for prompt action in sending *Parua* and assistance to Murray, and to Commandant Defence Force my grateful appreciation of Lieutenant Brown and the men under his command. *Parua* leaves this morning fifth for Thursday Island for coal. Return Port Moresby and send ship Cooktown for stores, and finish eastern cruise as formerly arranged on her return.

"To his Excellency Lord Lamington, G.C.M.G., Brisbane."

Then, if we take the following statement made by the only prisoner taken at the time, we have the whole history of the events which took place up to the departure of the punitive party from Goaribari on board the *Merrie England.*

Statement of Kemere of Dubumuba, taken prisoner at Dopima, Goaribari Island :—

"The name of the village that I was captured in is Dopima. I, however, belong to Dubumuba, a village on Baiba Bari Island. I, myself, was not present at the massacre; only the big men of the village went. I have, however, heard all about it. My father, Marawa, sent me to Dopima to get a tomahawk to build a canoe. The name of the village you camped in the first night is Turotere. The first suggestion for massacring the L.M.S. party came from Garopo, off whose village, Dopima, the *Niue* was anchored. Word was at once sent round that night to villages in the vicinity to come to help. It is the usual custom for people of surrounding villages, when a large boat is sighted, to congregate in one place. The following villages were implicated: Dopima, Turotere, Bai-ia, Aidio, Eheubi, Goari-ubi, Aimaha, Gewari-Bari, Ubu-Oho, Dubumuba. The next morning all the canoes went off and persuaded Messrs. Chalmers and Tomkins and party to come on shore in the whale-

boat. Some of the natives remained to loot the *Niue* When they got on shore Messrs. Chalmers and Tomkins and a few boys entered the long house, the rest of the boys remaining to guard the boat. These last, however, were also enticed inside the house on pretence of giving them something to eat. The signal for a general massacre was given by knocking simultaneously from behind both Messrs. Chalmers and Tomkins on the head with stone clubs. This was performed in the case of the former by Iake of Turotere, in that of the latter by Arau-u of Turotere. Kaiture, of Dopima, then stabbed Mr. Chalmers in the right side with a cassowary dagger, and then Muroroa cut off his head. Ema cut off Mr. Tomkins' head. They both fell senseless at the first blow of the clubs. Some names of men concerned in the murder of the rest of the party are: Baibi, Adade, Emai, Utuamu, and Amuke, all of Dopima; also Wahaga and Ema, both of Turotere.

"All the heads were immediately cut off. We, however, lost one man, Gahibai, of Dopima. He was running to knock a big man [Note: this must be Naragi, chief of Ipisia] on the head, when the latter snatched a stone club from a man standing near and killed Gahibai. He (Naragi) was, however, immediately overpowered. The other boys were too small to make any resistance. In the meantime the people in canoes left at the *Niue* had come back after looting her of all the tomahawks, etc. This party was led by Kautiri, of Dopima. Finding the party on shore dead, it was determined to go back to the *Niue* and kill those on

board. However, the *Niue* got under way, and left, so they could not accomplish their purpose. I think the crew of the *Niue* were frightened at the noise on shore. Then Pakara, of Aimaha, called out to all the people to come and break up the boat, which had been taken right inside the creek, it being high water. This was done, and the pieces were divided amongst people from the various villages. Pakara is the man who followed and talked to you in the Aimaha Creek for a long time. Directly the heads had been cut off the bodies, some men cut the latter up and handed the pieces over to the women to cook, which they did, mixing the flesh with sago. They were eaten the same day.

"Gebai has got Mr. Chalmers' head at Dopima, and Mahikaha has got Mr. Tomkins' head at Turotere. The rest of the heads are divided amongst various individuals. Anybody having a new head would naturally, on seeing strange people coming to the village, hide them away in the bush, and leave only the old skulls in the houses. The same applies to the loot from the *Niue*.

"As regards the skulls in the houses, those having artificial noses attached to them are of people who have died natural deaths; those that have no noses attached have been killed."

"Taken by me C. G. Murray, R.M., W.D."

Time went on: Murray, who had only taken the billet while he waited for a more congenial appointment, heard of a private secretaryship in South Africa and promptly left for there; Jiear, whose sole experience

in handling natives had been gained under Murray, succeeded him as R.M.; Sir George Le Hunte was appointed Governor of South Australia and departed; and a young lawyer, Christopher Stansfield Robinson, who had but recently been appointed Chief Justice in lieu of Sir Francis Winter, recently resigned, acted as Administrator; it had always been the custom in New Guinea for the Chief Justice to perform that duty in the absence of the Lieutenant-Governor, in place—as in most Crown Colonies—of the Colonial Secretary. Robinson was a young man, for whom one might reasonably predict a brilliant career. He was the son of the Venerable Archdeacon Robinson of Brisbane, and therefore his early training had been hardly that of the swashbuckler he was later made out to be; but Robinson had not previously been in command of other men, nor had he any administrative experience. That he was a humane man was proved by the fact that almost his first work was to endeavour to improve the conditions under which the European miners on the goldfields lived; his second, to prepare Amendments to the Native Labour Ordinance, with a view to better care being taken of native indentured labourers; and his third, to endeavour to better the conditions under which the officers in the Service worked.

At the time Sir George Le Hunte left, the heads of Chalmers and Tomkins were still in the hands of the Goaribari natives, and some of the actual murderers were still uncaptured, although the men and their names were known. It was essential, in Robinson's

opinion, that the heads should be recovered, and the murderers apprehended and brought to trial; for, even in the eyes of the natives of the Western Division, the killing of the Mission party had not been an act of war or revenge, but patently a cold-blooded treacherous murder of men who were, at the time, in the position of guests and entitled to the protection of the very men by whom they were done to death. Robinson decided to go to Goaribari and get the murderers and heads.

The point of interest now is the composition of his party: firstly, Robinson himself, Governor of the Possession and in Supreme Command, but quite inexperienced in the work he was undertaking; next, Jiear, R.M. of the Division, to whom the Governor would naturally look for advice and guidance in the matter; but Jiear, as I have already shown, was also inexperienced, being only a Customs clerk, who had suddenly found himself in the position of officer in charge of a Division, after a short training under a man as ignorant as himself. Next we have Bruce, Commandant of Constabulary, also a recent arrival in the country, inexperienced in dealing with natives, a soldier pure and simple, and incompetent to advise as to any action other than a purely military movement; lastly, Jewell, secretary to Robinson, a young Englishman recently imported by Sir George Le Hunte, and until now engaged in copying letters in the Government Secretary's Office. Robinson, Bruce, and Jewell had all arrived in New Guinea at the same time. There was, therefore, on board the *Merrie*

England, from the Administrator downwards, not one man who had previously been engaged in similar work to that which they were about to attempt; the ship's officers do not count, as they have nothing to do with either the planning or carrying out of district work.

Robinson told me, when he was with me in the Northern Division, what he purposed in the way of recovering the heads and arresting the men in the Western Division; and I expressed a hope that he would take one of the more experienced officers with him, and volunteered to accompany him as A.D.C., for I had some leave due to me and was prepared to spend it in that way. I was, however, at the time very weak from protracted malaria, work and worry; so his Excellency said, "You are worn out and need change and rest; take your leave and go south."

Judge Robinson went to Goaribari in 1903, within a year of his appointment. Soon after their arrival a number of natives were induced, by the display and gift of trade goods, to go on board the *Merrie England*; among them were several of the men who had actually participated in the murders, and were identified by a Goaribari man, whom they had brought back with them in the ship. It was decided that, upon a given signal, these men were to be seized by the constabulary. This was done: a violent struggle then began on different parts of the ship's deck between the suddenly grabbed men and the police; the other natives fled over the side into their canoes, and then, in conjunction with their friends in other canoes, opened arrow fire on the

ship, upon whose deck the struggle was still going on. The constabulary promptly answered with rifle fire: by whom the first order to fire was given has never been quite clear. Several natives were hit, others jumped overboard from their canoes and swam for the shore. Every man on that ship, with one exception, then lost his head: Robinson grabbed his rifle and began wildly blazing at every canoe in sight; Jewell saw a man hit with a bullet, and promptly went into screeching hysteria; what the R.M. did, Heaven and he alone know; some of the European crew of the ship took shelter in the chart-house and other refuges, and one of the officers, at least, got his fowling-piece and blazed away. Bruce alone kept his head, ordered the "cease fire," and thumped every man he found firing; but most of the men were out of sight of one another behind deck-houses, etc., and each man imagined that, as long as the firing continued, a fight was going on and blazed away. As a matter of fact, I am convinced that the damage done to the Goaribari was very slight; canoes were emptied, but principally by the men in them diving over the side and making for the shore. The Governor, at the best, was a vile shot; the detachment of constabulary on board came from the Central Division, where, under Captain Barton's régime, their musketry practice had become a farce, and Bruce had not had time as yet to get it up again.

The *Merrie England* returned to Port Moresby: the European crew, most of whom had been planted in safe security, described the dreadful battle in which

they had taken part; the constabulary bragged of their prowess, and the number of Goaribari each individual had shot; many of the police were related to the tribe from which the Kiwai boys came who had been murdered with Chalmers, and therefore were only too prone to magnify their deeds for the benefit of their relations; while Jewell's hysteria had evolved at least ten men shot by the Governor, from the one he had seen struck by a bullet, fired by some hand unknown.

Now appears upon the scene the Rev. Charles Abel of the London Missionary Society, on his way south to incur the greatest danger he was ever likely to shove his head into, namely, that of being choked to death at some suburban muffin worry, or dying from mental strain induced by the necessity of telling tales of dire peril incurred in his work, or clergyman's sore throat from relating stories of cannibalism and crime. He had not been within hundreds of miles of Goaribari, but on his way down the Queensland coast he found an enterprising reporter, and unburdened his soul of a circumstantial tale of treachery, bloody murder and slaughter, on the part of the Governor of New Guinea. "Nothing less than a Royal Commission will satisfy the European population of Port Moresby; their indignation is profound," he announced, and quite forgot to say that the European population of Port Moresby consisted of a handful of public officials, half of whom were jealous of so young a man as Robinson being put over their heads, and that the rest of the men were profoundly uninterested in the whole affair.

It was a dull season at the time for the Australian papers; they had not had a fight in their Parliaments, or a sensational murder, for some time. Here was a chance of selling their rags! Never mind sacrificing a good man, on the unsubstantial hearsay statement of an individual whose living greatly depended upon his power of romancing. The Press fairly howled for the head of Robinson, as did also certain Australian members of Parliament; according to them, he was a man to whom the Emperor Nero or Captain Kidd were as angels in comparison; while happy comparisons were drawn between the *Merrie England* and the "blood-drenched *Carl*, brig," a notorious and particularly infamous early Australian "black birder." The Administration in Australia bowed to the storm—votes might be at stake—and the announcement was made that a Royal Commission would be appointed to inquire into the matter, and that though Robinson would not in the meantime be suspended, he would be summoned to Sydney, while an Administrator would at once be sent to succeed him. Practically the attitude of the authorities amounted to this: "We intend to offer up Robinson as a sacrifice, but we must give him some form of trial before we judge and immolate him; in the meantime we will fill his job, in case there should be any doubt as to our intentions."

Sir George Le Hunte was then asked to suggest the name of an officer, then in the Service, suitable as an Administrator; and his Excellency replied, "Captain Barton." This was rubbing it into Judge Robinson

with a vengeance; Captain Barton was a junior magistrate, under Robinson in both his judicial and administrative capacities, and he was now to regard Barton as his chief. Jewell was transferred to Captain Barton as private secretary. Robinson had fallen, unheard and untried, from the highest position in the country to that of a man looked at with eyes askance by those by whom he had formerly been regarded with awe, and who now were afraid that they might possibly become involved in his downfall.

Now, to Robinson there only appeared to be one course left, and he took it. Every vessel brought fresh gusts of execration against him from Australia; Bruce alone in Port Moresby sympathized with him; Moreton and myself, the only two men he could call friends in the Service, were hundreds of miles away, ignorant of his plight, and in any case powerless to help; the very native servants at Government House knew that he was a disgraced man, and that on the morrow the Jack on the flagstaff would fly in honour of another, while he went in humiliation to trial and possible dishonour. Whilst all the house was plunged in sleep, Robinson sat late at night writing an account of his views and actions, and the troubles of his Administratorship, and concluded by fully accepting all responsibility for the action taken at Goaribari, and exonerating all others concerned. He then took his revolver, and walking out under the flagstaff, there blew out his brains. So died Christopher Stansfield Robinson, first Australian Administrator of New Guinea, murdered, as

clearly as ever a man was murdered, by the lying sensation-mongers who had hounded him to a suicide's grave.

The Royal Commission was held, and the officer concerned exonerated from blame; Robinson had gone to answer for his act and alleged misdeed at the Highest Court of all, the Court before which his traducers will some day stand and be judged. The surprised man was the Rev. Charles Abel; he was proceeding south to give evidence, when he suddenly heard that the Judge by whom the Royal Commission was conducted held the—to him—extraordinary view, that the evidence of a man who had been at the time six hundred miles distant from the scene, and only heard various garbled versions at second, third, fourth and fifth hand, was not admissible. This was hard luck for Abel! He had made himself prominent in the limelight as a principal performer on the stage, and suddenly the stage-manager said, "What is that super doing there? Send him back to his own job of selling programmes!" Robinson, however, had gone; nothing now could bring him back.

Apart from the loss to the Service caused by Robinson's death, a very bad example had been set, and the Service and public had been taught that clamour, abuse and misrepresentation, if sufficiently persisted in, could pull down any officer, however highly placed, even to the King's Representative; and soon indeed, later, Barton, the Governor; Ballantine, the Treasurer; and Bruce, the Commandant, all went down before the same methods

CHAPTER VII

I FIND that I have wandered too far in advance of my time, and also away from the North-Eastern Division. Some six months after I had opened the new Station at Cape Nelson, the Government Secretary, the Judge and Treasurer, and in addition, my old enemies of the Government Store, all came down upon me for irregularities in making and sending in Court and Gaol returns, copies of the Station Journal, and receipts for stores received: the Treasurer and Government Store-keeper complained bitterly that I was seriously delaying the clerical work of their Department in consequence. I reported that nothing else was to be expected; that I had an enormous new district to bring into order, the work in which necessitated frequent and long absences from my Station, and that when I was away, my Station was solely in charge of a Corporal of Native Constabulary, who could neither read nor write, and I begged that a Malay or Manilla man, like Lario or Basilio, might be sent to me to act as native clerk and overseer. The Governor was away in Australia, and the Judge in the Western Division; accordingly Mr. Musgrave dealt with my request. In due course, a vessel came in bringing a sallow, lank, unwholesome-

looking youth of about twenty years of age, a cockney, bearing a letter from Muzzy saying that he was to act for me as clerk and overseer.

"Do you know anything about book-keeping?" I asked him. "No, your worship," he replied. "Don't call me that, except in Court, you fat-head; Sir is quite enough," I said. "Do you understand building? There is much of that going on at present." "No!" was the reply. "Agriculture, then? We grow most of our food here." "No!" "Drill?" "No!" "Can you shoot?" "No!" "What in Heaven's name can you do?" I asked; "surely something?" "I was a fishmonger's boy in London; then I got a job as steward on a tramp steamer; I left her at Thursday Island, and learnt billiard-marking in a pub there, while I was employed as a waiter; then, hearing that there were some billiard tables in Port Moresby, I went there to try for a job. I could not get employment, and went to the Government Secretary to apply for a free passage out of the country, and he sent me here." "Holy Moses!" I said to myself, "this is exactly what I expected Muzzy to do; I suppose I am lucky that he did not send me a midwife!" "You don't seem very promising material for me to work upon," I remarked aloud, "but I will see what we can make of you. First, I will render you able to defend yourself. Sergeant, take away this man and teach him to shoot; then tell off a couple of men to teach him to swim." "What will the police call me?" he asked; "Sir or Mister?" "Hoity toity!" I said, "this is

beginning early! What were you called when you were a waiter?" "Bert." "Very good. Bert you will be to the constabulary, until we have made something of you; and I shall call you by your surname without any prefix at all." "Shall I live with you or the constabulary?" he next queried. "I don't like niggers." I saw my orderly, who was standing stiffly at attention, watching for an opportunity to tell me something, give a quick glance at the sergeant, who still waited with a motionless face. "With neither," I replied; "I will send the gaoler into barracks and give you his house, until we have one of your own built. But remember this: the term nigger, as applied to a native of this country, is strictly forbidden; it is an objectionable term of contempt, and especially so when applied to men wearing the King's uniform. You have already done yourself harm by using it in the presence of men who are at present in the position of your teachers."

I was at my Station for about a month after that, endeavouring to make the man useful, but he was exceedingly useless for anything except copying letters and keeping check of the stores that had been used. I then went away for a couple of weeks, and on my return found that a blackguard, beach-combing trader, whom I had once gaoled for four months and whom Sir Francis Winter had also incarcerated for another period, had called at the Station and fraternized with the agreeable "Bert"; the pair of them had then scandalized the whole Station by going on a wild

drunk for three days and nights, during which period, the constabulary told me, a large whaler had passed the Cape, filled, they believed, with runaway carriers from the gold-fields. The police had not cared to leave the Station while the drunken riot was going on, for fear that the drunks should do some damage either to themselves or the Station, therefore the whaler passed unchallenged. I was exceedingly annoyed; the more so, that recently I had been keeping a strict watch on large and strange canoes or boats passing, on account of a habit miners' carriers had developed of stealing their employers' fire-arms and goods, and making a bolt for their homes in either stolen boats or canoes. They then, in some instances, added to their crimes by shooting stray natives or plundering the gardens of small, weak, outlying villages: on one occasion the offenders had had impudence enough to refuse to produce or surrender their stolen fire-arms, when they were overhauled by my whaleboat, under command of my corporal; and it was not until the corporal had ordered the police to load their rifles, and had clearly shown that he meant fight, that they yielded to the superior force. "Bert" begged hard to be let off this time, and swore that he would be good in future; he wailed that he had been lonely and miserable when the trader arrived, and, in his joy at having a white man to talk to, had lost his head.

I overlooked his offence upon that occasion, at the same time administering a severe reprimand; but his culminating act came when, on my next absence, a

large canoe was sighted, and he went in the whale-boat with the police in pursuit. When they got within a short distance of the canoe, the police hailed her and found she was a Kaili Kaili canoe loaded with fish, which her crew were in a great hurry to land and smoke. The constabulary told "Bert" this, whereupon he demanded that the canoe should stop and give him some fish. The Kaili Kaili did not like him in the first instance, and, in the second, they knew that he had no right to demand their fish, so they continued on their way; whereupon the jackass fired several shots at them with a rifle, fortunately killing no one. Upon my return, an indignant deputation of Kaili Kaili waited upon me to know why "the man without either strength or sense" had fired at them. I sent for "Bert" and demanded an explanation, which he gave thus: "These natives don't treat me with enough respect; I must do something to show my authority." Accordingly, I showed my own authority by telling him to pack his goods and get away next day to Samarai, by the s.s. *President*.

To that point I also went in the same vessel, with the intention of trying to find a more suitable man. I did get one, a splendid chap named William Mayne, a Scotch ex-ship's carpenter, who had gone broke at the gold-fields, got loaded up with fever, and wanted to recuperate. He was, like most Scotsmen, a man of good education. I made him acting gaoler and over-seer, pending the Governor's approval. When the *Merrie England* with Sir George arrived, some months

afterwards, I sang Mayne's praises. "A really good man, sir; he can repair a boat and build a house; he has taught some of my men blacksmithing and armourers' work; he keeps his books well and cleanly, and only gets drunk on New Year's Eve. He has an old certificate of character from a Scotch minister, and all his ship's discharges are marked V.G." "He seems to be the very man I require as Head Gaoler and Overseer of Works at Samarai," said his Excellency; "I have had great difficulty in finding a suitable man for the post." "But, sir," I wailed, "I found him, and really I cannot get on with ex-billiard-markers, waiters or tailors; they are no use to me, and they get on my nerves the whole time." The Governor laughed. "I shall not ask you to," he said; "I will give you a full Assistant R.M., young, strong, competent, and a gentleman. Barton, send Mr. Yaldwyn here." Yaldwyn came, was introduced to me, and then left the cabin. "He will do, sir," I said; "I like his cut." Poor Yaldwyn! I did not foresee, within a few months, firstly, his disgrace, and then his death.

Yaldwyn proved to be an uncommonly cheerful and bright person; nothing ever made him downhearted, and the more I worked him the better he liked it. He became very popular on the Station, both with the constabulary, prisoners, and natives at large; he was perpetually doing them small kindnesses. A child of the wife of one of my constabulary would be sick; Yaldwyn would mix up condensed milk or meat lozenges for her, and show her how to give them.

Once, an elderly prisoner moped and pined, and Yaldwyn came to me. "Old so-and-so is bad, I think he should be let go." "Do you, Mr. Yaldwyn? But only the Governor has power to remit a sentence once passed," I remarked. "Yes, I know; but he won't be here for months, and the poor old blighter, who has only got six months, will die unless he sees his home; he's fretting awfully; do let him go for a week or two." "Can't be done, my dear man, by the visiting justice for gaols. I am here to administer and uphold the law, not to break it," I said. The first time he turned dolefully away; then I called him back. "Mr. Yaldwyn, I am going to Cape Vogel to-morrow, and shall be away for a fortnight; if so-and-so should happen to spend that time in his village, and be safe in gaol and in good health upon my return, of course I cannot be expected to know of it, and it is no one else's business." "Yes, but you would know; you always find out everything," he said. "Perhaps if you dropped a hint to my orderly that I did not wish to know on this occasion, I might remain in ignorance; in fact, I might be even as dense as you appear to be!" Yaldwyn thought for a moment, then permitted himself the liberty of winking at his superior officer before departing. Yaldwyn loved to sing, and thought he had a singer's voice. He had: it was as bad as mine—only useful for scaring crows! As a general rule, I forbade him to sing; but when I felt unusually cheerful and strong, I would permit him a stave or two in the evening. He would begin "Maid of

Athens," in a bass that shook the window, and then wander into a rusty baritone, streaked with falsetto screeches. On one occasion, after suffering in silence for quite ten minutes, I broke in upon the melody. "Yaldwyn, did your voice ever break when you were a boy?" I asked. "Yes, of course it did. Why?" "Because I wondered why your parents did not have it mended with giant cement or seccotine or something," I remarked, as I went off to the barracks, leaving him thinking. When I returned, half an hour later, I found him chuckling, having at last grasped my very feeble joke. "I've seen it," he said, "it is very clever; I've written it down to use on some one else!"

Some time afterwards, Macdonnell, district surveyor, was attached to the North-Eastern Division staff; he had a very nice trained voice, and was in the habit of singing as he worked at his plans. He came to me one day and said, "I say, R.M., is Yaldwyn all there?" "Yes," I answered, "a little slow in the uptake, but he has plenty of brains. Why do you ask?" "Oh," replied the surveyor, "I was singing at my work just now, when he came in and looked at a piece of paper; then he said to me, 'Why did your parents not have your voice mended with cement or gum?' and sat down and roared with laughter. When I said that I could see no joke, and only thought the remark rude and pointless, he said it was something very clever you had said to him." "I did say something of the sort, I remember now; but you tell him a story

and then hear him repeat it later, and you will understand," I replied.

Shortly after Yaldwyn's arrival, I went to Samarai in search of Mr. Macdonnell and his assistant, both of whom had been appointed to the North-Eastern Division some time before, and had failed to put in an appearance. I found them there, engaged with a boat's crew of six survey boys, superintending the reclamation of land; they had a whaleboat and full camp equipment. They had received instructions from the Chief Government Surveyor to proceed by steamer to Samarai, do any little thing that required doing there, and then come on to the North-Eastern Division, where I had plenty of work for them. "What the dickens are you doing here?" I asked Macdonnell. "You are a charge upon my Division, the poorest in the Possession, and here you are doing gratuitous work for the richest!" "The fact is," he answered, "there has not been an opportunity of getting up to you. "You had your whaler and crew," I replied, "and it's a fair wind all the way at this time of year; trot out another excuse." "I can't get Turner, my assistant, away; he has fallen in love with the publican's daughter, and spends all his time spooning with her. He has got a couple of hundred a year of his own, as well as his pay, and is deuced independent." "Oh, he is, is he!" I said; "well, we sail at midnight, with or without him."

Moreton, R.M., was away on leave, and Symons acting in his place; accordingly, I went to him. "Mr.

Symons, I want the *Siai* to take the Survey party and myself to Cape Nelson." "I am very sorry, but I can't let you have her without orders from Headquarters," he said. "I will give you a written requisition for the vessel's services," I replied. Symons would not let me have her, however; afterwards I heard that he had arranged a picnic party on board her for the white women of Samarai, for two days ahead; it was a case of while the cat, in the shape of the R.M., was away, he—the mouse—was to play. I then chartered a cutter for Cape Nelson, and sent Macdonnell a formal notice that we left, as previously arranged, at midnight. He replied that Turner had said that he could not be ready, and would not come. "Very good, Mr. Macdonnell," I said, "he is your subordinate, not mine; but you, your whaler and boat's crew, come with me. I shall report to Headquarters that, Mr. Turner having refused duty, I shall act as your assistant myself until a substitute is sent to you, or lend you Yaldwyn. I shall also report that I have taken upon myself to suspend Mr. Turner until the decision of the Chief Government Surveyor be known." Turner then resigned himself to his fate and the missing of Symons' picnic, and sailed with us.

I had taken a strong liking to Macdonnell, who was a most pleasant companion, and on one occasion, I flatter myself, I saved his life. As we were very crowded and he was a much older man than the others, I asked him to share my bedroom, for I had a spare field bed and there was plenty of room for two. One

night, a beastly hot close night with a thunder-storm on the point of bursting, we both woke up sweating from the heat, and Macdonnell said he would go into the next room and get a whisky. I declined, and he left to help himself; then, changing my mind, I got up and followed him into the ante-room. He always drank his whisky—Scotch custom—neat, and took the water afterwards; he poured out a tot and waited a minute while I did the same, then, just as I poured water into mine and started with surprise at seeing it turn a milky white and hastily sniffed at it, he tossed his off. I did not wait to look at him—he had got hold of a whisky bottle full of pure carbolic acid, which I had filled that day, and had never noticed the large red "Poison" I had written across it—but I made one jump for the medicine shelf, snatched down a pint bottle of olive-oil, shoved him on to his back, and poured the oil down his throat; then, yelling loudly for Yaldwyn and Turner, I found and poured about half a pint of Ipecacuanha wine after it. "Is it burning?" I asked. "No," gasped Macdonnell, "only my lips." Yaldwyn and Turner appeared. "Macdonnell's poisoned by carbolic acid," I said, "bring me a pound of butter, and tell my cook to make a quart of luke-warm salt and water, and tell him to jump like hell about it, or I'll murder him."

The butter came, of course in a semi-melted state, as tinned butter always was, there; then, with my fingers I began to cram it into his mouth and throat. "I shall be sick," groaned Macdonnell, as he tried to

shove me away. "You infernal idiot," I replied, "that is just what I want you to be." Then came the hastily prepared luke-warm salt and water. "Down with this," I told him. He took a gulp or two. "I can't," he gasped, "it's too beastly." "If you don't take it," I said, "Yaldwyn and I will belt the very life out of you." He got it down, though at the finish he was swelling like a bull-frog. "Can you be sick now?" I asked. "No," he said. "Hell!" said Yaldwyn, "either his guts are clean burnt out, or he has got an inside like an ostrich!" "Get some cotton-wool and some string," I ordered. "What are you going to do now?" asked the unfortunate victim. "Shove the cotton-wool down your gullet, and haul it up and down until that copper-lined still you call your stomach rejects something," I said. "Help me to the edge of the verandah," said Macdonnell. "Verandah be damned; be sick here on the floor at once if you can," I ordered. He shoved two fingers down his throat, and then vomited like Jonah's whale. I retired hastily, and did a minor performance on my own account, from sympathy. Macdonnell went on at intervals, once he had begun, for quite two hours; then he got better and complained of hunger. "As much milk as you like until midday to-morrow, but nothing else," I said. The sole ill-effects Macdonnell suffered from half a gill of pure carbolic acid were badly burnt lips, where the oil had not at first touched, as it had been poured direct into his mouth from the bottle.

I have mentioned an approaching thunder-storm as the reason of Macdonnell and myself wandering from our room in search of the drink that had such dire effects upon him. Well, Cape Nelson, and in especial the point upon which our Station was built, was very subject to thunder-storms; and, until I at length induced the Government to give me a lightning-conductor for my house, it was our invariable custom, when a really bad one came on, to bolt for the gaol or lower ground, where the lightning apparently never struck. When Captain Barton was staying with me after the first Doriri expedition, I had, stored in my house, several cases of gelignite and dynamite, which I used for blasting a road up a rocky precipice. When it first arrived I noticed that the nitro-glycerine was oozing through the paper covers of the cartridges, and that it was really unsafe; but, as it had been very expensive, I did not like destroying it as my Station could not afford a further supply, and I knew that the Government Store people would swear it was quite good, and that I should get no refund; accordingly, I found a place for it in my house, where I could keep an eye on it, and watch whether it got worse.

One night there came on a most awful thunder-storm, and I thought of the stuff and showed it to Barton. "You understand high explosives," I said; "there is enough gelignite here to blow this house and ourselves into atoms so small that one would have to search the universe at large with a fine-tooth comb to find any remains. I am doubtful as to the effect

of an electrical disturbance upon it; have a look at it." Barton looked. "The stuff is fairly oozing nitro-glycerine; get rid of it, or put it in a safe place at once, is my advice." I called my orderly, Private Oia, and told him to get a couple of men and remove the stuff with great care to a safe place. "Where shall I put it, sir?" he asked. "Oh, chuck it into the sea," I replied. "Very good, sir," and he called a couple of men and removed the boxes. Twenty minutes later there came a terrific flash of lightning; deafening thunder and an awful sound on the iron roof of the house followed instantaneously. My flagstaff, seventy feet high and three feet thick at the base, situated only twenty feet away from the house, had been struck and splintered into shivers, some as small as wooden matches, which had fairly rained on the roof. "Thank the Lord," I remarked, as we gazed at the spot where once had stood that lordly pole, "that we had first got rid of that gelignite."

The next morning, I walked into the storeroom under the house, and the first thing my eyes lighted upon was the gelignite! My very blood froze! "Oia," I yelled, "come here and be killed!" "What is the matter, sir?" asked he. "I told you to remove that stuff to a safe place, and you have put it here. Do you call this a safe place?" I asked. "You told me, sir, to put it in a safe place; there was nowhere else I could put it last night without it getting wet; and when I asked you where I was to put it, you told me, with the double meaning you often use [*i.e.* irony],

'to put it in the sea.'" Oia, poor man, had thought I was being sarcastic at his expense, by way of impressing on his mind the necessity of keeping the stuff extra dry.

The time came for me to go again to Samarai, a quinsy in my throat forcing me to visit the nearest doctor—Vaughan, medical officer at Samarai. Vaughan was not really a fully qualified doctor, but was a man who had been for a length of time in the Indian Medical Service, in which he had gained a considerable amount of experience. He had come to the country as the manager of a company, which he had formed himself in Australia, to exploit the rubber lands of the Musa River, but his company had gone bang, and Sir George Le Hunte had appointed him to act as medical officer at Samarai; this appointment was afterwards much questioned, but really at the time there was no duly qualified man available. Moreton, R.M., was back, and accordingly—as of old—I took up my quarters with him. In gossiping with Vaughan, who, by the way, was a great friend of the Rev. Charles Abel, he told me that the Mission had got hold of some serious outrages perpetrated by miners in Milne Bay, and in which they alleged Symons was concerned. "But Moreton is in entire ignorance of all this," I said. "Yes, Abel is going to spring it on the Governor, upon his return from Australia," said Vaughan. "That is a nice Christian performance," I thought, and then said to Vaughan: "It is probably only some cock-and-bull Mission yarn." He answered, "It is

nothing of the sort, I know the evidence they have got." "Pooh! Medical officers are like missionaries, hardly competent to know what is evidence and what is assertion or mere rumour." Vaughan had a warm temper, and I saw that I was working him the right way. "If I had not promised Abel not to say anything definite about the charges, I would soon shatter your self-conceited sufficiency," he snapped. "All right, don't get warm, I am going to look at my men," I replied. "I'll leave you sitting on your mare's-nest," and off I went, leaving Vaughan snorting.

I then strolled over to the house Moreton had allotted to my men; they were sitting, chatting and smoking, on the verandah. "I hear," I said, after a little casual conversation, "that these Samarai boys say, that we, of the North-Eastern Division, are ignorant bushmen 'with no knowledge,' that we only come here at rare intervals because the Samarai people are ashamed of our being seen by strangers." "They shall pay for that," said my men. "Yes, but how?" I asked; "I can't let you fight them." "Can't you put them in gaol, sir?" asked they. "No, not without first finding out something they have done for which to punish them." "Perhaps we can find out something about them," said my men. "You are wise men," I said, "not fools, as these Samarai people say; that is the thing to do. Now, you keep your mouths shut, put on your smartest uniforms and swagger down the street and buy cigarettes, then go to the ginger-beer shop, buy ginger beer and drink it there. Some of them are

bound to notice you, and follow to watch; offer any that do so, cigarettes and ginger beer; then go to the stores and buy sardines, salmon, and sweet biscuits, that will attract more attention; they won't miss a feed like that, if you give them the slightest encouragement. Get them back here and, as you feed, brag of all your fights and the arrests you have made; they will almost certainly answer by telling you what they have done lately, then keep your ears open and your mouths shut." "Oh, master, it is good. We go dig a pit for a pig, a deep pit. But what about money?" questioned they. "You put in one shilling each, and here is a sovereign. To-night my orderly will bring me what news he can, to-morrow you will parade near Mr. Moreton's house, and each man will tell me what he has learnt," I answered. Then off I went to Moreton's, where, later, I heard sounds of laughter and revelry coming from my own men's house, and concluded the pig was in the pit.

Shortly afterwards, my orderly appeared. "Master, we have a fence round the pig and it does not know it." "Where is the fence?" I asked. "In Milne Bay; some white men and the Samarai boat boys caught some men there and killed many pigs, and the white men killed some people." "In fight?" I asked. "No, murder. One man was led away into the bush by the white men, with a rope round his hands, and was never seen alive again." "Was Mr. Symons there?" I inquired. "At the killing, we do not know; at the capture, yes," he returned, in answer. "Phew!" I

whistled, "the Mission have got a bomb for Moreton! This sort of thing twenty miles from his Headquarters, and he in ignorance of it!" Then, to my orderly, "Go back to your house, and tell our men not to let the pig discover the fence." It was high time now that I sought Moreton. "Did Symons tell you anything about trouble in Milne Bay?" I asked him. "Yes, he said that there had been some gold-stealing, but that he had arrested the offenders and all was quiet again," he replied. "Well, Moreton, there have apparently been some serious outrages there, in which Symons is alleged to be concerned; the Mission have got hold of it and are waiting until his Excellency returns to report direct to him, in order to get you into grave trouble for being in ignorance of the matter," I told him. "How do you know this?" he asked. "A hint dropped by Vaughan of knowledge possessed by Abel, in the first instance; next, I have had my boys pumping Symons' boat's crew, and they confirm it," I replied.

"It is a bad business," said Moreton, "but I don't see how I can be held responsible. Symons has had charge of Milne Bay for a considerable time. These things have also occurred during my leave of absence, and while Symons was acting as R.M." "I see plainly how you will be held responsible," I said; "Symons was your subordinate, and if you choose to give him entire charge of a district in your Division, you should have occasionally looked in there, to see how things were going; you know perfectly well that the R.M.

is the person responsible for anything wrong in the Division, whether his fault or not, and to plead ignorance is the worst excuse you can make. It is clear to me, that you must have lost entire touch with the village constables in Milne Bay, for they are trotting in and out of Samarai every second day, and yet you have heard nothing." "I have allowed Symons control of the Milne Bay village constables; they report to him and are paid by him," said Moreton. "What!" I exclaimed, "have you been egregious ass enough deliberately to allow the control of a district of village constables to pass out of your hands, the one service that allows you to keep your hand on the pulse of the district, and informed of what is going on? Moreton, if the crimes have taken place in Milne Bay, that I believe have been committed, then a fairly big scapegoat will be wanted by the Governor, and you will about fill the bill." "Symons had charge of Milne Bay with the Governor's consent and approval, and Symons did not like to be interfered with there," said Moreton. "The fact remains that Symons was an officer subordinate to you, he had not joint control with you, he had control subject to your approval of his management of the district; anything he has done there, unless expressly disapproved of by you, can only be held as done with your approval," I replied. "Symons reports direct to Port Moresby," said Moreton. "Don't you ever read his reports, or the copies?" I asked. "No," said Moreton. "Then you are in the soup up to your neck," I remarked; "for, on your own

showing, you have entirely neglected and ignored one portion of your Division, and that portion a district right under your nose" "What am I to do now?" said Moreton. "A little advice would be better than a scolding." "Do!" I said; "investigate at once, and if there is anything in the charges, take immediate action against all concerned; you will then have shown that you are alive to what is going on in your Division, and that you are doing your duty." "Will you see Vaughan and the Mission, and first find out for me what they know?" he asked. "Yes, I will do it at once, though it is not my affair," I replied.

Off to Vaughan I then went. "Doctor, I have been talking over what you told me yesterday about Milne Bay with Moreton; he has decided to make immediate and full inquiry, and has asked me to ascertain what direct charges the Mission is prepared to bring against any person or persons. Can you arrange that I see the Rev. Charles Abel in the matter?" Vaughan arranged it, and I saw Abel, who, after some demur, gave me a list of alleged murders and outrages in Milne Bay, committed by three miners attached to a Government party commanded by Symons. I took the list to Moreton; and then, at his request, went to Milne Bay, where I obtained sufficient evidence to show that one miner had deliberately shot an unarmed native, and that another had shot a woman: there was also evidence to the effect that a man arrested by Symons' boat's crew had been handed over to the miners and led away into the bush, after which he had never

been seen alive again, though there was no evidence of his death, other than that the natives had found a body too far gone to identify. There were a lot of other charges, in which the evidence was not clear. "What is to be done now?" asked Moreton. "Arrest the miners, charge them with murder, suspend Symons from magisterial duties, and leave at once for Port Moresby to consult with Sir Francis Winter," was my advice.

On the top of everything else, there was a village constable missing, named Lailai; he had been appointed by Symons some nine months previously. Symons, by the way, had no authority to appoint village constables; this could only be done by the Governor, or by the Resident Magistrate by delegated authority. Lailai belonged to a village named Daiogi, one of a group burned by the miners accompanying Symons' party. The following, an extract taken from my notes at the time, is the sort of evidence I elicited :—

"Lulubeiai, of the village of Daiogi, says, 'I am the only child and daughter of Lailai. Lailai is dead. I know he is dead though I have not seen the body. He was a village constable. He went one day to the camp of the white men; he never came back. Gamadaudau, of my village, told me that he had seen my father tied up and beaten by the white man, Steve Wolff. My village is burnt and my people scattered. I know no more.' Gamadaudau says, 'I am a native labourer in the employ of Robert Lindsay, a miner, and I knew Constable Lailai. He came to the white men's camp,

and was tied up and beaten by Wolff and Morley, and his uniform was taken away by Wolff. Lailai was thrice flogged during the day by Wolff, and was left tied up to a tree for two or three nights; he was then led away by Wolff, Lindsay, and two other white men whom I do not know. He was tied up with ropes, but in such a fashion that he could walk. What happened after that I do not know.' Two months later a native of Buhutu found the skull and some portion of a human skeleton in the bush, and from the fact that Lailai was the only man dead and not accounted for, and from the fact that near the remains were a pair of arm-rings such as Lailai was in the habit of wearing, he came to the conclusion that he had found Lailai's body, and so informed his fellow villagers. Then this. Charles Ward, miner, sworn. 'I remember going with Mr. Symons to Wolff's house. Wolff gave Mr. Symons Lailai's uniform. Mr. Symons asked where he had got them. Wolff said he had found them in a deserted house.' "

This case afterwards broke down in the Central Court, for though Moreton and I conclusively proved that Lailai was missing, the evidence of his death was not strong enough; and even if we could establish that, then the only thing that we could prove was, that he had been maltreated by the miners, but not that they had murdered him. I had listened to the dead Lailai's daughter, and seen her grief at losing her only relation; and I swore that, even if Wolff escaped on technical grounds on the first charge, he should not on

a second, if effort on my part could prevent it. There was a second charge. Wolff had shot a man, who was running away, and a native with Wolff had seen the shot fired, and knew the running man well, while others with him had seen the killing, but could not swear to the identity of the dead man. The dead man's relations, however, were able to identify his body. In this case there was no possible weak link. I arrested, upon Moreton's warrant, Lindsay and Morley in Samarai; they were on their way to a new gold-rush at Cloudy Bay, whither Wolff had already gone.

There was now no doubt that very grave offences had taken place in Milne Bay; and that if Symons had not condoned them, he had at all events shown a lamentable ignorance of such things as a missing village constable, a shot woman, and sundry other strange events, such as the always strictly forbidden burning of villages; and all these things had taken place in a locality in which a village constable's truncheon was the only force likely to be required.

Moreton was frightfully distressed when he learnt the full extent of the mischief done. "What am I to do, Monckton?" he asked; "it is dreadful to think that these things have occurred in my Division." "If it were my Division," I answered, "I should arrest every one, however remotely concerned, Government official, boat boy or miner, and send them for trial to the Central Court; but as such a measure might appear too drastic a one, and you would bear sole responsibility for it, up sticks and away for Port

Moresby and Sir Francis Winter is still my advice. You have to go half-way there, in any case, to arrest Wolff at Cloudy Bay. In the meantime, I will hie me back to my own Division and work." "For the Lord's sake, don't leave me now, laddie," said Moreton, using the old name by which he had called me when first I came to the Possession; "I would not leave you in the lurch." "All right, I will stick by you, old man," I said; "but we must sail at once to Sir Francis, report, and get his authority for me to remain with you until this matter is cleared up."

That night we sailed for Port Moresby in the *Siai*, reaching there after a prolonged passage. Sir Francis Winter instructed me to remain with Moreton, and that we were jointly to investigate every criminal charge brought by either the Mission or others against any person, but not to bother about vague assertions or rumours unsubstantiated by some concrete evidence.

On our way back from Port Moresby to Samarai, we arrested Wolff at Cloudy Bay: Moreton was rather bad at the time from malaria, and asked me to do it; he also asked me to effect the arrest personally and not to use the police, as the miners objected to being arrested by natives. Accordingly I went ashore; and leaving the police in the boat, I walked up to Whitten Brothers' store, which was crowded with newly arrived Australian diggers, strangers to me. Robert Whitten was in charge of the store, and I went to him at once. "Hello, stormy petrel!" he said, as soon as he saw me.

"There is no trouble here, what do you want?" "I want a man named Wolff," I answered; "point him out, if here; or tell me where he is." "There is your man," said Whitten, pointing to a black-bearded Russian Finn with a villainous countenance, and plainly more than half drunk. I went up to Wolff, while the whole crowd of diggers watched me. "Your name is Stephen Wolff?" I asked. "Yes," he said, "and what the hell has it to do with you?" "Oh, nothing to do with me personally," I said; "but I happen to have a warrant for your arrest upon charges of wilful murder, and sundry other felonies." "Where?" asked Wolff. "Milne Bay," I answered; "you must come with me." He broke into a storm of blasphemy and abuse of Moreton, Symons, and the Government, and swore that he would not come; several sympathizers among the miners also murmured.

I let Wolff blow off steam; then I said very quietly, "Stephen Wolff, in the King's name I command you to yield yourself." Wolff still cursed and raved. "Stephen Wolff, twice in the King's name." Wolff made a grab at a bottle to throw at me. I slipped my hand inside my jacket, grasped and cocked my revolver, while Robert Whitten and a miner grabbed Wolff. "Wolff, I mean to have you alive or dead; I don't care which. For the third and last time, in the King's name, chuck up your hands, quick!" Wolff was a wise man, he surrendered promptly, the urging of Whitten and the miners being hardly necessary; but he had gone very near to dying in his boots.

We got back to Samarai to find our troubles only beginning. Lindsay and Morley, who were awaiting trial in gaol, had made up their minds that their present predicament was due to the Mission and Vaughan; accordingly, in order to get even with Vaughan, they made a sworn confession that they, with him, had outraged certain native women, while they were in his employment on the Musa River. Rape at that time was a capital offence in New Guinea. Moreton and I had perforce to investigate this charge; but could find no evidence to its truth, other than the unsupported testimony of the men already under commitment for murder, whose motive for charging Vaughan was only too evident. We finished our cases; and the defendants were all lodged in gaol pending the return of the Governor and the sitting of the Central Court.

Unfortunately the hullaballoo and scandal over the whole affair had thoroughly alarmed the Milne Bay natives. The trial of Vaughan, whom they regarded as partly responsible for the bringing to justice of the miscreants by whom they had been maltreated, finally convinced them that no one who stood on their side was safe, and accordingly they prepared to skip for the bush; which, if they succeeded in doing, would deprive us of all or most of our witnesses. Something had to be done to reassure them, and that something at once. Moreton and I discussed the matter and decided that an officer with police should be stationed there. It was now imperatively necessary that I should return

for a time to my own Division; accordingly I volunteered to lend Moreton, Yaldwyn and six good constabulary, until such time as the *Merrie England* and the Governor returned; assuring him that Yaldwyn's happy disposition made him a general favourite among natives, and that he was the very man to undo the harm that Symons' unhappy associations with the Milne Bay outrages had caused.

Moreton gratefully accepted my offer: therefore, on my return to Cape Nelson, I instructed Yaldwyn to proceed to Milne Bay with a detail of the North-Eastern detachment of constabulary. "I don't want you to do any work, Yaldwyn," I told him, "I want you to sit down quietly in Milne Bay and smooth down the natives. Do nothing there, and above all things avoid any row or fuss with the Mission; Moreton has got a peck of trouble already, and it does not need adding to." The next event was the arrival of the *Merrie England* at Cape Nelson with Sir George and Sir Francis on board, and the first thing I was told was, that they were going to take me to Samarai to hear—amongst other cases—a charge laid by a missionary against Yaldwyn of outraging a native girl attached to the Mission I was simply flabbergasted. "I can't understand this at all," I told Sir Francis. "Yaldwyn is the last man in the Service to do anything brutal or unkind; why, I can't even order a recalcitrant private half an hour's pack drill without his trying to beg him off! There is something damned fishy about this business." "That is exactly what I think,"

said Sir Francis, "and that is why I want you to take the case."

The *Merrie England* brought me Mr. A. E. Oelrichs to take Yaldwyn's place as Assistant R.M. He was a very competent man, and remained with me up to the time I left the country for good and all; he had, however, one decided drawback in my eyes, and that was his enormous size; he was an elephant of a man, weighing, when in fine trim, nineteen stone, and plainly only suited for Station or boat work. "What on earth did you bring me that giant for?" I asked Captain Barton; "you know what patrol work here is like, and this means that I shall have to do the lot." "He was due for promotion," said Barton, "and so I suggested to the Governor that he should be sent here." "In order to get him out of your own Division," I suggested; "thank you, Barton!" Barton was taking the Resident Magistrateship of the Central Division. Oelrichs, however, turned out a good, loyal assistant, a good drill instructor and disciplinarian, and very competent generally.

He afterwards told me that his first impression of me was, that I was the most callous brute in the Service, for he had hardly been half an hour at the Station before he was seized with violent colic and collapsed in a heap on the floor of my office, groaning like a horse with gripes. "Here!" I yelled to the police, "get some blankets and put them in a corner out of the way; then put this man on top of them and undress him." I then gave the "fat man," as he was ever after called in

the Division, a dose of opium and brandy. "How do you feel now?" I asked. "I am dying," groaned Oelrichs. "Well, I consider it a most ungentlemanly thing, your coming here and choosing my office as the most fitting place to die in: still, I suppose the dying wishes of a man should be respected; die there, by all means, but do it as quietly as possible," I remarked. "What is all this?" asked Macdonnell, as he came in and gazed surprisedly at the quaking mountain of misery. "A dying elephant, and a particularly noisy one," I replied, looking up from my papers; "see what you can do for him, I've no time. He is grieved also at the lack of a coffin; I've told him such luxuries as coffins are unknown north of Cape Vogel, but I will allow him a blanket to be sewn up in, perhaps, as he is extra large, two blankets." Off then I went to the *Merrie England* and Samarai.

Arriving at Samarai, I went in search of Moreton, and found him fairly broken up. "This last affair of Yaldwyn's is the finishing touch," he said, "and the Judge has been giving me hell for accepting the charge in its present form; also for allowing a missionary to remove a female witness from my Court, and adjourning the Court until your arrival, instead of fining or jugging the man for contempt. The fact is, there is such a stew of trouble already, that I didn't want jugged missionary added to it." "Well," I remarked, "we had better begin at once on Yaldwyn's case; you send for Yaldwyn and I will send a couple of my own men for the missionary and the girl."

We held and concluded our inquiry. The evidence showed plainly that, though Yaldwyn had been with the girl in his own camp, yet she was there of her own will and accord. Some Mission natives knew of the affair and told the missionary, by whom the girl was promptly taxed with her offence, and she naturally said that she had been unwilling; whereupon the missionary—not the girl or her father—had laid the charge. The criminal charge against Yaldwyn was dismissed; and I submitted the evidence to Sir Francis Winter, who noted, "The magistrates were quite right in dismissing this case; there is not the slightest criminal element in it." The Governor's minute was short and sweet. "R.M., North-Eastern Division, dismiss Yaldwyn at once." I went to his Excellency and begged him to permit Yaldwyn to resign; pointing out that, though his conduct had been highly improper, he had been most unfairly charged with a horrible crime of which he was not guilty, and that the disgrace of that alone was a punishment he felt severely. It was no use, however; Yaldwyn was dismissed. He then slunk away to Milne Bay, where he moped and pined for a month, and then died. Symons, the man responsible for the state the district had got into, was reduced from magisterial rank, and sent as a clerk to the Treasury; the fact of his being a married man with a family being taken into consideration by Sir George. Moreton was reduced and transferred to the South-Eastern Division, the R.M. there being sent to Samarai in his stead. This was rough luck on Moreton, who

was innocent of all wrongdoing, and had married in Australia during his last leave; for, when he was transferred from pleasant Samarai to unpleasant Woodlark, his wife refused to come up and live with him. The miners received varying punishments, from fines up to sentences for manslaughter.

A man was now wanted for Milne Bay, pending the arrival of Campbell, the new R.M.; and Turner, Macdonnell's assistant—who had consistently loafed ever since he had been in the Service—applied for and got the job, he pointing out to his Excellency that he intended to marry at once; that was enough for Sir George, the domestic virtues always appealed to him, and so Turner got the easiest job in New Guinea at fifty pounds a year more salary than the sweating Assistants of the Northern and North-Eastern Divisions. Macdonnell, his late chief, who had toiled like a tiger, had his services dispensed with; mainly because Turner's supineness and laziness on the north-east coast had prevented Macdonnell doing the amount of work his chief expected. Turner's appointment always struck me as a particularly silly one: the reason that he received it was undoubtedly owing to the fact that he was about to marry; but Turner was to marry the daughter of Mrs. Mahony, a Samarai publican. Now, of all things the natives were to be guarded against, it had always been instilled into us that the chief one was any suspicion of their obtaining liquor; and yet here, one of the watch-dogs appointed was to have a direct and intimate connection with the liquor trade

in his own district: a man could hardly be expected to watch, gaol, or heavily fine his own wife's mother. My work in Samarai was now done, and it behoved me to return to my regular duties; accordingly, I went back to Cape Nelson.

CHAPTER VIII

ON my return to Cape Nelson, I found that Oelrichs had recovered, and had made a start with his new duties; he had begun them very vigorously too; for, as we sat at lunch on board the *Merrie England* while she steamed in for the harbour, an officer ran down to report that my whaler was chasing a lugger, and after that lugger the steamer accordingly went. When caught, she proved to be full of villainous-looking Frenchmen, probably escapees from New Caledonia; they had landed at Cape Nelson for water and vegetables, and Oelrichs, having his suspicions of them, had requested them to await the arrival of the *Merrie England*, whose smoke was then on the horizon. They had, however, seized a favourable opportunity and bolted. They said they were bound round New Guinea for Singapore; so we got rid of them by towing them up, and turning them adrift well within the German Frontier, for which gift I trust the Kaiser's subjects were duly grateful.

Shortly after my return I received a complaint from the Arifamu, a tribe living to the north of my Station, that they had been raided, and some of their people killed, by a strange tribe from the north; so, taking a

dozen constabulary and my whaler, I set off in search of the raiders. I found them all right; or rather, to their sorrow, they found me! One night we landed and camped at the mouth of a small river, the Barigi, quite in ignorance of the fact that the country near by was inhabited, and that by the very people we were after. My camp was surrounded on three sides by an impenetrable swamp, and upon the fourth by a smooth strip of beach, which fronted the river; upon this strip I posted a sentry. Late at night, my corporal woke me up and said, "Bia [the sentry] says that there are canoes approaching, which will not reply to his challenge." I jumped up and grabbed my rifle, while the corporal alarmed the men, and ran down to the sentry, who, just as I got up to him, again sharply challenged: "Who goes? Stop or I fire!" Suddenly, close into the beach there shot a canoe, the men in which were paddling standing up, fully armed and plumed for war; while behind it, again, we heard the splash of other paddles. "Fire, Bia!" I said, as I drove a bullet through the steersman and started to empty the magazine of my rifle into the canoes. Corporal Barigi ran up to me and began firing at the still advancing canoes, followed almost immediately by the remaining police, who sent a crashing volley into the first canoe, which fairly emptied it of all but one man, and it drifted away with the current; the sound of retreating paddles was now heard, and we were not again disturbed until just before dawn, when I was again aroused to listen to a strange splashing and snorting.

We then lay on our arms on the beach until day broke, when we found that the sound was caused by crocodiles worrying the bodies of the killed, and tearing them away from each other's jaws. We made things extremely interesting for those crocodiles for a few minutes, and then sat down to wonder why we had been so suddenly and viciously attacked during the night by the natives.

Paddling slowly up the river after breakfast, we heard a slight sound in the mangrove swamp on one side, and on investigating, the police captured a man with his hand badly shattered with a bullet; I dressed and bandaged the wound, pending our return to the Station, when I could amputate it. We then found out that the attack upon us was a mistake on the part of the natives: it appeared that some distance up the river there lived a tribe, an offshoot of the Baruga, under a chief named Oiogoba Sara, a mighty fighting man; these people had recently raided the Arifamu, and were full of pride at their exploit. My camp fire had been seen by a prowling canoe, which had reported it to Oiogoba Sara, who had concluded that it belonged to a small travelling fishing party of Kaili Kaili or Arifamu, and had dispatched two canoes, with instructions to rush the camp and slay every one in it.

"It was most kind and considerate of Mr. Oiogoba Sara to call upon us so soon after our arrival," I said to the police; "I think we will return the compliment by taking him to Cape Nelson for a few months." So inland, in search of Oiogoba Sara and his village,

we accordingly went; eventually we discovered the village quite unperceived by the villagers. The wailing of women showed clearly, as we crept up, that the reverse of the night before was already known. Oiogoba was keeping no watch, and before he knew what was upon him, we were in his village and he was seized by two police, from whom he at once broke away and seized his club; some of his people fled immediately, others began to put up a fight to rescue him, but, upon two being killed and others wounded, they broke and fled. Oiogoba was an enormously powerful man and fought like a veritable tiger. "Take him alive," I yelled at the police, as they dodged his club and made repeated attempts to spring upon his back. Oiogoba, charging like a wild boar, broke through the circle and leapt into the river, which was about up to his waist, hotly followed by the police; one private dived and grabbed him by the ankles, whereupon Oiogoba tried to get at him with his club, but another private sprang in and caught him on the club arm with the butt of his rifle, smashing that member; a few seconds then saw Oiogoba pulled down and secured.

I set his arm in splints, and then said, "What do you mean, you old scoundrel, by killing the Arifamu, who are my people, and attacking my camp?" "I did not know the Arifamu were your people, I know nothing about you; if I had known, I certainly should not have been fool enough to interfere with you," he said. "What are you going to do with me? Kill and eat

me?" "No. Take you home with me, mend your arm, and teach you the ways of the Government; then return you to govern your district for the Government. You are a strong, brave man like Bushimai of the Mambare." "I have heard of Bushimai," said old Oiogoba Sara; "is he one of your people?" "Yes," I answered; "the man who held your arm, while I tied it up, is his son." I kept him for some months at Cape Nelson, and then returned him to his tribe as Government chief, and he proved a very useful man.

Complaint was often made in New Guinea that the Government recruited its constabulary and village constables from the gaols. This was true in many instances; but it must be remembered that many of the prisoners were not criminals in the European sense of the word, they were merely men of strong personality, like Oiogoba Sara, who had found their way to gaol from simply following the ancient customs of their people, and were quite ignorant of any feeling of wrong-doing; and such men almost invariably proved the best servants of the Government, for they brought their already existing authority among their people to aid them in enforcing their newly conferred strange authority from Government. The result was, that a strange tribe of raw savages could frequently be brought into a state of law and order, without their perceiving the real change that was being effected, and without undue disturbance of the tribal or communal life.

The village constable and Government chief system in New Guinea had been originated by that

very wise man, Sir William MacGregor, with the assistance and advice of Sir Francis Winter; it was a splendid thing, for by it one was enabled to make the people govern themselves, and that without their feeling that any undue restriction or coercion had been used. I think after the departure of Sir William, I was the sole man in the country who really realized the value and potentialities for good work of this service, and also utilized it to its fullest extent; and it always seemed to me ten thousand pities that this was so, and that it had not been developed to its uttermost limits. Only a brilliant brain such as that of Sir William MacGregor, or Sir Francis Winter, could have originated the scheme. Let me take an example: assuming a murder, or any serious crime, had taken place in a village of raw natives without a village constable or Government chief, and I heard of it; then, the arrest of the offender would be made by constabulary—strange armed men—and the whole community would be alarmed; the women, children and witnesses would all fly for the bush, and regard the whole matter in the light of a hostile raid by a foreign enemy. Take the same village and the same offence with a village constable or Government chief firmly established; then, upon the offence being reported, it was only "old so-and-so," whom the villagers knew well, who donned his uniform and, accompanied by the elders of the village, seized the offender and hauled him forth for judgment; and this without in the slightest degree disturbing the village life or alarming the

uninvolved people. The difference, to draw a parallel, was simply this: supposing some English villagers saw one of their number seized by a patrol of Russian or German soldiers,[1] they would be alarmed and indignant; but if they saw him collared by their own local bobby, they would not bother their heads further than to gossip.

In weak villages, the village constable gave the villagers a sense of protection, for he was a constant reminder that a force existed able to protect them from their enemies, with which he was intimately connected; whilst in strong and turbulent villages, his presence was a constant reminder of a watching Government, and therefore a deterrent to crime. They were not without their faults and drawbacks, of course, but no people are, unless kept under constant supervision; their main fault was to levy blackmail. The natives, however, very soon learnt what their constable's powers were, and then would lose no time in reporting any abuse of them. In the North-Eastern Division, I had the younger village constables drilled, and they formed an excellent reserve for the constabulary.

In the Northern Division, in later years, I had in one instance a woman as village constable; she had a very masterful personality and had ruled her village before the advent of the Government. She did splendid work and only once gave me trouble, and that was when she summarily divorced her husband;

[1] Written before the War.

he was rather glad than otherwise, as the position of consort to the official lady was not altogether a bed of roses. But then she picked out a fine-looking young man of her village, about ten years younger than herself, and ordered him to marry her. He was struck with consternation at the prospect, and bolted for an adjoining village; she pursued him, and ran him in upon the charge of disobeying the village constable. Two other village constables near by were scandalized at the affair; they ran in the pair and brought them before me, when, in answer to my inquiries, the lady official stated her grievance. "Why won't you marry her?" I asked the man. "It seems the best way to settle the matter." "I'd sooner go to gaol," he said briefly. "Well, I am blessed if I see any way out of it," I said; "if you return to your village, I believe she will marry you sooner or later. Wanting to marry you is not a crime." "Can I enlist in the Armed Constabulary?" he asked; "I should be safe there." "Yes, that will be the best; I'll send you to Cape Nelson." "Are you not going to make him marry me?" asked the redoubtable dame. I shook my head. "Then I suppose I'll have to take so-and-so back again," she remarked, naming her recently divorced husband; which I may mention she finally did.

I have mentioned crocodiles tearing at the bodies of the dead in the mouth of the Barigi River. In New Guinea there appear to be two different species of the brute, for in some rivers they are small and

innocuous, while in others they are large and of extreme ferocity; the latter species I have known to attack and take a man out of a canoe—*Crocodilus porosus* I believe the reptile is named. On another occasion one of the beasts, sleeping partly submerged in the mouth of the Vanapa River, was struck by the prow of the *Ruby* launch, and promptly came open-mouthed after her; and yet another time one rose out of the sea in Buna Bay and nearly grabbed one of the crew of the lugger *Peuliuli*, whilst he was painting the vessel's side. This particular species is equally at home in either salt water or fresh; it ranges from China to Persia, and south to New Guinea and the Solomon Islands. Dr. Gray, in his "Catalogue of the Crocodilia," refers to this particular reptile as "the salt-water crocodile"; but I have found the *Crocodilus porosus* in fresh-water streams in New Guinea, miles inland, and just as savage and dangerous as in the mouths of tidal rivers.

On one occasion, in order to cross a flooded stream at the head of the Kumusi River, my men felled an enormous tree, which fell with a resounding splash into the water, sufficient, one would think, to scare away every reptile within half a mile. Hardly had the sound ceased and the splash subsided, before a private of the constabulary was running across the tree trunk, which was a few inches under the surface of the water; before he could reach the other side, a crocodile arose and made a grab at him, catching him by the red sash about his waist; fortunately, however, the man managed to slip off his sash, and then tore across the

tree, while the crocodile disappeared under the surface with the sash. I have been told by the Mambare natives that the brute has a trick, if any person unwarily stands on the edge of a muddy river, of swimming rapidly past and knocking that person into the river with a blow from its powerful tail, after which it disposes of its victim at its leisure. The brute makes a sort of nest and lays its eggs in marshy jungles, which occur on the banks of rivers, and I have found them a hundred miles from salt water.

Some of the ancients among the crocodiles get marvellously cunning: there was one beast of my acquaintance that inhabited a deep pool in a small stream at Wanigela in Collingwood Bay, and he was a great thorn in the flesh of the villagers; for, watch as they would, they could never see him in daylight, whilst pigs and people disappeared at night with unpleasant frequency, and in the morning, no more was to be seen than the trail of his tail and claws. The villagers sent me complaint after complaint about the beast, alleging that it was a devil and no real crocodile. I sent the police to watch for it, but they did no better than the natives. At last the people complained that they did not think much of a Government that could not rid them of such a pest; and I became really annoyed with the crocodile. "Kill a pig, a fat pig, and let it go rotten," I advised the villagers, "then I will come and deal with the brute."

I went to Wanigela in about a week's time; the pig was really high by then and a choice morsel for a

crocodile. On to that pig's corpse I tied about a pound of dynamite, with a yard of fuse attached; then, pulling the whaler into the middle of the hole the beast was supposed to inhabit, I lit the fuse and chucked the pig over the side. We had an exciting time then, for piggy was too far gone to sink and began to drift on the surface towards the houses in the village, where all the inhabitants were assembled to watch our operations; hastily we chased the carrion and tore off the burning fuse; then we got a number of large stones and weighted piggy well, before tilting him over the side again; he sank this time, and we hurriedly vacated the spot. I had fixed a five-minute fuse, time sufficient, I thought, for the crocodile to discover the delicious morsel we had sent him: soon came the explosion, and a few seconds later, out crawled on to the sandbank an enormous old crocodile, only to be greeted with a veritable hail of bullets, spears and curses, whereupon he flopped back once more into his uncomfortable domicile. "I don't think he will trouble you again," I told the Wanigela people, and went off home. The next day they sent and told me that they had found the crocodile's body and were eating it; I thought that eating your enemy after having destroyed him was certainly the most complete revenge possible. Afterwards I saw the jaw-bones, and, to my amazement, discovered that some of the teeth were decayed; I then thanked my stars that I had not the teeth of a crocodile in which to have toothache, for it seemed too awful to contemplate altogether!

Again I find I have digressed; the subject of village constables was always a weakness of mine, and the crocodiles seem to have crept in, just in the same manner as they sneak into villages. Return I now to Oiogoba Sara. This old chief gave me much information about the geography of his district, and the relations of one tribe with another; he also told me a marvellous tale of a strange aquatic tribe inhabiting a huge morass, not more than half a dozen miles from his principal village, who, he declared, were unable to walk on hard dry country. At first I did not believe him, but he stuck to his story, and Giwi of the Kaili Kaili told me that he had often heard rumours to the same effect; accordingly I determined to investigate the truth for myself.

Some time after, about September, 1902, old Oiogoba Sara was released from gaol and returned to his village as Government chief; and just then two friends of mine, L. G. Dyke Acland and Wilfred Walker, arrived on a visit to me. They were both men who were fond of shoving their noses into the little-known parts of the globe: Walker had a mania for collecting strange birds, and had been everywhere on the earth in search of them; Acland possessed a mercurial disposition that led him into all sorts of trouble, from fighting in South Africa and prowling in Siberia, to eventually—after he left me—tiger hunting in India, where he succeeded in getting very thoroughly chewed up by a tiger, and losing an arm. I told them I had little to offer in the way of amusement or sport, but

that if they chose to accompany me, I was going in search of a very strange aquatic tribe I had heard of, and then on to a fight with a lot of raiding cannibals. The former appealed to Walker, the latter to Acland; therefore they both decided to come with me.

The people, of whom we were going in search, were styled by Oiogoba Sara, "Agai Ambu": "Ambu" is the Binandere word for man, "Agai" for duck; therefore the translation of the name "Agai Ambu," which was used generally among the tribes, is the "duck- or web-footed people." We went to old Oiogoba's village on the Barigi River, this time in friendly fashion, and were warmly welcomed. The old chief insisted, much to my disgust, upon his wives cooking my food, and the village women, that of my police; the constabulary got on all right, but Acland, Walker, and I preferred a frugal meal of sardines and biscuits to the feast prepared for us of fat pork and stewed dog! Leaving old Oiogoba's village, we were guided by him in a westerly direction towards the Musa River and the morass alleged to be inhabited by the strange people.

As we receded from the banks of the Barigi, the country got lower and more marshy, showing signs of prolonged submersion under water. It was, I may remark, the driest year experienced for a long period on the north-east coast. At last we emerged upon the reed-covered bank of a huge shallow lake or lagoon, and within sight of a village built on tall poles, in the midst of reeds and water, some half a mile distant

from the shore. "There," said Oiogoba Sara, "there are the houses of the Agai Ambu, the duck-footed people, whose feet are so tender that they cannot walk on dry land." "How long have they been there?" I asked. "From a time extending beyond the memory of my father's father," he said; which is about the length of reliable native tradition in New Guinea.

The bank of the lagoon, upon which we stood, was in reality neither soil nor earth, but a springy substance composed of decaying humus and marsh plants, upon which one had constantly to shift one's position to avoid sinking up to one's knees in water; it fairly hummed with mosquitoes and swarmed with large black hairy spiders. The surface of the water was alive with wild duck, teal, grebe, plover, and geese, beyond counting, and all remarkably tame; it was covered also with water-lilies, over the floating leaves of which water-fowl ran. Never have I seen a spot so abundant in bird life. The water itself teemed with fishes of a carp-like variety, some of which I caught and sent to the British Museum, where they were discovered to be a species new to science. The name allotted to these by the British Museum authorities is *Electris Moncktoni*. At intervals there jutted in upon the bank of the lagoon, lake, or morass, whatever one likes to call it, extensive sago swamps. The lagoon is fed by the overflow waters of the Musa River: I had previously been much puzzled, when upon the second Doriri expedition (which, by the way, I refer to later), by finding flooded waters from the

river flowing in well-defined streams, and apparently contrary to all known habits of rivers, away from the river proper in a north-easterly direction; and with no known outfall for flood waters on the coast north of the mouth of the river;—flood waters from a river such as the Musa have such a distinct yellow colour, that their advent to the sea could hardly be missed by any passing vessel. Now, this apparently unnatural phenomenon was accounted for; the flood waters of the Musa were discharged into this reedy lake, and there precipitated their mud and sediment, thence finding their way to the sea by many swampy—but clear—streams.

At Oiogoba's suggestion, I concealed our party in the reeds, as he explained that though the Agaiambu were on friendly terms with his people, they were mortally afraid of every one else, as they were so helpless on dry land, and that if they thought strangers were present nothing would induce them to leave their canoes. Oiogoba's people maintained trading relations with them, exchanging vegetables in times of plenty, and at other times, stone implements and earthenware pots for sago and smoked or fresh fish. The Baruga natives (Oiogoba's people) now yelled to them, asking them to come ashore to trade with them; and forthwith several canoes set out from the village to the shore. As soon as the first canoe arrived, containing two men, the Baruga called to me to come up, and they attempted to seize the men to retain them for me, but they struggled into the water, where the semi-

amphibious Agaiambu easily escaped from the clutches of Baruga and the police, who had hastily rushed to their assistance; they then swam back through the water-lilies and clinging weeds of the lake to their village, their retreat being covered by other Agaiambu canoes, the crews of which brandished spears, paddles, and poles, and hurried to the help of their friends. The police and Baruga, who were all powerful men —much stronger men physically than the Agaiambu —and strong swimmers, could no more succeed in holding those men in the water while swimming than they could hold a large eel.

"Here is a pretty mess!" I said to old Oiogoba Sara. "I have thoroughly frightened those people, who have done us no harm, and now we shall see nothing further of them." Fortunately we had in our hands the canoe in which the first two men had come; it was unlike any other Papuan canoe on the north-east coast, being hollowed from a single log and without an outrigger; it was also as thin as an egg-shell, round-bottomed and extremely light, and neither my constabulary nor the Baruga could get into it without its capsizing immediately. I might just as well have asked them to mount and ride at once an old-fashioned high bicycle, as expect them to navigate that thing without long practice. "If I could only get some of my people over to the village of the Agaiambu with presents, I think that we could get at least one man to come here, and then the rest would be easy; they have no steel tools, and would run any risk to possess your toma-

hawks or adzes!" said Oiogoba. "Fit the canoe with an outrigger," I told the police. "It's too fragile to stand such," they reported, after examination of the craft. "Make two outriggers, then," I ordered, "and lash the canoe firmly between them to the cross-pieces." This was done; two Baruga then embarked, taking with them a new tomahawk, a long knife, and some bright-coloured beads and print, and started for the agitated Agaiambu village, in which we could see great excitement was prevailing.

As our embassy approached, the inhabitants hastily crowded into their fragile cranky canoes, and began to bolt from their village. The two Baruga, shouting and yelling professions of friendship, held up their gifts and slowly forced their canoe through the water-lilies and weeds; the Agaiambu, seeing the slow progress of the captured canoe encumbered with its outriggers, hovered in the close vicinity, until the two Baruga had deposited our gifts upon the platform of one of the houses; after which they retired; whereupon the Agaiambu returned and inspected the—to them—untold wealth. "There is plenty more like that," yelled the two Baruga, "if you will only come ashore and sell us fish, and let our master look at your feet."

The Agaiambu discussed the matter, and then picked out one of their number, whom they apparently considered of slight value or little loss if we did kill him, and handed him over to the two Baruga, who brought him to me. The man selected kept up an unholy wailing all the way, and then nearly died of

funk when he saw the—to him—awful colour of Acland, Walker, and myself. Hastily I gave him an adze, a tomahawk, some print, beads, and a mirror, and ordering the police to strip the outriggers from the canoe, told him he could take it and return to his people whenever he liked; immediately if he saw fit; he got into the canoe with his gifts, and pushing off a few yards from the edge, conversed with us at ease. "What do you want with us?" he asked. "Only to look at you and your village," I replied; "through Oiogoba your fame as swimmers and fishers has spread through the land, and I wanted to know whether you were as clever as he said you were; also I want some of those birds," at the same time pointing to the geese and ducks that were crowding in the vicinity. "We can get you those," he answered. Meanwhile his fellow villagers, seeing he had not been hurt, approached in canoes. "Tell him, Oiogoba," I said, "that I'll get some for myself with a noise and in a manner strange to him, and that if he is not frightened and brings me the birds I have killed, I will give him yet another tomahawk." Oiogoba told him, and added that he was to yell to the approaching canoes that he was all right and not to be frightened; which he did.

I then hastily beckoned to my boy to bring my gun, and shot a duck, blazing the second barrel into the brown of a rising flock, half a dozen of which fell, some of the cripples scurrying off; the Agaiambu man collapsed with a yell of funk, and was just making a bolt of it, when Oiogoba yelled, "Catch our birds!

It is all right!" The man looked at the birds, picked up the dead, and then started off after the cripples, and within one minute was yelling to the other hastily departing canoes to come and help him catch them. The instinct of the chase had overcome his fears; we were now brother hunters in pursuit of a common quarry. A very few minutes now saw the remaining Agaiambu landing amongst us; I ordered the police to start pitching camp and to take no notice of them, whilst I sat on the ground with Oiogoba Sara, and merely noticed the still very timid Agaiambu by chucking any man he induced to come within a few yards of us a gift of some sort.

"What is this strange-coloured being?" they asked Oiogoba, "a man or a devil?" "A man, whom I now serve," he answered; "he is very wise and very powerful, and, if you don't offend him, very kind. If you wish to please him, bring fish and sago for his people, and he will pay you most generously." Off went the Agaiambu, and shortly returned with vast quantities of fish and sago; also a pig, very fat indeed, but whose feet were as soft and tender as a blancmange; this they brought as an offering to me. They were getting reassured by now, and my gifts in return for the pig included penny whistles and Jews' harps, which delighted their simple souls; soon, indeed, their women, who were hovering in canoes a short distance away, and whose curiosity had brought them, were told by their lords and masters to come ashore as we were quite safe people.

The work of pitching camp was steadily going on, and beastly work it was, for the police had to drive poles into the squidgy marsh and build platforms on them, upon which to pitch the tents. At last my tent was complete, whither I at once retired to change my wet things, followed by the curious eyes of the Agaiambu. My cook, Toku, was busily engaged outside preparing our midday meal, when suddenly I heard his voice raised in exhortation. "Oh!" he said, "you must not come here!" and peeping out, I saw an Agaiambu woman depositing at his feet a string of fish. "What does she say?" I asked Oiogoba, who was sitting on my platform ready to act as interpreter if necessary. "She says they are for you," he answered. "Tell her to send her husband for payment," I replied. This being done, the husband waddled up. "I don't want paying," he said; "you are good people, I give the fish to you." On the man's shoulder he had suspended a stone-headed adze for hollowing canoes, a clumsy tool at the best. "Ask him, Oiogoba, to give me that adze," I said. Somewhat reluctantly he handed over his most valued tool. "Barigi," I then said to that worthy, who, although my corporal, always insisted upon fussing about me and my clothes when camp was being pitched, "fit a plane-iron to the head of this, instead of the stone, and give it back to him." Barigi did so, and that Agaiambu sat and gloated over a tool such as in his wildest dreams he had never previously imagined. I had now gained the full confidence of the Agaiambu: taking advantage of this, Walker,

Acland, and I put in that afternoon shooting ducks and geese, assisted by them and furnished with their canoes, they rendering them suitable for our purpose by lashing them together in groups of two or three; they also acted as retrievers of the shot game.

Now for a description of this remarkable people, the only authentic account that can ever be written, as they are now practically extinct; and Acland, Walker, and I are the only Europeans who ever had an opportunity of fully observing them and their habits. Sir Francis Winter, when Acting Governor, saw them on a later occasion, and described such as he saw; and after that Captain Barton. I accompanied both Administrators, but neither had as full nor as good an opportunity as I, their discoverer, had upon my first visit.

Firstly, the true type of Agaiambu differed from other natives in these respects—I say advisedly the true type, because there were certain members of the tribe who nearly approached the ordinary type of Baruga native; but this was explained by the purchase of their mothers from the Baruga people. Placing an Agaiambu man alongside a Baruga native of the same height, one found that his hip-joints were three or four inches lower than those of the Baruga; one also found that his chest measurement was at least on an average three inches greater, while his chest expansion ran to as much again. The nostrils of the Agaiambu were twice the size of those of any native I have ever seen; they appeared to dilate and contract like those of a racehorse. Above the knee on the inside of the leg was a large

mass of muscle; on the leg below the knee there was no calf whatsoever, but on the shin bone in front there was a protuberance of a sinewy nature. The knee-joints were very wrinkly, with a scale-like appearance; the feet were as flat as pancakes, with practically no instep, and the toes long, flaccid, and straggling. Walking on hard ground or dry reeds, the Agaiambu moved with the hoppity gait of a cockatoo. Across the loins, instead of curving in fine lines as most natives do, there was a mass of corrugated skin and muscle. The skin of their feet was as tender as wet blotting-paper, and they bled freely as they crawled about upon the reeds and marshy ground of our camp. They had a slight epidermal growth between the toes, but nothing resembling webbing, as alleged by the Baruga; the term "duck-footed," therefore, had only meant tender-footed, or, more literally, "water-bird footed."

They were extraordinarily adept at handling their light, cranky canoes, and they were more at home in the water than any people I have either seen or heard of, and appeared to stand upright in that element without any perceptible effort. The one thing that my Mambare police feared, who were all very powerful swimmers, was entangling clinging water-weeds, but the Agaiambu would dive among them without the slightest fear. They told me they caught duck and water-fowl by squatting in a bunch of reeds, or covering their heads with water-weeds, until a flock settled near, whereupon they would dive under the flock and pull a bird or two under without disturbing the rest; then, regain-

ing their reeds or lump of weed, they would draw breath and repeat the performance. They told me that they had once been a numerous tribe, but that about thirty years before some epidemic had swept through them and killed most of the people. They did not know how long they had occupied the marsh or from whence they came; they had, however, a vague tradition to the effect that their ancestors had originally taken refuge in the marsh, and built a village on an island to escape from raiding enemies—the island, however, had long since disappeared. Their language was a dialect of the Baruga of the Musa River; so I conclude they originally came from that part, probably bolting in canoes before the attack of some raiders down the flood waters of that river, which had borne them to the site of their present abode.

Their diet consisted principally of fish, water-fowl, sago, and the roots of water-lilies. They kept pigs swung in cradles underneath their houses, lying on their bellies with their legs stuck through the bottom, and fed them upon fish and sago; the pigs never had any exercise, and most of them were procured as suckers from the Baruga, but some they bred in their houses. The Agaiambu houses were of rectangular oblong shape, and built on poles stuck in a depth of about ten feet of water. Their dead they disposed of by wrapping the body in mats made from pandanus leaves, and then tying it upon a stake stuck in the water; the body itself was secured well above flood level. I both saw and smelt two of their "graves." At one

house they had a tame half-grown crocodile tied up at the end of a rope. I tried to induce two of them to return with me to Cape Nelson, as I knew my account of them would be ridiculed; but their fear of the hard dry land was too great to overcome.

Captain Barton later took a photograph of an Agaiambu man, but the individual he photographed was by no means a good specimen of this strange people; for, by the time I took Barton there, most of the tribe had been decoyed ashore and slaughtered by a raiding party of Doriri, an event I refer to later. Sir Francis Winter, who also on one occasion went with me to see them, gives the following account in an official dispatch to the Governor-General of Australia :—

"The Ahgai-ambo have for a period that extends beyond native traditions lived in this swamp. At one time they were fairly numerous, but a few years ago some epidemic reduced them to about forty. They never leave their morass, and the Baruga assured us that they are not able to walk properly on hard ground, and that their feet soon bleed if they try to do so. The man that came on shore was for a native middle-aged. He would have been a fair-sized native had his body, from the hips downwards, been proportionate to the upper part of his frame. He had a good chest, and, for a native, a thick neck, and his arms matched his trunk. His buttocks and thighs were disproportionately small, and his legs still more so. His feet were short and broad, and very thin and flat, with, for a

native, weak-looking toes. This last feature was still more noticeable in the woman, whose toes were long and slight and stood out rigidly from the foot as though they possessed no joints. The feet of both the man and the woman seemed to rest on the ground something as wooden feet would do. The skin above the knees of the man was in loose folds, and the sinews and muscles around the knee were not well developed. The muscles of the shin were much better developed than those of the calf. In the ordinary native the skin on the loins is smooth and tight, and the anatomy of the body is clearly discernible; but the Ahgai-ambo man had several folds of thick skin or muscle across the loins, which concealed the outline of his frame. On placing one of our natives, of the same height, alongside the marsh man, we noticed that our native was about three inches higher at the hips.

"I had a good view of our visitor, while he was standing sideways to me, and in figure and carriage he looked to me more ape-like than any human being that I have ever seen. The woman, who was of middle age, was much more slightly formed than the man, but her legs were short and slender in proportion to her figure, which from the waist to the knees was clothed in a wrapper of native cloth."

CHAPTER IX

AT the time we were camped on the shore of the Agaiambu lake, I noticed growing on the bank of a stream leading into it a D'Albertia creeper, with white blossoms instead of the usual vivid scarlet; I had never seen a white one before, and have never seen it since. The D'Albertia, whose botanical name, by the way, is *Mucuna Bennetti,* is quite the most marvellous and beautiful creeper in the world; but as yet all attempts to transplant it, or introduce it into cultivation, have failed. No water-colour nor slickness of oils can reproduce the wonderful brilliance of scarlet colour of the ordinary variety of this plant; its blossoms simply strike one dumb with their startling beauty. Perhaps, in time to come, some Yankee millionaire may charter a special steamer and transplant a D'Albertia, as they transplant grown pine trees; but, until that day comes, the people who do not care to seek it in its haunts will lack the sight of the most wonderful plant in the world.

From the Barigi River, I went on to investigate complaints made by a tribe named Notu, situated at Oro Bay on the north-east coast, of attacks made upon them by an inland tribe named Dobudura. The

Notu, who were a set of murdering blackguards themselves and a curse to the coast, told me that they had hitherto been on most friendly terms with the Dobudura, but that lately the latter tribe had been raiding them, and killing by torture any people they captured. "We don't mind fighting," said the Notu, "and we don't mind being killed and eaten, for that is the lot of men, but we do object to having our arms ripped up and being tied to posts or trees by our own sinews, and having meat chopped off us until we die!" "I will deal with the Dobudura," I told them, "but afterwards I am going to make you sit up and squeal; for, to my certain knowledge, you have recently killed and eaten two Mambare carriers; also, I have heard of quite a number of mysterious disappearances of people in the vicinity of your villages." "Crocodiles," said the Notu, "they are bad here." "Yes," I told them, "two-legged crocodiles. Now, what started your row with the Dobuduras?" "Sorcery," they said. "Have you scoundrels been playing with sorcery?" I asked. "No," they answered, and assured me that their virtue in that respect was almost beyond belief; to which I answered that I thought it was!

They then told me that the prevailing drought had badly affected the Dobudura country, and many of that people's gardens had perished; while a sago swamp, upon which they relied in times of scarcity, had got as dry as tinder and been swept by fire. Some rain had fallen in the immediate vicinity of the Notu villages at Oro Bay and had saved the Notu gardens; whereupon

the Dobudura people had ascribed their misfortunes to the work of Notu sorcerers, and set out to make things extremely unpleasant for the Notu. "Is the Dobudura tribe a numerous one?" I asked. "Yes, much more numerous than we are," they told me. The Notu could muster about three hundred fighting men, and therefore I concluded that the Dobudura had probably about four or five hundred men.

At dawn I marched inland in search of the Dobudura country, accompanied by Acland and Walker, and taking with me about seventy Notu armed with spear, club, and shield, to act as scouts and guides, twenty-five constabulary and village constables, and about sixty Kaili Kaili under old Giwi. The track, after clearing the coastal swamp, ran through alternate belts of tall forest and grass, and was well worn and defined; it showed signs of the recent passage of large bodies of men. The Notu marched in front, flung out as a screen of scouts, a position they were not at all keen on occupying. We marched until about noon, when, as we neared the edge of a belt of forest we were passing through, the Notu came running back and got behind the column, saying that the Dobudura were in sight. We emerged on to a grassy plain, and sighted a village surrounded by a thick grove of cocoanut and betel-nut palms; three or four Dobudura were standing, fully armed and plumed, watching for us to emerge from the forest; they had evidently discovered our advance into their country.

They at once gave tongue to a prolonged blood-

curdling war-cry, "Oooogh! Aarrr!" which was taken up by a number of other men invisible to us; then came the long deep boom of the conch-shells and wooden war-horns; the beggars clearly meant fight. I ordered the police to kneel in line just inside the edge of the forest, and then sent the Notu into the open to yell their own war-cry and draw the Dobudura into the open. We could now see dozens of plumed Dobudura heads bobbing up and down in the tall grass, about a mile away; but, though the Notu came tearing back several times in alarm at having discovered a Dobudura scout close to them, no further advance was made by them, though their war-cry was going on constantly. "Those fellows are waiting for reinforcements," I said, "I'll take them in detail"; and advanced upon the village, while the Dobudura scouts hung on our flank and rear.

Approaching close to the village, I ordered the police to rush it, which they did, only, however, just as rapidly as the Dobudura vacated it on the other side. I judged, from the number of holes in the ground made by the Dobudura sticking their spears upright in the ground while they rested, that about a hundred and fifty men had been in the village. In the centre of the village there was a platform, about four feet high, stacked with skulls, some quite fresh and with morsels of flesh adhering to them. "Ours," said the Notu. "See that hole in the side of each skull? That is where they scrape out the fresh brains!" Every skull had a hole in exactly the same place,

varying in size, but uniform in position. The village was full of pigs and fowls, which the police and carriers killed. Dobudura scouts still hung about us, but their main body had vanished. A group of four or five of them got up a tree, about five hundred yards distant, and, as we continued our march, watched us and shouted directions and information of our movements to invisible Dobudura ahead. I ordered half a dozen constabulary to fire at the men in the tree, which they did, Walker and Acland also firing; the men dropped rapidly from the tree, but none of them were hit, though the sound flagrons, heard by them for the first time, must have disturbed their nerves a little.

As we continued our march, we found that we were surrounded by a thin ring of Dobudura, who were now quite silent. They gave one a funny feeling—the feeling of being surrounded by a thin invisible net which always gave when pressed, only to close again when we relaxed our pressure. "Master, be cautious; I think we shall find a big fight," said Barigi. "Keep close together, and your tomahawks ready," old Giwi told his Kaili Kaili. I detached half a dozen constabulary and told them to sneak through the long grass and break the ring of Dobudura scouts. They left; and soon I heard shots. The police returned, bringing with them the spears, clubs, and shields of two men they had shot; but hardly had they returned, when the ring reformed. We marched on once more, my flanking police constantly having slight skirmishes with small bodies of the Dobudura, but nothing like

a fight taking place. The Dobudura were clearly carrying out some well-defined plan: they were not afraid of us, that was certain, or they would have bolted altogether; neither did they mean to come into open collision with us yet.

At last, still accompanied by the watching ring of men, we came to the bank of a river, upon the opposite bank of which an armed Dobudura was standing, shouting to others behind. "Get me that man alive!" I ordered. Ten police at once plunged into and across the river, and tore after him as he fled. Walker, like an idiot, imagined that he could keep up with the swift police, and went after them before I saw what he was doing. He paid for his folly, for he got the fright of his life. He was, of course, soon easily outdistanced by the constabulary, who did not for a moment imagine that any white man would be fool enough to try and keep up with them, and suddenly he came to a place where the track divided, and could not tell which one the police had taken; he also now became conscious that the forest around him was full of Dobudura; he could hear their voices, and he did not dare to attempt to return to my party alone, for he had gone too far. Accordingly, at a venture he took one of the tracks, and luckily for him it was the right one, for in a few minutes he walked right into the returning police, who had captured a woman; she turned out to be a Notu woman, captured some time before by the Dobudura. If Walker had taken the other track he would most certainly have been killed,

as the police reported that it was held by a strong force of Dobudura. I gave him a severe lecture, telling him that work of this description was worry enough for me without its being complicated by the escapades of congenital idiots. "I suppose next," I said, "if you see a native climb a cocoanut tree like a monkey, you will imagine that you can do it too! If you do try, please take care and fall on your head, and then you will come to no harm." Walker was extremely annoyed, and said that he did not believe the Dobudura would fight at all.

Village after village we entered, all being deserted at our approach. At one spot on our line of march a very big Dobudura nearly got Sergeant Kimai, who was slightly away from his men on one flank. The man crept up, and then rushed silently at Kimai with a club; fortunately he caught sight of him, and, dropping on his knee, blew the man's stomach in at a yard's distance. My young devil, Toku, and some Kaili Kaili, discovered a Dobudura sneaking up, and the man fled finding that he was discovered; whereupon Toku shot him in the stern with a small pea-rifle of mine he was carrying. The man clapped his hand to the place and went off in a series of jumps, or, as Toku put it, like a kangaroo! Each village we entered had the same platform filled with skulls, some years old, others but a few days; while in some villages an additional decoration in the form of ropes hung with human jaw-bones was provided. The skulls were all those of people killed and eaten, and were of both

sexes and all ages, from that of an infant to that of a senile old man or woman.

At last we came to a big village of two hundred houses, where two men were shot in a skirmish, and a man and a woman captured by the scouting police. The man was sullen and would not answer questions; the woman talkative, when once she found that she was not going to be killed. She told me that most of the men were away fighting the Sangara, but that swift messengers had gone for them, to tell them of our invasion. I gave the man and the woman some tobacco, and then showed them how a bullet would pass through a shield or even a cocoanut tree; then I told them to seek out their chief and tell him that it was useless his fighting me, but that I must stop him fighting the Notu people, and that he had better come and see me himself next day, offering him safe conduct. So off they went.

Platforms of skulls were at each end of this village; hundreds of skulls; and there was one heap of about thirty quite fresh ones, the adhering flesh had hardly had time to go bad. I nearly lost Private Oia here: he had leant his rifle against a tree a little distance away from the main body, and was squatting on the ground, when a Dobudura crept up and rushed him with a club; Oia sprang up towards the enemy, just as the club swung down for his head, and succeeded in catching the blow from the wooden handle on his shoulder, instead of the cutting-stone disc on his head. Oia then tore the club from the man's grasp and dashed out his brains

with it. "These Dobudura may be all right with the spear, but they are no good with the club," said Oia to me. "Why?" asked I. "If that fool had been close enough to make a side cut at my knee instead of a down cut at my head, he would have got me," he said; "to use the down cut against a stooping man is folly, as it is so easily avoided!" Oia, like his father, old Bushimai, was an expert in the use of a club. The old man despised a shield, considering it a useless encumbrance, and trusted to his clever manipulation of his club to ward off missiles.

Night was now closing in, with threatening rain, and then the Notu calmly told me that the Dobudura preferred to fight at night, which was quite contrary to all usual native custom; this to me was a very alarming statement, as it was also to the police. "I don't like this at all," I told Acland; "I have been an absolute fool. This village alone must be able to furnish quite three hundred men, and the other villages we passed through a like number at least, which makes six hundred; while there may be a dozen other villages within easy reach, for all I know. I should have camped early in the day in the forest, and built a stockade for the night. If these beggars choose to rush us in the dark, the police won't be able to distinguish carriers from Dobudura in the tangled mess there will be; and I have not enough police to keep up a sufficiency of sentries round the camp, without the whole force being on duty all night." Just before dark, our late prisoner walked in and told us that the men from the

Sangara district had returned, and the chief proposed to pay us a visit that night. My sentries were posted at the time, but the man had got through them and right up to me, unchallenged. My police and the Notu protested strongly against our receiving visitors at night. "It's contrary to all our customs to receive visitors at night, and there is something behind this," they said. "Return to your chief, and tell him I will receive him in the morning," I told the messenger, "but that anyone coming near my camp to-night will be shot immediately," and off he went.

"If there is a fight to-night, how are we to distinguish the carriers from the Dobudura?" I asked Barigi. "Let each carrier keep by him a glowing fire-stick, and seize and wave it when the fight comes," he replied, "then we can shoot at the men without fire in their hands." It was good advice, and I took it; and each carrier took good care that—like the wise virgins—he kept his light burning. The night wore on: we three Europeans lying on the ground with our revolvers buckled on, our rifles ready to grasp, and with our pockets uncomfortably full of cartridges; the police, that were not on duty, lay on their rifles, and each carrier kept spear or tomahawk handy. Old Giwi croaked about the folly of our camp, and exhorted the Kaili Kaili and his two sons, Makawa in my police and Toku my servant, to fight strongly. I stationed men at houses at each end and side of the village, with fire-pots full of live embers, and instructed them—in the case of an attack—at once to set fire

to the dry sago-leaf roofs, in order to give us light to fire by. The nerves of the whole party were now in a state of tense expectation, and the Notu quietly bewailed their folly in coming with me. "If we are smashed up," I told Walker and Acland, "don't let those beggars get you alive."

All at once I heard the voice of a village constable, in the circle of sentries, raised in anger: "What two fools are you, walking past me without fire-sticks? You know the orders!" The order had been given by me that any carrier moving about the camp was to carry his fire-stick. The men made no reply, but rushed past him from our camp into the night; whereupon he fired after them, and immediately there broke out a blaze of fire from the rifles of the sentries all round the camp. I found out later that the two men were Dobudura, who, unperceived, had been right through our camp, studying the disposition of my force.

Then came the blood-curdling war-cry of the Dobudura all round us, which was answered by a yell of defiance from the Kaili Kaili, and a howl of terror from the Notu. "Fire the houses! Fall in the constabulary!" I yelled amid the din. Suddenly bang went a rifle at my side; I turned and saw Walker. Then came a yell of protest from the Kaili Kaili. "What the devil do you think you are doing?" I demanded. "Firing at the enemy!" he answered, wild with nervous excitement. "Trying to murder my Kaili Kaili!" I told him shortly Walker calmed

down and ceased firing. The houses shot up into a blaze, and lit up the village and surrounding grass for fifty yards; the constabulary and village constables rapidly formed in line, and the Kaili Kaili and Notu, who were frantically waving their fire-sticks, lay down, in order that we might fire over them. The noise died away as quickly as it had risen, and the Dobudura departed as swiftly as they had come, without pushing their attack. I was extremely puzzled, but decided that perhaps they would yet come; so the men stood as they were, in the light of the burning houses, until three in the morning, when rain fell upon us, and the Notu said we were now all right, as nothing would induce the Dobudura to fight in the rain.

It was not until long afterwards, when I was on really friendly terms with the Dobudura, that I learnt what had saved us that night. They had discovered our advance into their country, almost immediately after we had left the coast, and had decided to draw us as far as possible into their district and avoid a fight until the men from Sangara could return; then to throw every available fighting man upon my camp just before dawn. They knew a large portion of my force was comprised of Notu, whom they despised, and expected would bolt at the first attack. Their chief, who devised the scheme, had wished to visit my camp to see for himself how my force was disposed; finding he could not do this, he had sent men who had crept unperceived past the sentries. Some of the men had already returned to him with news, and he was waiting

for the others, when bang went the village constable's rifle and he fell dead, shot through the heart. The fire from the ring of sentries had also killed and wounded several others. Struck with dismay at the loss of their leader, and appalled by the flashes and sound of the rifles, they had then drawn off until dawn should come; but with the dawn came the rain, and that damped their fighting ardour. I, however, did not know this at the time, and was considerably surprised at the whole behaviour of the Dobudura. Glad was I when dawn came, for, on top of the nervous tension of the whole night, I knew that I was the person responsible for having got my party into such a dangerous position.

In the morning there were the ever-present encircling Dobudura scouts, silent and watchful. "Damn these people!" I said, "they have got upon my nerves. I am going to run away and get more police; my men can't march and hunt them all day and keep watch all night." Back for the coast we marched, the Notu scouting in advance, while the rear-guard was composed of constabulary. As we passed through and vacated each village, it was at once reoccupied by many people, and a gradually increasing body of Dobudura followed on our track. At one point, as we entered the forest, I sent a man up a tree to look back, and he reported large numbers of men creeping after us in the grass. I halted my men and faced about, thinking that perhaps they had at last made up their minds to come to conclusions with me; the men in the grass halted too, and after waiting some time for

an attack to develop and none coming, I sent out a flanking party to try and get round them, but their ever-watching scouts detected my manœuvres and the Dobudura retreated.

We reached the Notu village again that night, when the old people of the village thanked me for fighting the Dobudura, and proffered gifts of necklaces made from dogs' teeth and shells. That night we slept like stone dogs, police, Kaili Kaili, and all our party, while the Notu people kept watch. The following day I took the whaler, and with half a dozen police, Acland, and Walker, sailed for the Kumusi River; from which point I could send a message overland to Elliott, Assistant R.M. at Tamata, asking him for more police. The Kaili Kaili and the remainder of the constabulary I left encamped at Notu.

We nearly got swamped crossing the bar of the Kumusi River, a beastly shark and alligator infested spot. "Lord love a duck!" said Acland, "yesterday you nearly got us eaten by cannibals! To-day you offer us a choice between drowning, sharks, or crocodiles! If I ever hear anyone saying that your guests are not provided with plenty of excitement and variety, I shall call the speaker a liar, if he's small enough!" Oates kept a store for Whitten Brothers at the mouth of the Kumusi, from which the Yodda Gold-field was supplied per medium of the river; so here we waited for a week for the return of my messenger to Elliott. We spent our time catching big sharks and groper on a stout cotton line; we got one groper of

four hundred pounds weight, and some enormous sharks, which our men ate. The fish had a curious effect upon Private Oia, for he suddenly went into high fever, and then his outer skin crackled all over and peeled off; he told me that the same thing had happened to him once before after he had eaten a large quantity of shark.

A. W. Walsh, Assistant R.M. from Papangi Station, now put in an appearance with a trader named Clark; they had been searching for a track from Bogi on the Kumusi River to the Mangrove Isles on the coast. I at once commandeered Walsh's services, together with his nine police, for service against the Dobudura. Walsh was an Irishman, a happy-go-lucky fellow who had gone broke farming in Australia, and had then been given a small appointment in New Guinea. His detail of police were very slack and untidy: he afterwards served under me in the Northern Division, and I had a devil of a job straightening up his men. Then arrived from Tamata ten police, sent me by Elliott, a smart, well-drilled lot; also old Bushimai appeared, with about fifty fighting men in canoes, Bushimai stating that he had heard I had sent for help to Tamata, and thought that he would bring some men to my assistance. I now had a force, I considered, sufficient to smash up any tribe in New Guinea; namely, forty-four constabulary, an extra European officer, and carriers comprised of such redoubtable fighting men as Giwi's Kaili Kaili and Bushimai's Mambare—Bushimai's men were also good night fighters.

Once more, accordingly, I returned to Oro Bay to march against the Dobudura. I found the constabulary and carriers that I had left at that point in good health and spirits, except one man who had suddenly died and been buried by the police. The Notu, however, had all bolted for the bush; and, upon asking for the reason, I found that while I was at the Kumusi they had captured, killed and eaten two runaway Kumusi carriers, and they knew that I should call them to account for it; also they were by no means keen upon putting in another night at Dobudura, the big village where we were previously attacked. The Notu and their offences, however, could wait; first I had to finish with the Dobudura; accordingly I again marched for their villages, this time full of confidence.

We found that the Dobudura had planted concealed spears on the track, as well as spear-pits; but they were easily discovered by the scouting Mambare, and avoided by us. "These bush fools think we are children!" said old Bushimai, when we found the things; "perhaps before we leave they will know different!" At the first sight of the outlying Dobudura village, we saw that it was crowded with armed plumed men, back to whom rapidly fled four of their scouts as my force emerged from the forest. I hastily detached the Papangi and Tamata constabulary respectively as right and left flanking parties, and advanced straight upon the village with my own men; the police had orders to take as many prisoners as possible. Getting close to the village, I ordered my men to rush it, which they did;

but the Dobudura, suddenly discovering that they were being attacked upon three sides at once, hastily decamped, and the police only succeeded in capturing two old men and a youth who were not swift-footed enough to escape them. All the other villages were also vacated at our approach, rows of grinning skulls alone receiving us; and again we had an encircling screen of Dobudura scouts around us, but this time they had a lively time, as now I did not care what attack was made upon my main body, and could therefore detail plenty of side patrols of police to chase or shoot them.

All that day I drove the Dobudura before us: whenever they showed any signs of forming, or putting up a serious fight, I at once flung out my flanking parties and developed so severe an attack upon their front and sides as to send them flying back to the next village; until we came to the big village of the night alarm. Here apparently their full force was assembled, and prepared to make a stand. I at once united the two flanking parties into one under Walsh, with orders to make a flank attack, whilst I made a direct one. The Dobudura had, however, lost their leader; and as my force advanced, some fled, while others tried to put up a fight but without method or order, until several were killed, and again they fled as my force occupied the village. A good number of prisoners were taken, including several women, whose presence showed that the Dobudura had been fairly confident of holding their village against us.

Night was now fast coming; and, made cautious

by first experience, I vacated the village for the forest on the bank of the Samboga River, where the Kaili Kaili and Mambare hastily felled trees and built a stockade, while half the police were dispatched in pursuit of the scattered Dobudura. Several they shot, others they captured; but that night we passed in sweet security within the walls of our stockade, though Walker was the only white member of the party not down with fever. I questioned the prisoners, who told me that the spirit of the Dobudura was broken, and that though some of that tribe wished for a pitched fight with me, others were afraid, while the death of their chief had caused divided councils in the tribe. "Why do you kill the Notu?" I asked; "that is the sole reason why I fight with you." "We were always friendly with the Notu, until two years ago," they replied, "but then their sorcerers began making a drought, and we had nothing except sago to eat; then the sorcerers destroyed that also, so we had to eat the Notu! The proof of the wickedness of the Notu is that they had rain while we had none."

Here, in the early morning, I nearly lost one of my men: my party was scattered over an area of about an acre, chatting and tending their cooking-fires, when a Dobudura man crawled unperceived right amongst them and hurled a spear into the loins of a man; the man staggered forward and plucked out the spear, turning round as he did so to face his assailant, and then received a second spear clean through the forearm; this also he plucked out, and hurled it at the Dobudura,

completely transfixing him, just as that individual was struck by spears, tomahawks, and bullets from all directions. I made certain, after I had examined my man's wounds, that he could not possibly live; but as a matter of fact he did, and in a month was a whole man again. In this instance I did not know which to admire most, the pluck of my own man or the courage of the Dobudura who had come to what he must have known was certain death. "I wish he had been taken alive," I remarked, as I looked at the corpse, "he would have made a fine village constable."

Another Dobudura also lost his life in a valiant attempt to bag a man of mine: we were marching in single file through an open space covered with grass about two feet high, when suddenly a Dobudura rose out of the grass and hurled a spear at a Kaili Kaili carrier; the Kaili Kaili saw it coming and dodged, with the result that the spear merely grazed his ribs. As the man was in the act of launching a second spear, another Kaili Kaili reached him and clove his skull to the teeth.

All that day I endeavoured to bring the Dobudura to a final fight, but engage my full force they would not. Several of their scouts were shot and others taken prisoners, and in one place half a dozen constabulary and a score of Mambare were vigorously attacked by a strong force; but upon more constabulary and the Kaili Kaili running up to the sound of the firing, the Dobudura retreated. I began to feel very sorry for the Dobudura, their resistance to me was so courageous

and so hopeless. The Cape Nelson constabulary, at the time, were far and away the best detachment in New Guinea, and the Mambare and Kaili Kaili with me among the very best fighters; while in Giwi and Bushimai I had as lieutenants the two most wary, wily, and cautious fighting chiefs in the Possession. Prisoner after prisoner I released to carry messages to them, telling them that I did not wish to fight or kill any more of them, and pointing out the futility of resistance to my force; but still they went on, apparently hoping that sooner or later I should give them an opening to get home upon me; still, to my request that their chiefs should meet me in a neutral spot and discuss their killing of the Notu, they turned a deaf ear.

At last I marched for the coast again, feeling that my only hope of settling the Notu-Dobudura difficulty was by training the prisoners I had captured, and making them realize the strength of the power they were up against. As I vacated each village on our return march, it was at once reoccupied by the Dobudura, still defiant and unconquered. In the last village I left ten constabulary concealed in the houses, who made things very hot indeed for them when they attempted to enter the apparently vacated village. Afterwards, through my prisoners, I got upon good terms with them and turned their chief into a village constable, and they furnished me with carriers for many a future expedition.

I learnt much later that, after I had left their district, the Dobudura had a very rotten time; for the

Sangara—against whom they had dispatched and recalled a war party at the time of my first appearance in their district—had been apparently watching events very closely, and I had hardly withdrawn before they fell upon and remorselessly slaughtered the Dobudura, before they had time to recover from the disorganization caused by me.

The wife of the old chief of the Dobudura, whom I later made village constable, was one of the finest charactered women I have ever known, either white or brown. I remember once, when returning with Tooth from the Lamington Expedition, camping in in the village, worn, tired, and with a hungry lot of carriers. She received us, and explained that her husband, the chief and village constable, was away, so that she was making all arrangements for a supply of food for us. In thanking her and talking to her before I left, I asked, "Have you no children?" "I had two sons," she replied, "but they are dead." "How did they die?" I asked. "You killed them," she said. "Good gracious!" I answered in surprise, "how do you make that out?" "One was killed in the night, when about to attack your camp," she said, "the other speared one of your people and was killed in your camp." "I am very sorry," I said; "I wish I had your two sons marching there," pointing to the constabulary, "for they were very brave men." "It was not your fault, I don't blame you," said the old dame; "we were a foolish people; but my husband and myself wish we had our two sons again."

CHAPTER X

ABOUT this time I received a message that Sir Francis Winter had departed, and that Mr. Musgrave had assumed the administratorship, pending the appointment of a successor to that official, or the return of Sir George Le Hunte. Likewise I received orders at once to prepare to accompany the Acting Administrator on a journey of exploration, for the purpose of discovering a practicable road from Oro Bay to the Yodda Gold-field, together with instructions to collect carriers for the said expedition.

I therefore hastily departed for Cape Nelson and, on my arrival at that point, at once hoisted about sixteen feet of turkey-red at the flagstaff—the signal that I wanted carriers for an important expedition, and also that all village constables and chiefs were to come to me immediately. Within a few hours the men began pouring into the Station, generally accompanied by their wives and relations, who were prepared to camp there until they knew what was in the wind, or until their husbands and relatives had departed with me.

A few hours after my arrival the *Merrie England* came in, and when I went on board I was informed that the Acting Administrator did not intend to make

the proposed journey in person, but that he had decided that I should act for him, and that I should be accompanied by Mr. Tooth, a Government surveyor, whom he had brought with him for that purpose. The *Merrie England* was swarming with extra Central Division police, who were landed to camp for the night in my barracks. His Excellency also informed me that, as he suffered from nausea on board, he wished to sleep at the Residency; upon which I sent for house-boys and told them to prepare my bedroom for the Acting Governor and to make up a bed for me in my private office, which they did. Upon my landing from the *Merrie England*, Oia, my orderly, remarked, "What are we to do with the bones of the white man in your room?" "Oh, shove them under my bed until this trip is over, and I have time to attend to them," I said. For a short time before Oiogoba had brought me the bones of a man, which he informed me he suspected from the decayed state of the teeth in the jaw to be those of a white man: he, or rather his sorcerer, had roughly articulated them, after the manner in which they had previously seen me prepare the skeletons of the smaller mammals.

Night came; the whole Station was plunged in the most profound sleep, with the exception of the sentries and myself. I was sitting in a bath, and was taking advantage of my first spare moments in order to read my private mail brought by the *Merrie England*, when suddenly a shriek rent the air from the Acting Governor's room, followed by a scamper of feet across

the verandah, a loud yell, and then a shot. Hastily I jumped from my tub, donned my pyjamas and arms, and bolted for the Governor's room, while the noise of an alarmed Station became louder and yet louder.

When I reached his Excellency's room I found the mosquito nets surrounding the bed in a blaze, whilst he was capering up and down the room, gibbering something to which I had no time to listen. I hurriedly tore down the burning nets and trampled them underfoot; the need for haste is evident, when I mention that thousands of rounds of cordite cartridges and several hundredweight of gelignite and dynamite were stored in cells beneath my room. Just as I finished trampling out the flames, a rush of feet came; Sergeant Barigi on the one side and Corporal Bia on the other, with their respective squads, swarmed into the house, mother-naked, except for bandoliers, bayonets and rifles, and prepared to kill at sight. Before I had time to question his Excellency as to what was the reason of the alarm, the sentry dumped up upon the verandah the stunned body of the Governor's boy, with the remark, "I've got him, sir!" Then came screams, shrieks, and howls from the women and children in the married quarters, coupled with the yells of the non-commissioned officers of the respective detachments falling-in their men on the parade ground, and the shrill call of a bugle from the gaol compound, a quarter of a mile away, calling for the night guard; mix with that the beating of the drums of the native

chiefs in charge of the carriers assembled for the expedition, crown it all with the bellowing of the *Merrie England's* fog-horn hysterically calling for her boats, and it may be imagined that a fair state of pandemonium reigned!

And all about nothing! His Excellency had gone to bed; then, in the dark, had got up and felt for an object under his bed, and had inserted his fingers into the eye-holes of my skeleton's skull, and being rather puzzled, had called for his Motuan boy to bring a candle. The boy groped under the bed, grabbed the skeleton, and, being a superstitious Motuan, had given a yell and promptly dropped the candle, which fired the mosquito nets; he had then bolted over the verandah, where he had instantly been flattened out by the sentry, who immediately afterwards fired his rifle to alarm the guard.

The prisoners in the gaol, most of whom were runaway carriers from the Mambare, had heard the riot and imagined that the Station was attacked or taken; they accordingly had made frantic efforts to break out and escape, for fear of being murdered —efforts which the ordinary warders were powerless to restrain; hence the wild bugling for assistance. In twenty minutes, however, peace reigned once more; some one yelled to the *Merrie England* that it was not battle, murder, or sudden death, but merely a compound of funk and imbecility. Sergeant Barigi's squad went and quietened the agitated prisoners, while Corporal Oia and his men explained to the rest of the

Station that the trouble was only due to a fool of a Motuan having been scared of my skeleton!

Tooth, the surveyor the Governor had brought with him, was a most peculiar individual; he had spent most of his life surveying in the arid wastes of Northern Australia, and had there lost every ounce of superfluous flesh, as well as acquiring two delusions; one of which was, that his frame and constitution were like cast-iron and not susceptible to fatigue, and the other, that an extraordinary Calvinistic brand of religion that he had invented was the only true means of grace. He had only made one convert, so far as I could understand, namely, his wife.

I discovered Tooth's idiosyncrasies during the first ten minutes we were alone together, while we were discussing the arrangements for our expedition. I noticed two large S's embroidered on his collar. "Mr. Tooth," I asked, "what do those S's mean? Surveyor?" "No," he replied, "Salvation." "Are you a member of the Salvation Army, Mr. Tooth?" "I was," he said, "but I differ with them," and then began to explain his own particular brand of dogma. "Oh, Lord!" I thought, "what am I in for?" Then I cut in hurriedly to the discourse, as a dreadful thought struck me. "Mr. Tooth, are you a teetotaller as well?" "No," said Tooth, "that is one of my differences with the——" I hastily interrupted him by yelling for a boy and telling him to bring drinks; then, before Tooth could get going again, I struck in, "This expedition of ours will in no way resemble a

Methodist picnic. We shall first have to penetrate a coastal belt full of swamps and rotten with fever of the most malignant type; there, forced marches will be the order of the day, and sometimes it will be necessary to use other than Kindergarten methods to persuade carriers of the type I shall have with me that such marches are for their own benefit; next, we shall skirt Mt. Lamington, and that mountain is the haunt of some particularly venomous tribes, who are perpetually fighting, and who regard every stranger as an enemy to be slain at sight; we shan't have a chance to get into anything like friendly relations with them, for Walker and De Molynes have had one scrap with them, Elliott another, and they chased Walsh clean out of their district. Now, what I want to know is this, have you any conscientious scruples about shedding blood? You can't make an omelette without breaking eggs, and you can't take an expedition past Mt. Lamington without some one being killed on one side or the other. Personally I have a strong aversion to being coarsely speared in the midriff or rudely clubbed on the head, or having similar things done to my constabulary or carriers, and should prefer the casualties to be on the other side." "If the heathen in his wickedness rageth," said Tooth, "the heathen in his wickedness must die; also I have a wife to think of; but it is sad to contemplate that his soul will be damned." "That's right, Mr. Tooth," I said, "when the heathen rageth, you think of Mrs. Tooth and be hanged to the heathens' souls." He then got up and groped in his bag, pro-

ducing therefrom an antiquated ivory-handled revolver of Brobdingnagian proportions; a thing throwing a ball about the size of a Snider bullet. "What do you think of that?" remarked the proud owner. "I've had it twenty-five years!" "The Lord help the heathen you shoot with that thing; you'll disembowel him," I said, as I gazed in awe at the ponderous piece of artillery and shoved a finger into its cavernous muzzle; "also the ammunition will be the devil's own weight for you to carry. Let me lend you a service revolver; it will be quite as effective and half the weight." He, however, declined to be parted from his beloved piece of ironmongery, explaining to me that weight did not matter to his iron constitution; he, however, consented to take a service rifle, instead of an enormous American repeating fowling-piece he had as his second armament.

After viewing Tooth's provision of what he considered suitable arms for a difficult expedition, curiosity compelled me to ask him what instruments he proposed taking. He thereupon departed for the *Merrie England*, and returned followed by about a dozen carriers, bringing one six-inch theodolite, one five-inch ditto, one three-inch ditto, one sextant, one artificial horizon, two hypsometers, two chronometers, two aneroid barometers, a circumferentor and two prismatic compasses, one Gunter's chain, one six-chain tape, one table, one chair, a complete set of mathematical instruments, three large bottles of different coloured inks, a paint-box, a large stand telescope, an

enormous roll of plan paper, together with at least six flat field-books and several tomes of logarithmical tables, astronomy, bridge-building, etc. "Thunder and sealing-wax!" I exclaimed, "have you plundered the entire Survey Office? Or do you think we have an elephant transport?" "Oh no. The Hon. A. Musgrave and I compiled the list, and he gave me an order to draw the things from the Survey Department," said Tooth. "It's damned hard luck," I remarked, "that whenever Muzzy tries his hand at an inland expedition I should invariably be dragged into it; it is about up to him to light on some other unfortunate for a change. It seems to me that there is little to choose between the command of one of Muzzy's expeditions and that hell you have in store for the souls of the heathen!" I then carefully selected from the stock a three-inch theodolite, a prismatic compass, an aneroid, and a hypsometer; and from the library, a Trautwine's Pocket Book and a Nautical Almanack. "There you are, Mr. Tooth," I told him; "that is all I can transport, and it is ample. We are not making an exact survey of the German frontier, or laying out a Roman road, but are looking for the easiest and most practicable route from a point on the coast to another in the interior; a meridian altitude by day and a star by night are all the observations we require. You have what we need for that in my selection, the rest is but lumber."

Before continuing the tale of our expedition, a little story about Tooth will fit in here. We had long since

found the route for the road, and Tooth, Elliott, Walsh, and myself, with several hundred Kaili Kaili and Binandere, were engaged in cutting it through an immensely high forest. Elliott and Walsh were both assistant officers of mine, and were, as a rule, stationed with small detachments of constabulary at different posts amongst difficult tribes; they differed one from the other in every respect save one, but were close friends. Walsh was a public-school boy and the son of an Irish baronet; Elliott, a working miner of little education, who had received a temporary appointment at Tamata Station to fill a vacancy caused by the rapid deaths of the officers previously stationed at that salubrious spot; he had proved himself to be so useful at police patrol work and work among the miners as to be permanently retained. The respect in which the two men were alike was, that both possessed happy, mercurial temperaments, and neither feared anything on earth except me—it being my business to stand between them and the hot water they were perpetually getting into at Port Moresby, also to chasten them at frequent intervals (too frequently I fear they thought) for the good of the district and their own welfare. Take them either apart or together, neither could be taken for promising members of the Young Men's Christian Association, but Tooth chose to consider them as possible brands to be plucked from the burning; if he had raked New Guinea through, he could hardly have found a brace of more unlikely converts than were that bright pair.

Well, we had got a strip of tall trees chopped off at the butts, of about a quarter of a mile in length and twenty-two yards in width, and the infernal things were so tangled up at the tops with a network of vines and creepers as to refuse to come down. Natives crawled about the trunks chopping, others climbed neighbouring trees and hacked at the vines; the work was frightfully dangerous, as the men swarmed underneath everywhere, and one never knew the moment when the whole mass of timber would come crashing down on top of them. Suddenly the expected happened, down came the lot, the workers scuttling like rabbits into the adjoining forest; all but one escaped, but a huge pandanus top fell upon him and flattened him out. The crashing, tearing and rending of that avalanche of falling timber then ceased, and from under the pandanus trees came the screams of a man apparently in mortal agony. "Cut him out!" I yelled. "Who the devil is it?" "Komburua," was the reply, as fifty naked natives flew with their axes to the spot, and almost immediately turned tail and fled howling into the surrounding forest, while the howls of Komburua continued, containing if anything a still keener note of agony. "Curse it! Have the choppers gone mad?" I howled. "Forward the Bogi and Papangi detachments! Cut that man out at once!" Walsh and Elliott seized axes and, followed by their respective squads, attacked the tree under which lay the screaming Komburua. Then we found trouble thick and plenty; about a dozen nests of hornets, as

big as bumble-bees, had come down with the timber and got busily to work; they had routed the naked choppers in one act, but the constabulary, under the storm of blasphemy and threats showered by Walsh, Elliott and myself, stuck to the work, in spite of hornet stings, until the man was released. I then examined Komburua, who kept up a constant moaning, but could find nothing broken or any sign of internal injuries. "Damn you," I said, as I cuffed his head, "there is nothing the matter with you, and you have got us all badly stung by beasts with stings like red-hot fish-hooks!" "Nothing the matter!" wailed Komburua. "Nothing the matter! First the whole forest falls on top of me, and then all the red and green ants in the country begin to eat me!" It was quite true; that pandanus top had contained several nests of savagely-biting red and green ants, which had shaken out on top of the pinned Komburua; when I looked again closely at his skin, I found he was bitten all over. He afterwards said that the ants had been so thick that they had to take turns in biting him, as there was not enough room on his skin for them all at once. But I think this was an exaggeration.

Tooth didn't get stung; he had been some distance away when the accident occurred, and only arrived in time to hear the language used in the culminating stage of the extrication of Komburua; and at that language Tooth was greatly grieved. He saw three souls bound for one of the worst lodgings in that particularly vivid hell of his creation, souls, too, of

men with whom Tooth was on terms of cordial friendship; it therefore behoved him to do something to save those friends. Now, a New Guinea Resident Magistrate's relations with his officers in my day were very much the same as those of a captain of a man-of-war with his; they might be on most cordial terms of friendship, but they lived apart and fed apart; or if, as usually happened, these rules were relaxed when we were engaged on work such as the present, still no comment would be caused by the R.M. having his dinner in his own tent or absenting himself from the nightly conclave, and it would be a gross breach of etiquette to intrude upon him then.

That night I dined in my own tent, and afterwards I neither visited the general mess-tent nor sent and invited any officer to mine. Tooth felt the fervour of his creed working in him; some one must be saved. Elliott had used the worst language; he would begin with him. He waited until Elliott had turned into his hammock, then wended his way thereto. Walsh, whose tent was alongside, overheard the conversation, and told it to me some time afterwards. Tooth began in this wise: "Alec, I want something from you." "It's no good, Tooth, I haven't a blanky bob; if I had, you would be welcome to it," replied Elliott. "It's not that," said Tooth, in sepulchral tones; "neither a lender nor a borrower be. It is something more precious than gold." "Osmiridium," hazarded Elliott; "I had some that I got on the Yodda, but I gave it to a barmaid in Sydney." Tooth changed

his tactics. "Alec, I want to probe into your being," he said. "After those blasted hornet stings, I suppose; I'll see you damned first. Ade has dug them out with a needle already, and anyhow, I would not have a bull-fisted blunderer like you digging at me." "No," said Tooth, "it is your immortal soul I wish to cleanse and save." "Hell's flames!" said Elliott, sitting up in surprise, "are you mad?" "No," replied Tooth, "I am not mad, and hell's flames consume souls, they do not cleanse; I wish to save you from them. The language that you and Walsh and the R.M. used to-day was enough to damn you to all eternity, and you all constantly use it and worse." "If you have ever heard the R.M. or Walsh use worse language than they used to-day under the hornets, you are a lucky man; it must have been something quite out of the common, and an education to any ordinary man. Why, a college of parsons could not have improved upon it, or you, Tooth, could not have equalled it."

Tooth then preached Elliott a fearsome sermon, according to Walsh; which was interrupted by Elliott in this way. "Look here, Tooth, I'm damned if I see what my soul has got to do with you, or why you should take on a parson's job; but, anyhow, the best thing that you can do is to save the soul of the R.M.! Then you will get the lot of us, Walsh and Griffin, Bellamy, the two Higginsons and fat Oelrichs; if you convert the 'Old Man,' he'll make things so hot that we'll have to get saved or clear out! In fact, I think

you would get all the police as well. Now get out of my tent!"

The following evening, as we all sat round a camp fire after having messed together, I noticed that Tooth seemed to be labouring with some deep thought, while Elliott and Walsh kept exchanging meaning glances. At last the latter pair got up and went off to their tents, telling me that they had their journals to write up, a palpable lie, as the sole report they had to make was a line to the effect that they were upon duty with me. Then, after a little beating about the bush, Tooth brought the conversation round to religion, and suddenly it dawned upon me that he was endeavouring to convert me; anger was my first feeling, then I smiled to myself and broke in on his discourse. "My dear chap, to prevent misunderstanding we had better come to some agreement at once. Like you, I also have a peculiar religion. I am an esoteric High Churchman, and it is one of the tenets of my faith that laymen belonging to that creed do not discuss it with any other than a fellow esoteric High Churchman or a Lady of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. Our conversions are all made by retired celibate bishops of not less than sixty years of age. You may have noticed that I never eat butter or fat, or touch milk in any form; these are rules of esoteric High Churchism, imposed as a penance to mortify the flesh. Please do not say any more." (As a matter of fact, I hate milk, butter, or grease in any form.) Tooth gasped with surprise, then simply remarking, "that to each man his own

belief, but he did not see how I reconciled mine with the language of yesterday," went off to bed. "Very good, Mr. Tooth," I thought, "I'll teach you before long not to go soul-hunting among the New Guinea R.M.'s," and lay low for him accordingly.

I eventually squared accounts with Tooth in this way. He, like many other strong healthy men, had a great horror of illness; he also was strangely ignorant of all disease other than malaria. Now, Tooth got a boil on his stern; he also got scrub-itch on the back of his neck and scratched it until it was raw; then he cut his arm and came to me for treatment; I put some iodoform dusting powder on the cut and bandaged it up. Next day his arm was worse, and I discovered that he was one of those people whom iodoform poisons, instead of healing; accordingly I washed it off and dressed his arm with boracic acid. Tooth was now very alarmed. "Do you think there is any danger?" he asked. "I don't like your symptoms," I answered; "now we will just detail them, in order to see whether my suspicions are correct. Firstly, you have a big boil on your sit-upon." "Yes," quaked Tooth. "Secondly, you have an irritant eruption on the back of your neck." "Yes." "Then your blood is in such a bad state that a strong drug like iodoform won't heal a simple cut." "Yes," "Now, look here, Tooth, be very careful how you answer this: have you got a rash on your body?" I knew he must have one, for we were all covered with prickly-heat. "Yes," said

Tooth, "look at it." I looked at it, and then pulled a face that I flatter myself would have been worth something to an undertaker as a stock-in-trade. "My God!" said he, "what is it?" "One more question, Tooth, before my worst suspicions are confirmed: Do you feel devilish hungry half an hour before meals?" (His appetite, I may remark, was proverbial in the camp.) "Yes," he groaned, "sometimes so hungry that I have a sinking feeling. Oh, what is it?" "Tooth," I said, "I hardly like to tell you." "Tell me the worst; anything is better than this suspense." "Phytosis, poor old chap. It is a horrible disease, and passes on in a family for generations when once it is acquired; it is mentioned in the Bible, King Solomon suffered from it." Tooth's groans would now have melted a heart of stone, but I remembered his attempted conversion of me, and hardened mine.

"I have never heard of it in my family," he said. "No," I replied, "the symptoms point to your having acquired it off your own bat." "How do you catch it?" he asked in despair. "Usually from evil living," I replied. Tooth fairly howled, "But I have never lived evilly." "Perhaps not, Tooth; but you can catch it by sitting on a seat that a person suffering from it has sat upon, or drinking from a vessel from which that person has drunk." Tooth's groans now were heart-rending; then a glimmer of hope came to him. "But," said he, "there is no one in this camp suffering from it." "No," was my reply, "that is very true; but this disease takes exactly two months and seven

days to develop, and that takes us back to the *Merrie England*, where I have grave suspicions of one of the stewards, the one who looked after your cabin." I regret to say that at this point Tooth used language concerning that unjustly slandered steward that was nearly as strong as that used by my team in the affair of the hornets. "What is the course of the disease?" then wailed Tooth. "If my diagnosis be correct," I answered, "you now have the first symptoms; the second will be that your hair and teeth will fall out, the third your nose will drop off, and after that you will smell so badly that small hoses, charged with disinfectants, will have to be played upon you until you die." "Can you do anything for me until I can consult a doctor?" he asked despairingly. "Oh yes," I answered, "the lugger *Peupiuli* will be at Buna Bay in a fortnight, and she can take you to Samarai; but in the meantime my treatment must be a drastic one." "Anything, anything," said the persecuted man. "All right, Tooth; one packet of Epsom salts, hot, before breakfast every morning, and every Saturday night I will mix you a bolus."

Poor Tooth began the treatment; at the end of a week he was a very limp man indeed, but his boil had gone and his cut was healed. Then he complained that my treatment was too drastic, and that he was getting as weak as a schoolgirl and being starved to death, for his food could not benefit him. I asked him whether he expected me to be able to cure a dreadful disease like his with babies' soothing powders, and then

explained that his hunger and weakness were due to a failing circulation, which I hoped it would not be necessary for me to stimulate with blisters on his stomach and back.

Tooth continued my treatment until the *Peupiuli* arrived, when he departed hastily in her to Samarai; and there, to his rage and relief, he was of course told by the doctor that there was nothing the matter with him. Oelrichs told me afterwards that he had sworn he would report me for misusing Government drugs, but Oelrichs then told him, that if he did, the R.M. would probably reply, "that he might have been mistaken in the nature of the surveyor's disease, but the latter must have had a bad conscience to cause him to submit to the treatment." Poor Tooth choked with rage; but he was not a man that bore grudges or carried a bitterness long, and we were soon the best of friends again.

"What was the matter with Tooth?" asked Walsh, as he, Elliott, and I sat round the camp fire on the night of the victim's departure. "Nothing," I replied. "Good Lord! Then what did you scour him to the bone for?" "Excess of religious fervour!" I answered. "By the way, which of you two ornaments to the Service had the cheek to set him on to your chief? I think that requires looking into!" Both looked uneasy. "Is it Pax?" asked Walsh. I nodded. Then I heard about Tooth and Elliott.

I have decided not to continue the tale of this

expedition. It has been published in official reports, and is simply a story of swamps, mountains, fever, and fights, a common sort of tale lacking all interest, hence I go on to Robinson's more important Hydrographer's Expedition.

CHAPTER XI

ON the first of July, 1903, the *Merrie England* arrived at Cape Nelson, bringing the Administrator, Mr. Justice Robinson. His Excellency informed me that he intended to visit the Yodda Gold-field at once, and to proceed with all possible speed towards the construction of a road to that point, also that he wished to know before the work was begun whether there was any possible alternative route to that already explored, and recommended by Mr. Surveyor Tooth and myself from Oro Bay. I replied that it was possible that a route existed leading from Porloch Bay, behind the Hydrographer's Range to Papaki (or Papangi, as my men called it). Sir William MacGregor's map showed the Yodda River as heading there; this, however, I knew from my own explorations to be incorrect; but Sir William must have some reason for thinking that a long valley ran between the Hydrographer's and the Main Ranges, and this was also my own belief. Walker, R.M., and De Molynes, A.R.M., had sent in a report and map of their explorations in that part of the country, also showing a valley, but they said it was the valley of the south branch of the

Kumusi. "I have that report and map," said his Excellency. "Well, both are pure fiction," I replied. "What do you mean by that?" he asked. "One moment, sir, and you will know," I answered, and sent an orderly for Private Arita, and upon his appearance questioned him as follows.

"You were with Mr. Walker and Mr. De Molynes when they went up the Kumusi to Papangi?" "Yes, sir." "How far did they go beyond Papangi?" "Two hours' journey, to where the Kumusi emerges from the hills; then we came back," was the reply. "Did Mr. Walker ever visit that part of the country again?" I asked. "No, sir." "There you are, your Excellency," I said, "Walker drew a map and furnished a report upon a country scores of miles beyond the furthest point he reached. The whole thing is simply guess-work." "Why do you think Sir William MacGregor placed a long valley there?" asked the Governor. "He probably saw a valley, or what looked like a valley, from the summit of the Main Range on his Victoria Expedition, and from a height of twelve or thirteen thousand feet, hills of two or three thousand might look like a flat. Anyhow, he was wrong in his assumption that the Yodda River headed there; and in any case he never made any definite statement to that effect, he simply noted it as a possibility. The fact now remains that we know absolutely nothing of the country between the Hydrographer's Range and the Main Range; Sir William MacGregor's theory has been proved wrong by later explorations of the Yodda,

while Walker's map and report are not to be seriously considered."

"What do you think about it?" asked Robinson. "I cannot tell," I answered. "It is possible or probable that there is a long fertile valley drained either by the Barigi River into Porloch Bay, or by an affluent of the Kumusi, or by both; or the country may be auriferous; or again it may be a succession of hills and ranges of a few thousand feet; it is impossible to know without traversing it. If there is a long valley there it would be the best route to the Yodda." "Well, I am going to find out," said Robinson, "and you are coming with me; the details of the equipment and personnel of the expedition are now in your hands. When can we start?" "To-morrow, sir," I answered, as I went off to warn my men and send for carriers, wondering why everything hot and unwholesome always fell to my lot. I was not at all enamoured of the prospect, for neither Robinson, Bruce, nor Manning was acclimatized to the country or knew anything about the work, and I saw that if anything went wrong—as well it might—I should be the scapegoat.

The following day I left with the Governor for Porloch Bay, taking with me ten of my constabulary, a dozen armed village constables, and about 130 Kaili Kaili as carriers; to which were added the Governor's boat's crew of eight constabulary and the Commandant's travelling patrol of twenty. At Porloch Bay my old enemy but now dear friend, Oiogoba Sara, appeared and gave us much assistance. He had all his fighting

men under arms to repel a threatened attack from a raiding hill tribe, and wanted us to stop and help him; but as I very soon found out that he was confident of beating off his enemies, the Governor decided to go on with our more important work, especially as I told him that the mere passage of our force through Oiogoba's country would discourage the raiders, as indeed old Oiogoba himself thought.

Here, I went through the stores and equipment provided by Manning for the Governor's use, and remorselessly cast out such things as lager, beer, potatoes, tinned fruit, etc. These things, I told Manning, were about as useful to an expedition of this sort as a pair of bathing drawers to a conger eel. "But his Excellency may wish to invite some one to lunch or dinner at the Yodda," squealed Manning. "Then his Excellency's guests can share his Excellency's fare of bully beef, biscuits, rice, and yams." "Mr. Monckton, sir," appealed Manning, "is leaving behind a great deal of your private stores." "Exactly what I expected he would do, Manning. I am glad my impression of him is confirmed. Perhaps you are fortunate that he has not left you behind as well!" replied Robinson, who was a man all through.

Our first camp was at old Oiogoba's village of Neimbadi on the Barigi River, which the old boy, by dint of building new stockades and tree houses, had now turned into a strong position. At dawn on the following morning we struck camp, and, guided by Oiogoba and his escort of spearmen, struck inland

to where the Barigi River forks, and thence followed the northern branch, the Tamberere, along its tortuous and rocky course until noon, being compelled to cross and recross the beastly stream no less than five times. In the afternoon, after ascending a rocky gorge, we emerged on to rolling grass hills, and eventually camped for the night at an altitude of about 1,000 feet. From here bearings on Mounts MacGregor and Lamington gave me my position; and I told his Excellency that a line as near west-north-west as possible was our route, and one that would determine whether a valley suitable for a road existed behind Mount Lamington or not. Personally, however, I was of the opinion that from the look of the land ahead some rough country lay between the supposititious valley and us.

The country we were camped in was a sort of "no man's land" or border land lying between the Baruga tribe and their mountain enemies, amongst whom could be numbered the Aga, who inhabited the inland slopes of the Hydrographer Range, and were now right ahead of us. This tribe I had heard was in the habit of poisoning its spears; but, like almost every other story to that effect in New Guinea, this proved untrue. Oiogoba and his escort left us here; he returning to take charge of the defence of his village against the expected raid. I, however, kept his village constable with me to act as an interpreter.

From this point our way now led over steep-sided hills of two to three thousand feet in height, at the

bottom of which there were deep rocky gorges through which ran very rapid streams. From the top of one big hill we espied in the distance high tree houses, belonging to an outpost of a tribe named Gogori, so my village constable told me. The country lying between us and the houses was frightfully precipitous and rough, and the descent and ascent of the slopes made extremely interesting by loose boulders accidentally dislodged by the men above falling on those below. In most places it was only possible to proceed in Indian file, which of course meant that when a boulder was dislodged it practically enfiladed the long line.

Boulder dodging on a very steep slope is interesting because one never knows where it is coming, and therefore has to wait to dodge until it is almost into one, in order to prevent stepping into instead of out of its track. Sometimes the loaded men in endeavouring to avoid one stone would start others, whereupon all of us at the lower end had a truly lively time; though I never knew a man actually struck. There is an art in dodging a boulder on a hillside. One hears a sudden yell of warning from the individual by whom it has been started on its career, then a running fire of curses and laughter from the men; curses, as each man watches the course of the boulder and waits to jump aside; laughter, as—the feat accomplished—he watches the expressions and listens to the language of those below awaiting their turn!

Our order of march was as follows. First went four

constabulary scouts, two Mambare and two Kaili Kaili, keeping from one to three hundred yards ahead, and making the easiest line to be followed; then I came with the interpreters and ten of the constabulary, followed by the Governor, Manning, and his Excellency's armed boat's crew; behind them again came a long line of carriers, studded at intervals with armed village constables; while Bruce and his constabulary brought up the rear.

The country now in front of us was very broken and precipitous, and after descending one particularly steep slope of about a thousand feet we found it terminated in a deep gorge, into which we descended by means of vines, which we tied to trees at the top and slid down. We followed the gorge for some four miles or so, wading sometimes up to our waists in water, until we suddenly found ourselves in a sort of huge cup or amphitheatre surrounded on all sides by precipices and high hills. I asked the Baruga village constable if he had ever been there before. He replied, "No," though he had heard of the place, and vowed if it had not been for the police and myself nothing would have induced him to come, as it was haunted by devils! He had hardly spoken, when crack! crack! crack! went the rifles of the scouts. "There! What did I tell you?" said that v.c., turning pale under his dusky skin. "The devils have found the scouts!" "Then I am sorry for the devils," I remarked, as in response to a nod from me, half a dozen police tore off to support the scouts.

"The devils" turned out to be a small party of mountaineers, who had discovered and suddenly attacked my scouts. No damage was done by them, other than a spear hole through Private Mukawa's haversack. Several of the mountaineers were wounded and two captured; they had been demoralized and terrified by the—to them—appalling noise and effect of the rifle fire. One of the captured men was a leper. We could not make them understand a word we said; their language was quite strange to the Baruga village constable; but by signs we endeavoured to explain to them that we were not enemies, and we gave them a few small presents, and sent them off to rejoin their friends.

Leaving the amphitheatre, we followed a steep gorge until our way was barred by a waterfall 150 feet in height, which brought us to a full stop. It was not a particularly-enviable situation in which we found ourselves, for in the event of natives on the top discovering us, they would be quite likely to begin dropping stones, spears, tree trunks, etc., on our heads, without our being able to retaliate. Until one has taught him differently, the inland Papuan holds the simple creed that every stranger is an enemy to be killed at sight.

At last Sergeant Barigi discovered a faint track leading up a narrow side gorge; so, taking half a dozen police with me, I followed it for about a mile, the bottom gradually rising the whole time, until it also terminated in a waterfall about twenty feet in height.

Resting against the side of the waterfall was a smooth pole, up which the local natives apparently climbed. After many efforts Corporal Bia and four police succeeded in climbing up it, and stationed themselves as a guard at the top, while I sent word to the Governor to come on. When more police arrived, they made a ladder of poles and vines, and by its help we emerged from the "abode of devils" on to a steep hillside, up which we climbed with considerable difficulty in the wake of the scouts, who were now reinforced by Corporal Bia and his four men.

At the top of the hill there was a small stockaded village vacated by its inhabitants, into which Bia and his scouts carefully crawled. Whizz! suddenly came a spear from the air, passing between the crawling Bia's arm and body, and pinning him to the ground by his jumper. He looked up and spotted a bushman on a platform at the top of an enormous tree. Whizz! Whizz! came a couple more spears, which he dodged. The bushman leant over for a more deliberate shot at him. "You have had three shots at me," said Bia; "now here is something for yourself!" And he potted that bushman like a rook. There was a large garden near the village full of yams, to which the carriers and police helped themselves, leaving, however, salt and tobacco in payment.

From here we followed native tracks from one hill-top to another; each hilltop crowned with a small stockaded village the inhabitants of which always fled at the hail of our scouts, and reoccupied the village

after we had passed through; at each village we left small presents as a sign that we were not hostile marauders.

After leaving the village we got into a waterless rocky volcanic country, consisting of a sort of scoria, and soon were all suffering from the pangs of thirst. From early morning until late in the forenoon of the following day we went without water, the scouts ranging for miles on a fruitless quest, till the laden carriers showed signs of severe distress. At last the scouts discovered a garden with a man at work in it, and captured him. We gave the man a few beads and a zinc mirror, and he soon got over his fright; he spoke a peculiarly musical language, but none of my men could make head or tail of it. We made him understand by signs that we wanted water, and that we would give him a long-knife and a tomahawk as a reward if he guided us to it; he, in his turn, made signs that he would do so, and went off with Sergeant Kimai and a few police. After a couple of hours the sergeant came back, and reported that the man had led him north, south, east, and west, and had then tried to bolt. "Take him out of the Governor's hearing and give him a taste of your belt," I told Kimai. "I have already done that," replied that worthy sergeant; "I had to do it carefully for fear of leaving marks, but he is a very pig for obstinacy." "There must be water somewhere near his garden," I said. "Take him to a sunny spot and fill his mouth with salt; then run him up and down, and when he

blows sprinkle his nose with dry wood ashes!" In about an hour's time the man was brought back, and I could plainly see that he had a thirst sufficient to make a drunkard of an Archbishop! He eagerly made signs of drinking, and pointed in the direction we wished to go. In half an hour he had taken us to a pool of indifferent water, which we drank up; and in another twenty minutes to a fine stream.

At about four o'clock on the afternoon of this day we came upon a group of villages surrounded by gardens. The scouts waved calico and green boughs, and yelled "Ovakaiva" (peace); the inhabitants, however, would have nothing to do with us in a friendly way. One enterprising individual stalked Sergeant Barigi, and knocked him over with a stone-headed club; before he had time to finish him, however, Private Tamanabai noticed what was going on and shot his assailant.

Just ahead of us there was a stockaded village, situated on a spur in a very strong position, and right across the track that we should be obliged to follow. Fortunately most of the men belonging to it were away, and I was able to take the village without bloodshed, by threatening a flank attack, and then suddenly rushing my men into it. Its inhabitants retreated to another village, from whence they hurled abuse and defiance at us. Private Maione was able to talk to these people, as they spoke a language resembling that of the Sangara tribe, which he knew. They demanded what we meant by "polluting their country

and village by our obscene presence!" Maione replied that we were but travellers passing through their country, and that we did not want to fight, but would pay well for food, guides, and assistance. They replied that they would "provide us with all the fighting we wanted!"

The Governor now told me that he did not wish any fighting to take place, nor any natives to be shot, and personally gave an order to this effect to the police. I told his Excellency that the last thing either myself or my police wanted was to fight, but that I certainly had no intention of allowing either my men or my Kaili Kaili carriers to be killed by bushmen. Whereupon his Excellency said, that as I could not see eye to eye with him in the matter, he would release me from the command and place Bruce in charge: which he did.

The immediate result of Bruce's disposition of our force was that Maione, my personal orderly, and our only interpreter, was badly speared, and a strong attack was developed against us. We had a very bad time during the night staving off attack after attack. Then Bruce came to Robinson, and said, "I don't understand this sort of fighting, neither do my men, and their nerves are going. Monckton's men do; but they are all sulking badly, and the carriers are following suit."

Bruce also asked me to look at some of his own and the Governor's men who appeared to be sickening for something or other; which I did; and also questioned

them. They told me that a strange sickness was sweeping through the native villages at Port Moresby just about the time they left. "Measles! as I am a living sinner!" I exclaimed, and went off to the Governor. "Some epidemic has broken out amongst the men, sir; and they say it is similar to a new illness in Port Moresby. I am afraid it is measles," I told him. "The Chief Medical Officer told me that there was a slight outbreak of German measles, but said that he did not consider that it was dangerous," replied his Excellency. "It might not be dangerous to well-housed European children or natives at Port Moresby; but with hard work and the wet of the mountains, not to speak of having to wade through streams, these men of mine will die like flies. Besides, each man that sickens overloads the others, and we already have one dangerously wounded man to carry, with a probability of more." "What do you advise?" asked the Governor. "Make for the coast, where shelter can be obtained for the men, as fast as we possibly can," was my answer. "How?" he asked. "A bee line over the Hydrographers," I replied. "That is, abandon the work we are on and confess failure! That will never do: my very first work. Did Sir William MacGregor ever do such a thing?" he asked. "I have never heard of his doing so," I replied. "Then why do you advise me to take such a course?" he demanded. "For the sake of the lives of my men, and for your Excellency's own sake. If we continue to lose a large number of men, the press and public will kick up a

fuss." The Governor then called Bruce into consultation; after which he called for me again.

"This fiasco is most distressing to me," he said. "But Mr. Bruce agrees with you that the risk in going on is too great; in fact, he goes further, and says that we should not reach Papangi with sick men." "I do not think that the risk is too great, and I would undertake to reach Papangi with little or no loss, if I were allowed to do it in my own way; but I could not do it in the manner we are attempting it, and therefore recommend making for the coast." "How would you do it?" "Fling my scouts ahead for miles to examine the country and report to me, who would be with an advance party; and then keep bringing up the main body on the best route by forced marches. The sick men would then have only the easiest country to cross, and would know that they were going to camp every night in a carefully chosen site with good wood and water. But if they are going to blunder over the country, sometimes without fire, at others without water, and subject to perpetual alarms from hostile natives, they can never do it." "Very good, then; you are to take full command once more, and get us to Papangi," ordered the Governor. "I understand, then, sir, that my men are not in the future to wait until they are speared before defending themselves?" "Give the orders you think best," he replied.

That night no one got any sleep; natives beating drums, blowing war-horns and yelling at intervals, the whole night through, and trying hard to stalk the

sentries; the latter, lying flat on their stomachs, potted religiously at every moving object that came within their vision. Just before dawn, the people—who, by the way, were called Kaina—massed in the scrub for a rush; but the sentries had marked the manœuvre and warned me. Whereupon I ordered a volley to be fired into the spot; which, judging from the yelps, yells, and sound of men running through bushes, apparently had a considerable effect. After dawn they had all disappeared.

"What would they do to us, if they caught us?" asked the Governor, who was looking very haggard from want of sleep, and from worrying over the ultimate fate of the expedition. "At the best, kill and eat us," I answered, "perhaps torture us first. They are a bad lot in this part. A short time ago some similar natives caught two miners, Campion and King, on the Upper Kumusi, the part we are making for, and stuck stakes through their stomachs and roasted the pair alive. When a native woman interceded, they stunned her and chucked her on the fire also. Ask Maione about them, if you are interested; he knows all about their nice little ways."

All that day natives hung round our line of march, but avoided a fight; and the scouts discovered numerous spear pits, six and eight feet deep, studded at the bottom with sharply pointed spears, pointed upwards and covered with twigs, leaves, and earth—horrible traps for the unwary. Other delicate attentions were small, exceedingly sharp spears, fixed at an angle in

grass or scrub to catch one about the knee or thigh. But I will leave the tale of the rest of the expedition to Judge Robinson, and give an extract from his Official Dispatch to the Governor-General of Australia.

"On 10th June we left camp at 9 a.m. and found the track very sticky and slippery. After walking about three miles Mr. Monckton, who was in front with half a dozen police, surprised a native in a garden. He nearly succeeded in spearing Tamanambai, who wounded him in return. The surprised native was evidently a sorcerer, and while we were examining his bag of tricks and charms, consisting of pebbles, pieces of bone, stained pieces of wood, etc., we heard the sound of war-shells and war-cries. Some of the carriers were some distance behind and we had some difficulty in hurrying them up, and an attempt was made to attack them in our rear which was repelled. This was followed by a frontal attack in which four of the hillmen were killed. We then followed circuitous native tracks affording good cover in the grass for the enemy's spearmen, and two or three met their fate in this way. We were evidently well watched; and turning suddenly on to another track we reached the foot of a steep and slippery hillock upon which was a large village of about forty houses. We were evidently expected to come by another track, and our arrival by the steep path was apparently unexpected. Only two hillmen were killed in the encounter at this village. Although they were in a position to have

caused some loss amongst our party as we came up the hill, none of the police received any hurt, possibly owing to our having surprised the village as already described. After we had left this village our scouts were attacked several times. Two men were shot. One sprang out upon the path ten feet from Arita, who, without having time to unsling his rifle from his shoulder, shot his assailant dead before the poised spear had time to leave his hand. The natives here were of good stature and warlike. I saw no evidence of steel tools and they are apparently not yet emerged from the stone age. They were all armed with formidable spears, shields, and stone clubs. The country is rather thickly populated, and the natives do not trouble to build stockades to their villages. We found tobacco growing in the gardens in great quantities and of the most excellent quality. I see no reason why these hills should not in the future produce all the tobacco required for Australian consumption. Tobacco is apparently indigenous to New Guinea, and I have been informed that some leaf which Sir William MacGregor sent to England was sold for 18*s.* per lb. When burnt the tobacco in these hills emits an excellent aroma; the flavour also is good, but of course what we smoked was not properly dried and prepared. In almost every garden were quantities of sugar-cane, pau-pau, pumpkins, sweet potatoes, and, of course, the inevitable taro and yams. There are also quantities of an excellent nut, probably the *Terminalia Katappa* (?), superior to a walnut in flavour. I looked for nut-

megs but did not find any, although the bark of a tree found has a taste and scent resembling the mace of commerce. The country abounds in a variety of fibrous plants which could probably be turned to valuable account. We camped for the night on the site of a village situated on a spur of a mountain 2,329 feet in height, from which we located the southern peak of Mount Lamington, 55° N.E. We also saw a high peak 6,280 feet high bearing 109° S.E., apparently behind Oro Bay. This mountain peak is higher than Mount Lamington. It has hitherto borne no name, and I have named it Mount Barton in honour of the first Premier of the Australian Commonwealth. I have since located the mountain from the sea, and although the clouds considerably obscured the view, it is probably the most conspicuous point in the Hydrographer's Range.

"I was aroused before daybreak the next morning by the now familiar war-cries of natives; and the sentries were speedily reinforced by a line of police at each end of the spur upon which we were camped, prepared to repel a rush. The hour just before dawn appears to be a favourite time for an attack amongst Papuans, and we found evidence afterwards that these natives had camped for a portion of the night in some numbers in the scrub at the edge of the clearing, and had denied themselves the comfort of a fire, so that their presence might not be disclosed, making small shelters of branches to protect them from the chill mountain air. They evidently intended to take us by

surprise, and to rush our camp, but finding it so well guarded and no doubt feeling very cold, their spirits failed them and they contented themselves with loud challenges, threats, and blowing of war-shells, which were responded to, I have no doubt, in equally uncomplimentary language by our police and carriers. We could hear them moving in the undergrowth, but they wisely refrained from emerging into the clearing. Mr. Bruce fired at a dark form in the dim light, and after continuing their warlike demonstrations for some little time longer, they retreated when the first streaks of dawn began to appear.

"The panorama when the sun rose was one of great beauty. Looking backward in the direction of our route, the valley at our feet and the bases of the surrounding mountains were swathed in thick white clouds, heavy with mist, like banks of snow; Mount Barton and Mount Lamington showed clear out against the morning sky, and far more distant rose the lofty heights of Mount MacGregor, soon to be enveloped in the gradually rising clouds.

"We obtained no view of Mount Victoria, but Mr. Monckton recognized the gap in the Owen Stanley Range, and Mount Nisbet in a S.W. direction from it.

"I omitted to mention that one of the village constables captured a woman of exceptionally dour and unprepossessing exterior on the previous evening who was able to speak to Maione. She informed him she knew the way to Papaki, and pointed in the direction

which Mr. Monckton had approximately estimated it to be, viz. W.N.W. from the point. I decided to bring the woman with me some distance as a guide, but we subsequently found that she did not appear able to show us any native tracks, and we were obliged, as heretofore, to rely on the compass, which had for some days shown a considerable northerly deviation in the direction of Notu, possibly due to the close proximity of the ironstone formation of Mount Lamington. I subsequently left the woman at Bogi and instructed the Assistant Resident Magistrate there to endeavour through her to get into friendly relations with her people.

"Endeavouring unsuccessfully to find a spur running in the direction in which we wished to go, we were obliged to continue our mountain climbing, which seemed to become steeper and more arduous as we proceeded. As we skirted a village a native called to us from the distance, and although we did our utmost to induce him to approach us, and made signs of friendship, we could not encourage him to do so. At evening we camped at an altitude of 2,639 feet. Twenty-five cases of measles among the carriers.

"Next day, 12th of July, was repetition of the day before. The route was even more steep and it was not possible to follow a N.W. course. Moreover, there was no indication of any alteration in the configuration of the country. More carriers suffering from measles.

"13th July. After discussing the position it was decided to remain in camp to-day and rest the carriers,

Mr. Monckton to take eight police and to investigate the country ahead. After breakfast, accompanied by Mr. Bruce and Mr. Manning, I ascended to the top of the hill upon which our camp was situated, and upon cutting some timber obtained a view of the sea to the north, and of a hill in the distance which one of the police said he recognized as the Opi Hill. Upon our return to the camp we found that the bushmen, who were apparently watching our movements and had evidently seen Mr. Monckton's departure and imagined that possibly most of the rifles had gone with him, threatened an attack. They called out from the thick jungle as before. We waited for some time, but could not see any of our visitors, whom we judged to be a distance of a hundred yards on the steep slope of the hill opposite our camp. We fired a volley in that direction and a second one also, which had the desired effect. A subsequent inspection did not disclose any traces of our shots having taken effect, although bullet marks were plainly seen all round where the natives' footprints were.

"Mr. Monckton returned at 4 p.m. with the report that by making a rather precipitous descent he had found a small creek which led into much more even country by native tracks. He had seen signs of natives everywhere, and a tree had been cut in one place only a short time before he passed.

"The carriers had a bad night, thirty of them ill with measles, added to which they felt the cold very much at night.

"Next day, 14th July, we made the descent mentioned by Mr. Monckton to a height of 1,856 feet, following the creek. At luncheon-time we threw out scouts, one of whom was attacked by a native who hurled a spear at him, and was shot. Travelled in all nine miles and camped in an old garden overrun with sweet potatoes. The native denizens, anticipating our doing so, had sown the place with foot spears, and one carrier was slightly wounded in the foot.

"Next morning going to the bank of the creek which flowed close to the camp, I suddenly looked up and saw the head of a native peering at me from the high bank opposite. Upon seeing that he was observed he disappeared, but in a few moments thirty or forty of them disclosed themselves. These we endeavoured to conciliate also but ineffectually, and upon taking our departure fixed on a prominent tree in the garden were left two steel adzes as payment for the potatoes eaten by the party, surmounted by a green bough.

"Following the bed of the creek all day and thereby avoiding the mountains drained by it, up to our waists in the cold stream, we made fairly good progress. It rained in torrents in the afternoon and we were all very cold and uncomfortable. At night (1,539 feet) the whole camp could be heard coughing; one or two cases of scurvy appeared.

"16th and 17th July. We continued to make our way, often with much difficulty, along the bed of the same creek which, increased by several affluents, had

become a mountain torrent. Its general course was W. by N., and its many windings at the base of the surrounding hills lengthened our journey. Occasionally we were able to cut off a corner, and at other times were compelled to take to the mountains to avoid an impassable gorge. The fording of the river moreover had become difficult; it was as much as one could do to breast the swiftly running current. We saw some small speckled mountain ducks with yellow bills of a species probably new to science. One of these was shot and skinned by Mr. Monckton for the British Museum. It was satisfactory to learn from the hypsometer that we were dropping to a lower altitude, and on the evening of the 17th, after being obliged to leave the river and to take to the mountains, and after having negotiated a rather difficult precipice, the side of which dropped sheer some hundred feet into a torrent below, we struck a native track and emerged at dark once more on the right bank of the river, now become well entitled to the name, and opposite to a suspension bridge of vines, where were some native huts, and clear evidence, in the shape of an improvised oven constructed of large round stones such as are used to cook human flesh, that not long before a cannibal hunting-party had encamped there. One of the police who comes from this part of the country now recognized the river which we followed from its source as the Kumusi (the right branch), information which relieved me not a little as, in view of the fact that our supply of rice for the carriers and police was fast

diminishing (we arrived at Papangi with only five bags), I confess to have felt some anxiety during the last few days on that score, and none the less when I learnt some days previously that Mr. Monckton's orderly had inquired of him as to what we should do if all the food were finished before we had reached Papaki. Mr. Monckton replied that we should still go on until we reached Papaki. The orderly suggested that the better course would be for Mr. Monckton and the Cape Nelson police to clear out and leave the others of the party to do the best they could. Mr. Monckton replied that that would never do, and asked him what he proposed to do with Maione, his wounded comrade; but he had evidently left him out of his calculations!

"We all suffered not a little from scrub-itch, an invisibile, microscopic tick, which, burrowing under one's skin, raises a lump and causes intense irritation. Leeches were also very troublesome in the scrub, and whenever there was a slight halt one became covered with these bloodthirsty creatures. If one adds to these pests, bulldog ants of the most aggressive kind, trailing vines to trip one whenever vigilance is relaxed, and a variety of prickly trees and vines, it will be understood that exploration in New Guinea, as in most tropical lands, has its discomforts.

"On the morning of the 18th July, however, none of these small discomforts were remembered, and still following along the course of the Kumusi River, we passed through an unfinished garden at which was a hut containing a quantity of yams. These I instructed

the carriers to take, leaving a pound of tobacco—more than the equivalent for the yams—in payment. From here we could descry Mount Victoria, 270° due west, and also Papaki about seven or eight miles distant. Proceeding a little further we came to more gardens in which were natives at work, but instead of their being friendly, as I expected they would be, so near the Government Station, they quickly disappeared and presently were heard the blowing of the war-shells and loud cries. A village through which we passed had evidently just been deserted, and we could hear the occupants calling to one another in the bush. I learnt later that these natives had recently driven out or exterminated the tribe that formerly occupied the country, which would account for the number of deserted gardens we passed.

"Later in the afternoon Arita, one of the police who accompanied the late Mr. Walker, R.M., on his expedition to punish the murderers of the two miners, Campion and King, pointed out the furthermost point reached by him. I knew Campion when he was seeking his fortune as a miner on the Etheridge Goldfield, North Queensland. I grieved to learn of the manner of his death at the hands of these treacherous natives, to whom he had shown nothing but kindness, and who had affected to be friendly disposed towards him. The natives in this vicinity have not yet been brought into subjection, and require, in my opinion, a severe lesson. They are certainly difficult to deal with, as when attacked they betake themselves to the

mountains, where it is difficult to follow them. So impudent are they that only a month prior to my visit they threw spears into Papaki Station, which is, by the way, the worst site that could possibly be chosen for a Station, being three-quarters of a mile from water which is in abundant supply all round, and flanked by an open plain leading to the creek covered with long coarse grass affording excellent cover for an inimical attack. I propose removing this Station to a point on the proposed road to the Gold-field in the near future.

"Our camp at eventide was on the banks of the Kumusi a couple of hundred yards above the rapids and opposite to Papaki.

"The river had been spanned here by a native suspension bridge of vines, which had been cut, but by next morning, 19th July, the police and carriers had constructed rafts, and in a comparatively short space of time the whole party had safely crossed to the other side. A few hours' walk and Papaki Station was reached. There I was received by the A.R.M., Mr. Walsh, and by Mr. Elliott, A.R.M. at Bogi.

* * * * *

"From Papaki Mount Lamington and Mount Barton can be distinctly seen; the former, called by the local natives Bapapa, bears easterly 86°, and the peaks of the latter (Koriva) 92° and 98°. A high mountain to the south-west, probably Mount Bellamy, called by the natives Ufumba, bears 250°, and Mount Victoria (Paru) 265°. Peaks bearing 194°

and 110° from Papaki, forming what the miners call 'The Divide' between the Kumusi and Yodda Rivers, are called by the natives here Burupurari, and are comparatively close to the Station. They do not appear to have any European name, and I called the highest Mount Monckton.

* * * * *

"I should like here to record my high appreciation of the good work performed by Mr. Monckton upon this somewhat trying journey inland. His knowledge of bushwork and experience with natives made it possible for me successfully to make the inland expedition, and to see for myself the real condition of affairs in the interior; and the knowledge and experience thus gained I trust may prove useful in the administration of this new country."

Here I resume again my own tale. Our arrival at Papangi practically ended my labour in connection with finding our way through new country, as from that point to the coast our route lay through well-known policed country, where Walsh, Assistant R.M., held his sway; and where, therefore, it was his duty to pick the stages and camp sites. Bruce, Elliott, and I marched in advance with the whole of my constabulary and the sick, who were carried and helped along by their stronger friends. Papangi carriers, engaged by Walsh, carried our luggage. Then came the Governor, Walsh, and Manning; while the Papangi detachment of constabulary brought up the rear.

At about four in the afternoon I decided to camp, in order to get my sick under cover before the evening rains came on; I expecting the Governor's party to arrive within a few minutes. An hour went by: the Papangi carriers came in, and reported that Walsh, the Governor, and Manning had dropped behind to gather orchids and land shells. More time elapsed, and I began to get anxious and sent back Sergeant Barigi and ten men to look for them, also Elliott's corporal, who knew the country well. The night was coming on fast when the corporal returned to say that they had found the Governor and the rest of the party, sitting between the Kumusi and another big river, just above their confluence. They should have crossed the former by a native bridge three miles further back; and the Governor, being tired, was in an awful rage with Walsh and had sent to tell me to get him over.

Cursing bitterly all wild Irishmen who lost their ways in their own districts, and incidentally put Governors in a passion, I, together with Elliott, wended my way to the spot; only to sight across fifty yards of dark, murky-looking water a very angry potentate, sitting with his private secretary on a sand-bank, while a disconsolate Walsh sat some twenty feet away, plainly in deep disgrace! "What are you doing there, sir?" I yelled. "Mr. Walsh has contrived to land me here, and now suggests that I shall walk three miles back along a most infernal track, and then on an unknown distance to camp, in the dark!" he

fairly bellowed; "get me out of this!" By this time it was raining steadily. "The only way that I can bring you over is by making rafts," I yelled; "and by the time I get back, and the rafts are made, it will be late at night. Can you swim?" "Yes." "The damned place has alligators," whispered Elliott. "That's all right, Elliott; you and I are going over with the detachment to fetch him. Strip!" And I yelled again to the Governor, "We are coming for you, sir!"

Then Elliott and I, together with all the police, swam across. When we landed at the other side, we found a naked representative of his Majesty, accompanied by an equally naked P.S., waiting on the bank. Walsh was trying to make protests, but was having a literally cold shoulder turned on him. His Excellency's escort were making bundles of his and their clothes, and tying them on their heads; my men relieved them of some, and while they were tying them on, Walsh, who was frantically undressing in an hysterical condition, squeaked, "R.M., the damned crocodiles will get him, and we shall get the sack!" "In you go first, Walsh," I coldly replied.

"Though it was necessary for me to swim across, Monckton," remarked his Excellency, as he dressed and glowered at Walsh, "pray tell me why it was necessary for you, Elliott, and the police to do it twice?" "To give the crocodiles a larger choice, sir," I answered. "Not even a crocodile would be fool enough to mistake Walsh for a Judge or a Governor!"

That night we arrived at Bogi Station, a police post, where Mr. Alexander Clunas, the local big-wig, waited upon the Governor and invited the whole party to dinner; an invitation that circumstances prevented both his Excellency and myself from accepting. The remainder of the party, however, went, with somewhat ill results! The reason for my being unable to accept Clunas' invitation was that I had to attend one of my carriers, who was very ill with measles. At two in the morning my poor man died, game to the last, and so long as a flicker of strength remained, faintly smiling his thanks for any little attention paid to him.

A few minutes after his death I heard the distant bellowing of a huge voice uplifted in song, and correctly guessed it was the "tea party" returning home up the hill through the gardens, and judging by the voices, in a lamentable state—

> "There washe fliesh 'pon wasser
> But she wash flier shtill,"

came through the night in Bruce's bull voice. Then, as the noise got nearer, there came crashing sounds of heavy bodies falling into banana trees and sugar-cane, mingled with exhortations from the police and European curses. "Shove, corporal, shove!" came the voice of Sergeant Antony. "I am shoving, shoving strongly, but I can't shove a whole bullock alone," snarled the corporal. Then came further crashes, and the sound of panting, labouring men. "Better carry him,"

a suggestion by a private. "Wontsh be carried. Wontsh go home till morning." Bruce was getting musical again. His Excellency was awakened by the riot, and came out to me. "What is all this, Monckton?" he asked severely. "I imagine, sir, it is the return of the tea party. I think you had better not hear or see anything," I replied. "Disgraceful!" said Robinson, as he snorted and went back to bed.

Then Manning appeared, supported by two police, his arms round their necks and theirs round his waist; while a third pushed behind. "This is a damned nice drunken state to return in, with the Governor present," I said, as the police held him up as an exhibit to me. "Not drunksh, ill, verysh ill," he squeaked feebly. "Thinksh got measles." "Undress him, and shove him into bed," I told the police. Then a heaving, struggling, revolving mass of about six police appeared, dragging and shoving the unwieldy bulk of Bruce. "Don't make such an infernal noise, Bruce," I said; "if you rouse out the Governor you will get hell, and you are disturbing my sick. I am surprised at you; I thought you had a head." Bruce pulled himself together in some marvellous manner known only to himself, and I managed with the help of the police to get him quietly into a hammock. "Where is Walsh?" I demanded. Bruce smiled fatuously and snored. "Mr. Walsh, the two store-keepers, and the engineer of the *Bulldog* launch, are all under the table; Mr. Bruce told us to lay them there like sardines," said Sergeant Antony. "All right," I answered, "tell

the sentry to call me at the first peep of dawn," and then turned in.

At daylight I routed out the erring ones, gave them a strong dose of bromide and calomel (they did not know about the calomel), and sent them off to swim in the river, then to go on to the store where they could get shaved, and where I promised to send them clean shirts and things. "You, Bruce, are inspecting the pay sheets and returns of the Bogi detachment. You, Manning, are making arrangements for me for the burial of my dead man. Don't come back until after breakfast, and remember your lies; also try to look as sober as you can. Walsh can stop away until the evening."

"Where are Bruce and Manning?" asked his Excellency, as we met at breakfast. "I must take action of some sort over their disgraceful conduct of last night." "Don't know anything about it officially, sir," I said, "they will appear in a presentable state in about an hour, with plausible lies to account for their absence. As a matter of fact, I sent them in the cold, damp dawn to dree their weird in the river. They have been through a devil of a time lately, and old Clunas would make an Archbishop drunk; they will be sorry enough for themselves when the bolus I have given them gets in its work." Some time later the culprits appeared, looking wonderfully fresh, considering everything. "Where have you been so early, Commandant?" asked Robinson. "Auditing the pay sheets of the local detachment, sir," promptly answered the

unrepentant prodigal unwinkingly. "And you, Manning?" "The R.M. was rather tired this morning, sir, and I went to make some arrangements for him about the burial of the dead man," lied Manning. Robinson stared at the pair of them for a few seconds, then, taking his stick, went off for a walk in the gardens.

"Did he believe us?" asked Bruce. "Of course not, you asses!" I said. "He both saw and heard you last night; besides, I told him all this morning. But he is pretending to believe you in order to avoid having to take official notice. Why didn't you two fools stick to lager?" "Clunas had such a feed for us, turkey, goose, ham, bottled asparagus, and real potatoes," said Bruce. "All right," I interrupted, "I know what Clunas' feeds are like; get to the drinks." "You need not be so blank pious," growled Bruce; "if you had been there you would not have come home at all, you would have stopped under the table with Walsh!" "You are a slanderous and ungrateful brute, Bruce!" I replied. "What did you drink?" "Clunas had some bottled cocktails, and insisted upon our having one each as an aperitif; then he made us have another to prevent the first feeling lonely; then at the feed we asked for lager beer. 'Lager be damned!' said Clunas, 'this is no Methodist Sunday School!' and shoved a pint bottle of still Burgundy in front of us. When we got to coffee he gave us a fine old liqueur brandy, and then he insisted upon showing us how his father brewed punch. By God! Clunas' father

must have been a strong man! That punch would make an elephant drunk! I don't know how many glasses we had, but Manning went and lay outside and was sick, and I stuck to my guns until I had them all under the table, and then I came away." For a few days after this there was a distinct chill in his Excellency's manner towards the erring ones!

From Bogi we went down the Kumusi River in whaleboats and canoes, meeting on our way one Ambushi, the chief of a Kumusi tribe and a village constable, whom I at once arrested. "I have a little list of nine recent murders by that man," I told the Governor; "he is one of the most dangerous thugs in New Guinea, and always manages to bamboozle that weak ass Hislop. I have sent this man message after message, that unless he mended his ways I should hang him on his own cocoanut tree, and the only notice he has taken is to add yet another crime to his list. One of his most recent performances was the deliberate and cold-blooded murder of a child of ten years old, who was staying with its mother in his village. The old blackguard had some guests at a feast; he had plenty of pig, dog, and fish, but that wasn't good enough; so he called to the unsuspecting woman to bring her boy up to him, and when she obeyed he dashed out the child's brains before the mother, and added them to the menu. The woman knew it was useless going to Hislop, so she sent to me through Sergeant Barigi. I don't believe the old reprobate is ever without human meat."

"Ah! Mr. Ambushi!" I remarked to that worthy, "I have been long in coming, but I have come now, and a strong rope, a long drop, and your own cocoanut tree is your fate! And I have a little list of some of your friends who are due for seven years' hard labour." "Only I can hang, Monckton," said the Governor. "Yes, sir," I said, "and when you have heard the evidence that I shall produce, you will be only too anxious to exercise that right." We reached the beach, and I sent for the witnesses; when they heard that Ambushi was safely in custody, they were only too anxious to come. I sent Ambushi before the Judge on three separate and distinct charges of murder fully proved; I also sent a list of other murders I was bringing against him, without counting such minor crimes as robbery with violence, abduction, rape, and assault! The Judge heard the cases, then he told me to stop. "I can hang the man three times over already," he said, "and he has richly deserved it in each case." Ambushi was then sentenced to death. "I want to make certain, sir, that he does hang instead of having his sentence commuted by Executive Council at the last minute, so I shall keep my list, and have another go at him if he escapes the death penalty." "The last decision as to the Royal clemency lies with me as administrator," replied his Excellency. "Ambushi shall be hanged; and furthermore he shall be hanged, as you promised, on his own cocoanut tree in his own village."

The final scene took place in Ambushi's village

some weeks later. A wet, dull morning, the Kumusi rolling by in heavy yellow flood, a launch containing a white-faced ship's officer, engineer, and seamen, hanging on to the bank, a crowd of sullen natives, silent and watchful, and myself shivering with fever, holding a warrant in my hand, whilst a ring of the North-Eastern constabulary, with bayonets fixed, stood round a cocoanut tree, to which was attached an ominous-looking cross-piece with two dangling ropes; a sergeant, with a sharpened tomahawk, sat on the cross-piece. One noose was adjusted round Ambushi's waist, a file of constabulary seized the other end, and Ambushi swung up until his shoulders touched the cross-beams, where the sergeant fitted the second noose round his neck. "All clear, sir!" called the sergeant, raising his tomahawk. "Cut, sergeant!" Down fell the tomahawk on the rope round his waist and exit Ambushi. "Oh, people of the Kumusi, take warning by the fate of Ambushi and do no murder!" called Barigi, as the launch swung into the swollen river, and we hastened away from the spot.

CHAPTER XII

SINCE the writing of the last chapter much has happened; war has broken out, and I must go and fight in Kitchener's Army. I had intended to conclude my book with a description of the ascent of Mount Albert Edward, and journey right across New Guinea from Kaiser Wilhelm's Land to the Gulf of Papua. Both these expeditions were full of interest: men who wore wooden armour, a huge new mammal, prehistoric pottery, all had their part. Perhaps if this book proves of interest to people and all goes well, I may write an account of these expeditions at a later date

Note.—Another volume has since been written, entitled "Last Days in New Guinea."

THE END

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